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VOLUME XI

SCHELE DE VERE—STUART

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MAXIMILIAN SCHELE DE VERE

[1820—1898]

JOHN S. PATTON

THE life of Maximilian Schele De Vere was rich in the achievements of the teacher and literary scholar, but very meager in known personal details. An *étude intime* of the good professor will never be made because of his baffling reticence. Among the well-attested facts is the place of his nativity, Wexiö, Sweden, where, on the first day of November, 1820, he was born to the social station of a *freiherr*. His father was a Swede, an officer in the Prussian military service, and the paternal family name was von Schele. De Vere was the maternal name, but beyond this, and that she was French, nothing is known of Dr. Schele's mother. When the young scholar came to America he gave the coupled names of his parents, Schele De Vere, as his own, and invariably wrote the connective with a capital D; but at the University of Virginia, where he lived for fifty-one years, he was known as Dr. Schele—or Mr. Schele, as he seemed to prefer—and any one who inquired for Dr. De Vere was regarded as unacquainted with him. The authorial De Vere, which occurs on the covers of two or three of his early books, does not seem quite right to those who knew him, and was probably a bookbinder's error. A friend once induced him to write something about his life, but the few resulting pages were quite free of the personal details so necessary to a sketch of this kind. "Here" [at Wexiö], he related, "in a grim old mountain castle, my first years were spent but, at the age of eight, I was suddenly, with the whole family, transplanted to southern Germany. . . . . I was young enough, with organs of speech quite pliant yet, to learn German rapidly, and even to outstrip my father, to whom *sechs hundert und sechs und sechzig* remained a shibboleth for life. It so happened that the fortress he commanded lay near the Polish frontier, and the great magnates of that unfortunate nation frequently came across to break the monotony of their semi-barbarous life by a glimpse of the festivities and great ceremonies of the city. These visits were returned, and thus an opportunity was offered to acquire at least one of the idioms of the Slavic family. It is a common saying that to him who was born a Slav, or had the rare good luck of learning to speak their language, no other idiom presented any difficulty. When I

here add that according to almost universal custom in better families the children were entrusted to a French *bonne,* or governess, and that French was the common language of the household, it will be seen how easy it was made to speak several languages, and thus to acquire riches that do 'not give themselves wings and disappear.' That the medal has its reverse need hardly be told; thus it fell to my lot to have a nurse from Brittany to rule over my earlier days, and now, at three score and ten, the Frenchman who meets me will smilingly say: 'You are a Frenchman,' and at once temper the sweet savor of the compliment by adding 'though not a Parisian—evidently a Breton.' So much for the unlucky 'burr' which has stuck to me through life with a pertinacity that I have often thought almost fiendish. . . . It had been a sudden but most pleasant change from the gruesome old castle, buried amid lonely and most melancholy pine forests, and a climate varying from six months' green winter to six months' white winter, to lovely Silesia, where the giant mountains rise gently from the vast plains, covered with golden wheat fields and rich vineyards. But youth is restless; we all wished to see what was on the other side of that gigantic barrier that shut us out from the 'dew-dropping South.' It was then that my father adopted a rule which, like so many things we do as unconscious tools in the hands of our great Master on high, never knowing what strange returns may come back to us from 'bread cast upon the waters,' afterwards gravely influenced my fate in life. He found out that I longed to see Italy, 'to walk in the forum where Cæsar had bled and Cicero had spoken,' and to gather the golden fruit, as it grows in the garden of the Hesperides. Thus he summoned me—how I dreaded these interviews with the stern old soldier!—and kindly said: 'You wish to see Italy. I have no objection. Nothing helps more to form the mind than to see other nations with other creeds and other manners than ours, and yet our equals, if not superiors. You shall have what you need to spend six months beyond the Alps as soon as you can read me an Italian paper.' Oh, how I studied and worked during every leisure hour! By night and by day, week after week, until I could stand the required test, and the next morning I started on the first of my many outings of the kind. I learned a new language and saw a new country, little thinking then that the knowledge acquired for mere pleasure and to satisfy my father's whim, as I thought it then, would before long become the means of earning my daily bread."

At seventeen Schele entered the University of Berlin, and remained three semesters. At Bonn he studied during two, and formed a close friendship with Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. After another semester at Berlin, that university conferred upon him the

degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1841, two years before he came to America. The following year Greifswald made him a *juris utriusque doctor*. It is said that he studied Roman law in the Eternal City; that he was first in the military and then in the diplomatic service of Prussia; and that he fought with the French in Algiers. His military and diplomatic services were crowded into about a year, 1842-1843, the year of his departure for America. In this time the French, led by General Bugeaud, were making the decisive campaign in Algiers against Abd-el Kader, which broke that Emir's power, razed his forts, and scattered his rude armies; but young Schele owed military service to Prussia, if to any government, and it is impossible to think of him in the rôle of Dalgetty.

In 1843 Dr. Schele came to America. It is not surprising that he went to Boston, the seat of the most prosperous American university. George Ticknor had been one of its professors, and was still living there; Longfellow was of the faculty. Both of these Americans knew their Europe, and cultured Europe knew them. Longfellow's books were on sale in perhaps all the cities across the Atlantic, for the fidelity and elegance of his translations had won a large sale. His "Outre-Mer" delighted cultivated readers in Europe and America, and his "Voices of the Night" was heard around the world Undoubtedly they reached Schele at Berlin, Bonn, or Greifswald.

After a brief year in Boston, during which he studied modern Greek, the chair of modern languages in the University of Virginia became vacant by the resignation of Dr. Charles Kraitsir. One likes to think that Ticknor, whom Jefferson invited to this professorship when it was founded, pointed Dr. Schele to Virginia and was influential in procuring his election, which occurred on September 25, 1844. Every member present at the meeting of the visitors voted for him—Chapman Johnson, rector; John H. Cocke, Thomas Jefferson Randolph, William C. Rives, and Samuel Taylor.

It was in the closing months of his twenty-fourth year that he reached the University, and sought the presence of the chairman of the faculty, the distinguished scientist, William Barton Rogers. While Dr. Schele was the youngest member of the faculty, he found others of congenial age. Dr. Cabell and the younger of the Rogers brothers were seven years older. Gessner Harrison, Courtenay, and William Barton Rogers were in middle life, and George Tucker and Henry St. George Tucker were the patriarchs of the little community of scholars. It was a delightful social circle into which he was admitted. At the center of the circle, locally speaking, were the families of the professors, living now in quiet and peace on the University lawn, from which the tumults and alarms of past years

of reckless undergraduate escapades had been banished by the steady growth of sentiments of respect and esteem between faculty and students. In the country around were the hospitable gentry of that day—the Randolphs at Edge Hill, the Nelsons at Belvoir, the Riveses at Castle Hill and Carlton, the Stevensons at Blenheim, to name only a few of those who gave distinction to the private and public life of Virginia. This atmosphere the young Baron from sunny Silesia found congenial. The gentle courtesy of the Virginians was matched by his own, and he contributed somewhat to the complacency of his circle. "We were sure," one who knew him in those days said, "that what Dr. Schele did was the correct thing, and that we could copy his dress and be certain of being in fashion."

After five years in this *entourage,* Dr. Schele led to the altar Eliza Wydown Rives, the nineteen-year-old daughter of the distinguished jurist, Alexander Rives of Carlton. Three days after the birth of his only child, Minna Eliza, the young mother died, and the child followed her to the grave in 1864, aged thirteen. Dr. Schele's second wife was Lucy Brown Rives, sister of the first Mrs. Schele. This marriage occurred in 1860, and, like the first, at Carlton; the celebrant in both cases was the Rev. Richard K. Meade, rector of Christ Church, Charlottesville.

It was a place "whose genius was work" wherein Dr. Schele made his home for more than half a century. Though he expected and was willing to do much, he must have been appalled at the undertaking of his predecessor to give courses in French, Spanish, Italian, German, and Anglo-Saxon and their literatures, especially at his complacent offer, in addition, "to teach the Roman (or language of the Troubadours), Portuguese, and Valachian, Danish, Swedish, Icelandish, and Hollandish, Slavonian, Bohemian, Polish and Russian"!

He was soon distinguished as a teacher and as a writer on philology. His published language studies were in a vein which has since received much attention from authors whose books are possibly more popular in appeal and more critical in tone and attitude, but less surely based on sound and catholic attainments. His first work was more technical, a Spanish grammar and 'Outlines of Comparative Philology.' These and 'Leaves from the Book of Nature' (1850) constituted his ante-bellum productions.

The period of the Civil War was with him a time of literary activity. The professors were required to remain at the University and keep its classes going, although the number of students diminished to less than fifty. There was at first a disposition among them to enter the military service of the Confederacy, and two did so. For a time, indeed, the faculty were drilled in preparation for the field,

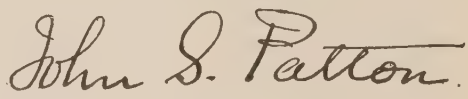
and Dr. Schele was drillmaster. His warlike employment soon ceased, and the professor of modern languages, with some leisure at command, took up the pen and gave over thoughts of the sword. Then and afterward he produced these works: 'Studies in English, or Glimpses of the Inner Life of Our Language' (1866); 'The Great Empress: A Portrait' (1869); 'Wonders of the Deep' (1869); 'Americanisms, or the English of the New World' (1871); 'Modern Magic' (1872).

For a time he was busy with translations, of which these should be mentioned: Spielhagen's 'Problematic Characters' (1869), and its sequel, 'Through Night to Light,' published the same year, and the same author's 'The Hohensteins.' Among renderings from the French were Saintine's 'Myths of the Rhine' and some of Gaboriau's novels. He also contributed to the *Southern Literary Messenger, Putnam's, Harper's,* and probably other magazines, and delivered some very graceful addresses, one of the most interesting being his remarks at the laying of the corner-stone of the chapel at the University of Virginia. To the end of his life he used his pen diligently, producing an advanced French grammar and a work on the French verb, and doing important editorial work on the 'Standard Dictionary.' In all that he wrote one finds knowledge, sureness of statement weighed and guarded against error, literary mastery, respect for things worth while and reverence for things sacred.

In 1894 Dr. Schele completed fifty years of continuous service in the University. The record was no more remarkable for the long unbroken stretch of years than for the industry, ability, and charm with which he urged upon the students who filled his lecture-room the keys to the treasures of modern literatures. It is justly said of him that, at a time when older and wealthier colleges in America had not recognized the value of the comparative method, he gave to modern philology a new dignity and offered a course which was followed by hundreds with enthusiasm. His colleagues and former students made the fiftieth anniversary of his appointment memorable by presenting to him a large punch-bowl of solid silver "in recognition of the lasting value of his half century of distinguished service and in testimony of their enduring regard." Distinguished men wrote to praise him. "His services to the science of language have been great," said a profound scholar; "his personal influence on students has been greater."

A year later, having in a fine way devoted the best years of his life to the State, Dr. Schele retired from the faculty of the University. He resided in Washington the remainder of his life, which closed at the Providence Hospital, May 10, 1898. He was buried from Christ Church, Navy Yard, in Rock Creek Cemetery, the pall-

bearers being Holmes Conrad, Leigh Robinson, Charles L. Bartlett, Oscar W. Underwood, John Sharp Williams, William A. Jones, William B. Matthews, and E. I. Renick, all of whom had been his students. Two months later the body of his wife was laid beside him.



MR. JEFFERSON'S PET

It was a bright, sunny day, such as the Indian summer is apt to bring to our favored land, when, in the little town of Charlottesville, a solemn meeting was held by its most influential citizens. They had assembled to consult about the expediency of reviving a modest country school, known under the somewhat ambitious name of the Albemarle Academy, which had originally been endowed out of the spoils of the old church establishment, but was no longer able to support itself. The worthy men who had taken the matter in charge, partly with a view to the needs of that portion of the State, which was growing rapidly in wealth and intelligence, and stood sadly in want of a good school, partly with an eye to their own interests, were much at a loss how to organize a satisfactory scheme. They were on the point of abandoning the plan, when one of them descried afar off the tall form of a horseman rapidly coming down the public road that led from an eminence called Carter's Mountain in the village. He was superbly mounted on a thorough-bred horse, and managed it with the perfect ease of a consummate rider who has been familiar with horseback exercise from childhood up. As he came nearer, the stately proportions of his frame became more and more distinct, and even the fire of his clear blue eye could be discerned under his broad-brim hat. He was clad from head to foot in dark gray broadcloth of homely cut, while his noble open countenance was rising with a firm and self-poised expression from an immense white cravat in which his neck was swathed. Fast as he came, it was evident that nothing escaped his attention:

here he noticed an open panel in a farmer's fence, and there the leaking gutter of a townsman's house; he cast a searching glance at every horse or ox he met, and courteously returned the greeting of young and old. As he was recognized by the anxious men in council, they rose instinctively from their seats on the court-house green, and an expression of welcome relief rose to every face. When one of them said, "Let us consult Mr. Jefferson," he received no reply; he had only uttered what was in every man's heart at the same moment.

So they invited their illustrious neighbor who had but a short while before exchanged the White House, with all its high honors and severe labors, for the ease and comfort of his own Monticello, to join their council and to aid them by his advice. He dismounted with the alacrity of youth, carefully fastened the reins of his horse to the railing, as he had tied them to the palisades of the President's house in Washington, after riding down horse-back to his inauguration; and unscrewing the top of his cane, he opened its three parts, which formed the legs of the stool, and seated himself on the ingenious contrivance, one of the many results of his own inventive skill. Then courteously acknowledging the honor done him by his friends and neighbors, the ex-President listened attentively to their argument, now and then throwing in a judicious question so as to elicit the most important facts, then gave his opinion. Great was the astonishment of the good men of the village when he rejected their modest plans, and spoke of them with a harshness little in keeping with his usual urbanity. But greater still was their surprise when he continued, and now urged them to convert their paltry academy at once into a college, and to do something that might redound to the credit not only of their good county of Albemarle, but of the State of Virginia. This was so far beyond the range of their vision, and the plan seemed to them so much above the means of the youthful commonwealth—especially with old William and Mary College rising before their mind's eye in all its prestige of ancient fame and ample means—that they could not at once enter heartily into his views. Still, Mr. Jefferson's words were law to his neighbors then, and when he suggested a way in which an endowment might be obtained, by subscriptions in the adjoining counties as well as in their

own, and indorsed his view by pledging himself at once to a considerable sum, they hesitated no longer, and, in their official capacity as trustees, on the spot drew up the necessary resolutions.

It was no new thing, however, with Mr. Jefferson, this idea of a great college for his native State. As far back as the year 1779, when he was called upon by the General Assembly of Virginia to prepare a code of laws, he had incorporated in it, with the reluctant consent of his eminent co-laborers, not only a provision for a university, but, what is far more remarkable and interesting, by the light of modern progress, a complete scheme of free common schools. His almost marvelous sagacity and foresight induced him to declare then—nearly a hundred years ago—that free schools were an essential part, one of the columns as he expressed it, of the republican edifice, and that without such instruction, free to all, the sacred flame of liberty could not be kept burning in the hearts of America. And what appears perhaps equally striking is that in his plan for his university, minutely elaborated so far back in the past century, he already introduced ample and wise provision for schools of applied science, such as are but now beginning to form an essential part of our best institutions. Like all great men, however, Mr. Jefferson was far in advance of his age, and we need not wonder, therefore, that his State followed him but slowly and at a great distance in his far-seeing plans. It was not till 1796 that his proposal was acted upon by the Legislature, though to their honor be it said, a law was then passed providing for a general system of free schools. The enactment, unfortunately, shared the fate of so many Virginia resolutions—it remained an empty promise on the statute-book, and was not carried into effect till in our own day.

Now, however, when relieved of his grave and oppressive duties as head of a great nation, he reverted with increased ardor to his first love, and with an energy and affection very touching in a man so eminent among the great of the world, and so overwhelmed with work and admiration alike, he devoted himself heart and soul to his favorite idea, the building up of a great university. After subscribing a thousand dollars for the new school, an example which was at once followed

by eight of his more opulent neighbors, he obtained a charter for the new "Central College," refusing with wonted modesty the use of his own name for the institution, and forthwith proceeded to select the site and erect the buildings.

Fortunately there was no lack of beautiful sites in the immediate neighborhood of his beloved home. From his lofty dwelling he looked down upon scenes favored as few are in this land abounding with fair landscapes and majestic sites. Overlooking from the terrace before his front-door the picturesque breach in the mountains through which the Rivanna makes its way from the higher table-lands of the Old Dominion to the lower districts on the sea coast, he beheld toward the west a country rich in all that makes God's earth lovely and dear to our hearts. Dotted here and there with ample woods, now rising dark and solemn in masses of evergreen, and now glorious in a rich exuberance of colors, the pride of the tulip, the gum, and the maple, with an undergrowth of rosy redbud and virgin dogwood blossoms, the land rises in rolling waves till it reaches here gently swelling hills and there abrupt towering masses, called in the homely language of the people the Ragged Mountains. And thus range follows range, unfolding in unbroken succession new beauties and varied views, till the enchanted eye, gently led upward from terrace to terrace, rests with ineffable delight upon the marvelous blue and the soft outlines of the long, lofty mountain range which stretches along the horizon from south to north, worthy of its well-known name, the Blue Ridge. The silvery band of the Rivanna binds for miles and miles the lower scenes to the mountains above, while thriving villages and cozy homesteads, each, after Virginia fashion, snugly sheltered under a noble group of oaks and locusts, suggest pleasing thoughts of happy hearts and well-rewarded labor. Far as the eye could see, all was peace and prosperity, and no visitor ever came from foreign shores who did not, upon beholding this beautiful scene, lift up his heart to the great Creator, and bless the happy people whose lines had fallen in such truly pleasant places.

There was no difficulty, therefore, in finding for Mr. Jefferson's pet a suitable and attractive site; the only trouble was to choose between so many that all seemed equally eligible. He selected a hill of commanding elevation, a little more than a

mile to the north of the village, which seemed to combine in an unusual degree all the requisites for a desirable site. Tradition, however, says that the owner of the land, a political opponent of the ex-President's, held his principles in such utter detestation that he would on no account have anything to do with him, and preferred the loss of a certain and considerable increase of wealth to the abandonment of his personal feelings. It became thus necessary to choose a less commanding eminence, which was speedily levelled down so as to present a vast plateau of nearly two thousand feet in length with a proportionate width, and, opening toward the south, commanded in that direction a vast prospect full of picturesque beauty.

Who can tell what feelings of gratification and just pride must have swelled the heart of the great man when at last he saw the first buildings rise on the ground on which he hoped to see a great and prosperous university gather within its walls a thousand of the young men of the land? He had cherished this hope amidst the throes of the Revolution, and in the very first years of the independence of his native country. When our people were still learning the first rudiments of political wisdom he had already foreseen the wants they would feel in full manhood; and while his neighbors and the whole South were still content with old corn-field schools and ill-taught academies, he bore in his mind the full-grown scheme of a university that should rival Harvard and successfully imitate the great institutions of the Old World. For nearly two-score years he had persistently pursued the great object, and, against all odds, obtained at least sufficient success to fill him with new hope and encourage him to new effort. Utterly unselfish in his great scheme, he never thought for a moment of his own interests or his fame; but with a singleness of purpose blended in rare harmony with marvelous sagacious intuition, he merely desired to prepare his countrymen for the novel and important functions to which they were summoned by their new-born independence. Fortunately he had noble coadjutors in his labors. Presidents Madison and Monroe, his successors, lent him all the wisdom and worldly experience that had rendered them famous in the councils of the nation and at the rudder of the ship of state; and inferior

only in worldly renown, but fully their equal in lofty virtues and eminent ability, Joseph Carrington Cabell stood by his side, fighting his battles in the Legislature, and winning many a victory over public and private enemies which his illustrious friend could not easily have obtained. In 1817 the three Presidents met in solemn council at Monticello to discuss the details of a university—for such Mr. Jefferson had in the meantime decided the "Central College" should become, not in name only, but in all essential features; and from that day the university became the subject of his most earnest efforts during advanced manhood, as it was the last care of his declining years.

The familiar saying that God gives the opportunity, and man has to improve it, had in the meantime found a most striking illustration in his native State. By the agency of a gentleman unknown to Mr. Jefferson a literary fund had been created by act of Legislature. It consisted of the proceeds from certain escheats, forfeitures, fines, property derelict, and similar sources of smaller value, and was intended to provide for the educational wants of the State. At a later period it was largely increased by considerable sums of money paid by the Government of the United States to Virginia for services rendered and sacrifices made during the War of Independence. This fund perhaps first suggested to Mr. Jefferson the possibility of carrying out his pet scheme; and in the sequel he knew how to employ his almost intuitive knowledge of the springs of human action, and his great skill in putting them into operation, so well as to obtain from the Legislature a lion's share for his favorite child. In the following year, acting in accordance with an act passed in early spring, and authorizing the use of $45,000 annually for the primary education of the poor, and $15,000 to endow and support a university, commissioners met at Rockfish Gap to digest and prepare the necessary measures.

It is one of the peculiarities of this country, due to its exceptional mode of development, that the great cities, New York, perhaps, excepted, are but rarely the scenes of important assemblies; for as the centres of population and wealth are shunned by legislative bodies, who prefer to meet in smaller towns, free from undue and yet unavoidable influences, so

very often, also, the greatest movements have not only originated but reached their consummation in obscure places, unknown to the world and often to the country itself. Such was the case in this instance. High up in the Blue Ridge, at an elevation from which the eye takes in at a single glance a variety of scenes unequalled on this continent for beauty and loveliness, a little river rises in a dark gorge, to fall gently from terrace to terrace, and after a brief and rapid course, abounding with falls and cascades of infinite attractiveness, to pour its waters into James River. As the mountains here sink to a low level, and thus afford one of the passes through which in older days immigrants passed from what is called the Piedmont region of the State to the great Valley of Virginia, the place has received the idiomatic name of Rockfish Gap. Here, at a modest country inn, unpretending in appearance, but offering an abundant and well-served table, far from the turmoil of cities and the excitement of politics, met a party of men remarkable for their ability and virtue amidst a people which had already given four Presidents to the Union, and was well known to possess as much private as public worth. In the low-ceiled, whitewashed room, the whole furniture of which consisted of a dining-room table and rude "split-bottom" chairs of home make, sat the President of the United States, Mr. Monroe, and two of his predecessors, Mr. Madison and Mr. Jefferson, besides a number of judges and eminent statesmen. "Yet," says one of Mr. Jefferson's biographers, "it was remarked by the lookers-on that Mr. Jefferson was the principal object of regard both to the members and spectators, that he seemed to be the chief mover of the body—the soul that animated it—and some who were present, struck by these manifestations of deference, conceived a more exalted idea of him on this simple and unpretending occasion than they had ever previously entertained." He certainly gave a striking proof here of his marvelous sagacity combined with unwearying industry. He had shrewdly foreseen that competing interests would conflict with his own wishes, and especially with the selection of a site for the new university. His sagacity was not at fault, for various other towns, and among them Lexington, where an institution, endowed by Washington himself, was already doing much good, urged their claims through able rep-

resentatives. But he was fully prepared to meet them, and came armed cap-à-pie. He first exhibited to the board an imposing list of octogenarians who were still living in his neighborhood, and thus proved more conclusively than all reasoning could have done the remarkable salubrity of the climate of Albemarle. Having thus completely defeated his adversaries, who founded their special claims for the valley upon its superior healthfulness, he next produced a piece of card-board, cut in the shape of the State of Virginia, and showed by a glance that Central College was actually the territorial centre of the commonwealth, thus establishing a strong argument in favor of his own choice. But he did not rest there; by another ingenious device he proved, on a similar piece of board, on which he had, with painstaking industry, entered the population of every part of Virginia, that he had succeeded in selecting nearly the centre of the population also, and thanks to these practical proofs of the wisdom of his choice, and the almost paramount prestige which his name exercised on the commissioners, they agreed unanimously that Central College should hereafter be the "University of Virginia."

In the following year, 1819, the General Assembly granted a charter for the new institution, and no more striking proof can be given of the earnestness with which the great founder pursued the darling device of his later years than the fact that he transcribed with his own hand, and in his well-known, beautiful writing, the minutes of the board down to the smallest detail. He who had for so many years, and in the most troublous times, ruled the affairs of a great nation, after having filled the highest offices in the gift of the people abroad and at home—he whose house never ceased to overflow with admiring visitors from every part of the globe, and who yet ever entertained the humblest of his fellow-citizens with the same scrupulous courtesy and urbanity which he showed to foreign princes and renowned generals—he whose correspondence occupied him, as he tells us, from sunrise to one or two o'clock, and often all night long—this man, so rich in honors, so vast in his thoughts, performed the very humblest labor, and condescended to the minutest details, when his pet, the University, seemed to require his attention. He recorded with his own hands the minutes of the Board of Visitors, and twice, at

least, copied their annual reports to the General Assembly. These interesting proofs of his industry and the deep interest he took in the child of his old age, are still preserved in the archives of the University, and recall forcibly the words of the wise king: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings!" Even in the purely formal interests of routine business in the visitors' record there are every now and then most touching indications of the joy of heart with which he witnessed the gradual fulfilment of his hopes; and in his letters, especially in some of the most interesting lately rescued and published by his gifted grand-daughter, Miss Sarah S. Randolph, this sentiment of intense and yet unselfish satisfaction shines forth conspicuously.

The buildings originally intended for the Central College, but now considerably enlarged, so as to fit them for a university, soon began to engross his whole attention. Every hour he could spare from his almost overwhelming correspondence, from his boundless hospitality, and the rare intervals he devoted to quiet enjoyment in the bosom of his family, was henceforth given to the superintendence of his great work. He soon found that all his energy and activity were barely able to accomplish the task, while during the same time his superior judgment and matchless address in overcoming obstacles of every kind were urgently needed to provide the pecuniary means for securing its completion. On him devolved the duty not only of furnishing the architectural plans and elevation, but also of procuring workmen, at a time when skilled labor was still rare in our cities, and almost unknown at any distance from the sea-board. With indefatigable diligence and perseverance he engaged the best bricklayers and carpenters that could be obtained, and with his own hands showed them how to measure and how to work. He prepared draughts of every subordinate detail and then watched over their faithful execution with unremitting care. Fortunately he had, among other tastes, cultivated also a special taste for architecture; and his portfolios were filled with drawings from Palladio and other great masters, as well as with copies of all the most famous structures of antiquity. He now found an opportunity to carry out the long-cherished schemes of his patriotism in providing for the education of the youth of his country, and

at the same time to gratify his great fondness for building. Each of the professors' houses, which he preferred calling pavilions, was thus adorned with a Grecian portico, in which he exhibited to his admiring countrymen models of all orders, and for ever brought before the eyes of the students the finest specimens of classic architecture. Skilled sculptors and able carvers were by him imported from Italy for the special purpose of copying in costly marble the best models, and he himself watched over their faithful execution to the smallest detail. . . .

It was his ambition that the University of his native State should give a course of education equal to any other in the United States, for he never thought of building the institution up into a monument of his own greatness. His aim was as pure as it was lofty. He loved literature and science for their own sakes, and wanted to see them cultivated in his native land; but he also valued education, and especially the highest grade of it, as an essential condition of republican institutions. No doctrine is more frequently repeated in those of his letters which refer to the University than this—that a wide diffusion of knowledge among the people is essential to a wise administration of a popular government, and perhaps even to its stability. Before deciding this grave question of the future faculty, he took pains to inform himself thoroughly on the subject, studying the history of German universities as well as of Oxford and Cambridge, and inducing his old friend and frequent visitor, Mr. Dupont de Nemours—high authority on such subjects—to write an essay on the best scheme of colleges in the United States.

When he proceeded, with all this light before him, to look around for able professors, he soon found that the most capable men in this country were already engaged, as such talents and ability as he required were then by no means redundant. To entice them from other institutions would have been invidious, and so unwarrantable as to expose him to severe censure; to take inferior men would have disappointed public expectation, and was contrary to all his hopes and aspirations. He had to turn to Europe, therefore, and fortunately was able, through a well chosen agent, in 1824, to engage a number of well-qualified professors, among whom there was

not an obscure man, nor one whose private character and general religious principles were not such as to bear the closest scrutiny. The names of Charles Bonnycastle, well known in science, and of Robley Dunglison, preëminent in the annals of medicine, have a good sound wherever they are heard, while Thomas Hewitt Key and George Long earned no small fame in Virginia, and even more, subsequently, in England, to which they returned, and where the latter still stands foremost, enjoying the highest reputation for ripe scholarship and rare critical powers. John P. Emmet, a nephew of the great Emmet, was chosen for the chair of chemistry, and an accomplished German for that of modern languages—for long years the only chair of its kind in any American college of high standing. Only the two professorships of law and moral philosophy Mr. Jefferson, with his usual tact and intuitive justness of perception, determined to bestow, at all hazards, upon natives, as the subjects here to be taught ought to be national in the highest sense of the word. He even suggested that the textbooks to be used by the professor of law should be prescribed, so that "orthodox political principles" might be taught, and "the vestal flame of republicanism" be kept alive. The Hon. George Tucker, a native of Bermuda, but long a resident and at that time a representative in Congress from Virginia, was chosen for the chair of moral philosophy, and soon justified Mr. Jefferson's choice by his success as a teacher and the fame he acquired by his literary works. Another Virginian, John Tayloe Lomax, was subsequently appointed professor of law.

But even here all the prestige of Mr. Jefferson's great name and the hearty support he received from his friends did not shield him against bitter attacks and fierce opposition, which at times threatened seriously to interrupt his noble undertaking. It must be admitted that occasionally there seemed to be good ground for objection and whenever this was the case the wise statesman did what wisdom suggests as the best remedy, but what so few of our great men even know how to do at the right time and in the right way—he yielded. Such was the violent opposition made to the election of Dr. Cooper, in 1820, by the Board of Visitors, at Mr. Jefferson's suggestion, to a chair in the State University. Dr. Cooper, well-known to history as Dr. Priestley's friend and a victim of the Sedition Law, was

reputed to be a Unitarian—an unpardonable sin, at that time, in the eyes of the clergy of Virginia. There was already a strong religious excitement existing in the State with regard to the university. The leading sects had hoped that, after the example of the great institutions of the North, the new university also would fall under the control of one of their number, and thus they watched each other with anxious jealousy. But they were all united in the still greater apprehension—unfounded as it was—that the illustrious founder would give it a decided irreligious tendency. In vain did his friends represent that, so far from any such wish, Mr. Jefferson had, on the contrary, made special and ample provision for the establishment of separate schools of theology in the immediate vicinity of the university, holding out large pecuniary advantages and valuable privileges to all divinity students. The clergy saw in Dr. Cooper's appointment a danger threatening the souls of the youth of the land; they raised what Mr. Jefferson called a "hue and cry" against him, and soon were reinforced by a powerful party in the State Legislature. They succeeded in annoying and provoking their victim seriously; he criticised their action in severe terms, and even allowed himself to be carried away so far as to accuse, in his correspondence, the Presbyterians of a desire to restore a "Holy Inquisition." But soon his good sense triumphed over the feeling of vexation, and, yielding to the force of public opinion, and his own views of expediency, he caused the appointment to be canceled on terms equally satisfactory to all parties.

How deeply he felt these mortifications, however, may be judged from a letter he wrote afterward to his friend, Mr. Cabell, in which he says: "It is from posterity we are to expect remuneration for the sacrifices which we are making for their service of time, quiet, and good-will, and I fear not the appeal. The multitude of fine young men whom we shall redeem from ignorance, and who will feel that they owe to us the elevation of mind, of character, and station they will be able to obtain from the results of our efforts, will insure their remembering us with gratitude: we will not, then, be 'weary in well-doing.'"

* * * * * *

Mr. Jefferson's interest in the success of the university seemed but to increase now that it was fairly launched on its

career. It looked as if he had regained all the activity and assiduity of his youth, and presented an almost unique example of energy after four-score years. He ordered all things, and watched with his own eyes that everything was done well. In former years he had stood, hour after hour, on the little terrace before his dining-room window, watching through a telescope the workmen as they were busily raising story upon story. But now he was no longer content with such distant observation. Almost daily he would ride from his home on the mountain, crossing a dangerous stream and passing over execrable roads, to spend several hours at the university, observing everything, correcting errors and suggesting improvements, and then return in the same way, making ten miles on horseback, and working incessantly with body and mind alike. He was specially interested now in framing a code of laws for the government of the young men, and tried, unsuccessfully, as it proved, to ingraft upon this code some of his own peculiar political doctrines. Thus he rejected at once all idea of punishment. No slavish fear, he said, no dread of disgrace, ought ever to be the motive of a young man's actions. He proposed to govern them solely by appeals to their patriotism and honor, and framed his laws accordingly. The students themselves were to form a part of their government, and to establish a court for the trial of minor offenses and the infliction of punishment on delinquent fellow-students. Unfortunately the youth of the land were not yet prepared to be governed by appeals to "their reason, their hopes, and their generous feelings," as the illustrious founder had hoped in his ardent admiration of ideal republicanism. Offenses were committed, and, being allowed to pass unpunished, led to graver disorders, till, passing from step to step they reached a point of excess which could no longer be tolerated. When at length the professors interfered, forbearance having become impossible, the students fancied their rights were violated, and declared open resistance.

On the very night on which the Board of Visitors had assembled at Monticello to prepare business for their annual meeting at the university, these disorders culminated in open rebellion. Mr. Jefferson's mortification was intense. He felt that public confidence would be shaken, and the growth of the institution would be checked; but he was specially grieved by

this evidence of the erroneousness of his favorite idea of self-government. With sorrow in his heart, and grief mingled with indignation in his features, he accompanied his distinguished guests the next morning to the university, summoned the students to their presence, and then addressed them in forcible terms, representing to them the heinousness of their offense, and appealing in touching, tender terms to their better feelings and their sense of honor. Mr. Madison and others followed his example, and so impressive were the words of these venerable men that the ringleaders came forward, one by one, confessing their guilt. Mr. Jefferson witnessed the affecting scene with silent sorrow; but when a near kinsman of his appeared, and thus proved to him that the efforts of the last ten years of his life had been foiled, and all his bright hopes of what he would do for his native land had been destroyed by one of his own blood, his self-control gave way, and he indulged for once, in words of burning indignation and violent reproach. The principal rioters were expelled, and among them his guilty kinsman, and others more lightly punished; but from that day a stricter code of laws was introduced. Even now, however, the government of the university was strictly based upon the moral sense of the students, and every effort made to cultivate truth and uprightness among them. To this day this is the leading principle—no marks of merit or demerit are given, no fines imposed, no threats held over the young men. Their word is taken without question, and a falsehood punished so instantly and so severely by their own condemnation that no attempt to obtain honors or avoid punishment by prevarication has been made for nearly a generation! Another principle inculcated by Mr. Jefferson has largely contributed to this happy result—that the government of a great institution depends largely on the friendly social relations between students and professors. Hence he placed the former, in their dormitories, close to the door of their teachers, counting upon the happy effects of daily intercourse and foreseeing that the mutual kindly sympathy thus created could not fail to become an important aid in educating the moral faculties as well as in cultivating the understanding. This custom also has ever since been kept up: the professors are at all times accessible to the students, and perfect confidence and mutual

sympathy bind them to each other. What he thus wished others to do, Mr. Jefferson took good care to practice himself with scrupulous exactness. The professors were regularly invited two or three times a week to dine with him at Monticello, and the memory of those who longest survived their illustrious friend returned during their lifetime with unmixed delight to those meetings, when he interested them for hours by pouring forth the rich treasures of his mind, and cheered them by his kindly sympathy with all their joys and their sorrows. The students, also, were frequently invited, and four or five every Sunday. He received them with great kindness, entertained them with rare tact, and never failed to impress them deeply with the elevation of his character and the tender kindness of his heart. On these occasions he generally ate by himself in a small recess connected with the dining-room; for, being at that period of his life somewhat deaf, he could not hear well amidst the clatter of knives and the chat of a merry company, and yet, with unselfish regard for the comfort of others, did not wish to impose any restraint upon their enjoyment.

The attention he had heretofore so minutely bestowed upon the erection of buildings, and the laying out of grounds was now given, with a far deeper interest, to the studies to be pursued in his beloved university; for he was, of all men, perhaps, best qualified to judge of what was best for the lofty aim he had in view. His own acquirements surprised even the accomplished foreigner and the far-famed savant by their extensiveness, and if his knowledge was not always equally accurate, he was too wise a man ever to fancy himself infallible, and willing to learn not from the scholar only, but with equal readiness and humility from the simple mechanic. It may safely be said that there was no branch of human knowledge in which he was not more or less proficient. His favorite readings in the last months of his life were—next to the Bible, for which he ever expressed the most profound admiration and reverence—the great writers of ancient Greece, whose majestic grandeur and ripe art he appreciated with rare enjoyment. And yet he would turn with true zest from the lofty flights in which he had accompanied their genius to the workbench and turning-lathe which he kept near his bedroom, or

saunter into the garden and watch with intense delight the blooming forth of a bulb or the growth of a tree he had planted with his own hands. No wonder, then, that in his scheme of studies for the university he went far in advance of his contemporaries, anl provided for wants which the majority of colleges have but recently thought proper to satisfy. Mention has already been made of the ample provision he made for schools of applied science, such as are now the boast of the leading colleges of the land, and of the important position he assigned, from the beginning, to the study of modern languages, by the side of Latin and Greek and Hebrew. But he went even farther; the first man in this country, he wisely discerned the eminent usefulness of Anglo-Saxon, mainly as a help to the proper understanding of our mother tongue, and while he wrote—more than fifty years ago—to the Hon. J. E. Denison strongly recommending the taste for "the recovery of the Anglo-Saxon dialect," which he had noticed in English writings, and the actual publication of existing "country dialects of English, which would restore to our language all its shades of variation," he labored like a diligent pupil in the cause he so warmly urged upon others. His manuscript work on the "Anglo-Saxon tongue," since published for gratuitous distribution by the university, is a most touching instance of his indefatigable assiduity, and at the same time a striking evidence of his vast knowledge and sagacious appreciation of precious lore. In accordance with these views he prescribed a a course of lectures to be delivered on Anglo-Saxon—the first chair of its kind that was devised abroad or at home.

Thus he was closely and personally engaged, from morn till night, from season to season, in getting the great institution into operation, delighted to see at last his patriotic schemes approaching a happy realization. In the early part of 1826, and throughout its beautiful spring, he was still watching keenly, and even minutely, over all its concerns, with unclouded vigor of intellect, but, alas! no longer with the energy and elasticity of former years. His wrists were swollen and crippled by an accident, he moved with difficulty, and finally, a serious chronic affection consumed slowly but irresistibly the scanty remnant of his former strength. His utter unselfishness, never more touching than in the last days of his life, led

him to conceal the ravages of this disease, and to decline all help from others. He still joined the family circle and entertained visitors; above all, he still manifested the most lively interest in the welfare of the university; and only a few weeks before his death he once more rode the ten miles, going and coming, to see his darling pet.

JAMES AUGUSTIN BROWN SCHERER

[1870—]

STANHOPE SAMS

JAMES AUGUSTIN BROWN SCHERER, Ph.D., LL.D., has a twofold place in the history of Southern literature. He has done distinguished and enduring work both as an educator and as a man of letters, and in both fields his labors have been always helpful to the cause of literature and enlightenment in the South.

Dr. Scherer was born in Salisbury, North Carolina, May 22, 1870, coming of sterling Lutheran stock. His father, grandfather, several uncles, and three brothers were Lutheran ministers. The father came from Germany in 1748. He was the Rev. Simeon Scherer, and his wife was Harriet Isabella Brown. Although his father's death, when he was young, left James to his own resources, he was determined to get a thorough education. For a considerable time he worked as clerk in a store; finally acquiring enough means to begin his academic training in the preparatory department of Pennsylvania College, at Gettysburg. The climate, however, proved too severe, and he went to Roanoke College in Virginia, from which he was graduated with the degree of A.B. in 1890. At college his taste and capacity for both literature and oratory were decidedly marked. As he had already decided upon following the ministry, he took up missionary work at Pulaski, Virginia. A year and a half later he was ordained to the ministry by the South Carolina synod, and a year later, 1892, he was sent as a pioneer missionary to Japan.

His labors in Japan are worthy of special mention. He acquired the difficult language so thoroughly as to be able to teach and preach in it and to translate into colloquial Japanese the Small Catechism of Luther. His abilities and his sympathy with the people so enlisted the interest of the Emperor that Dr. Scherer was several times employed by the Government upon important tasks. But here again his health proved unequal to the climate, and he was forced in 1896 to return to America. While in Japan he married Bessie Brown, daughter of the Rev. Faris Brown of Ohio, herself a trained and successful missionary.

He was promptly called to the pastorate at Cameron, South Carolina, and later to that of St. Andrew's Church, Charleston. In 1904

he was chosen by the Lutheran synod as president of Newberry College, and at once began the work of building up that institution. So successful was he in this task that in a few years Newberry College took its place in the first rank of the denominational colleges of the South. By 1908 he had, probably, developed the college to its utmost limits, at least for the time; and he was, fortunately, at once summoned to a far wider field. He was elected president of Throop Institute, a richly endowed technical university, at Pasadena, California, which is projected along somewhat novel lines and planned for an extensive and expansive career in education of mind and body.

As a writer, Dr. Scherer's present fame rests chiefly upon his books on Japan, although he himself sets most store by a volume entitled 'Four Princes,' being "a story of the Christian Church centred in four types"—Paul, Constantine, Bernard, and Luther. Another volume, 'The Holy Grail,' a collection of essays and addresses on more literary lines, won for him a very wide audience and reputation. But in his books on Nippon—'Young Japan,' 'Japan Today,' and 'What Is Japanese Morality?'—he spoke with authority and charm upon a subject in which the American public was intensely interested. They were by far the most interesting and the most authoritative books in their particular field, and they achieved at once a large circulation and more thoroughly established the reputation of their author.

Dr. Scherer is still (1909) in the prime of his life, and has just begun labors in another field of literature and education. It is to be expected, therefore, that he may do still more excellent and enduring work in both careers. In literature he now has well under way a story of "Cotton," treated somewhat after the manner of Maeterlinck's "La Vie des Abeilles" (The Bee). He purposes to deal with the vast influences of cotton as a theme worthy of the highest and sincerest literary treatment.

Stanhope Sams

MARTIN LUTHER

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THREE distinct attributes are essential to the successful career of a great religious reformer—a dual nature, a single purpose, and boundless courage. However otherwise great a reformer may be, if he do not combine in himself these three peculiarities, his work must fall short of the highest success, and prove a mere preparation, like that of Huss, or an unfruitful abortion, as with Savonarola. Of course, moreover, the times must be propitious. Yet it will scarcely suffice to say that the age was not ripe for reform before Luther. Doubtless this is in a measure true, but it is equally true that ripe times must often wait for the right man. The three groping "councils of reform" show plainly enough that the reawakening world, like some terrified child, had long been crying for a religious guardian whose torch of truth should dispel the surrounding gloom—

> An infant crying in the night;
> An infant crying for the light;
> And with no language but a cry.

As the rugged Carlyle so truthfully says, "Alas, we have known times call loudly enough for their great man; but not find him when they called! He was not there; Providence had not sent him; the time, calling its loudest, had to go down to confusion and wreck because he would not come when called." The world waited for the Reformation, and waited precisely until the day when a rare man could be found who, like Saul of Tarsus, combined in himself those three attributes of duality, simplicity, and bravery.

As to duality, if a man is to be a religious leader of men, he must not only be religious, he must also be a man. He must have both a real communion with God and a genuine sympathy with his fellows. Communion will mean joy; sympathy will mean passion, or compassion, or suffering. He must know how to be obedient to the delectable heavenly vision, and he must also learn obedience through the things which he suffers,

being one of like passions as we are. He must be a saint, but he dare not be a hermit. A hermit can become a herald, nothing more. The great religious leader must be a soul who with one hand can seize the very horns of the altar, while the other is busy with the multifold cares of a troubled workaday world. As one has said: "The incarnation of the divine in the human is the key to all truth, the summary of all life."

Coupled with this spiritual duality there must be singleness of purpose, simplicity of aim, absolute sincerity of vision. "The eye must be single." Paul could say, "This one thing I do." He determined to know only one thing. And for this determination, be it noted, he needed something more than moral earnestness. There was also required a keenness of mental vision that could pierce through the shells of things down to the truth; distinguishing that which is essential to the "one thing," and letting the non-essential go very much as it will. Thus it is that sincerity, seen from the other side, is called tolerance. Sincerity is not only moral singleness, it is also simplicity and keenness of vision.

And, finally, there must be bravery unbounded.

When a man with these attributes comes into an age that is crying for religious reform, Judaism is straightway transmuted into a gospel for the world, or the hidden ear of mediæval Christianity ripens suddenly into "the full corn in the ear"—you have a Paul or a Luther. . . .

Mention has been often made of the likeness between the characters of Luther and St. Paul. Even Renan perceives it, and he had scant sympathy with either. In his life of St. Paul, the French sceptic says: "That historical character which upon the whole bears most analogy to St. Paul is Luther. In both there is the same violence in language, the same passion, the same energy, the same noble independence, the same frantic attachment to a thesis conceived as the truth." The analogy is not confined to character, but may be traced also in the careers of the two men. This parallel may be fanciful, but it is certainly interesting. Paul was brought up a Pharisee of the Pharisees, Luther a Catholic of the Catholics. Both received scholarly and yet devotional training, Paul under Gamaliel, Luther influenced by Staupitz. Both were driven

by the compulsion of an inner experience to find solace in the gospel instead of in the law. Both therefore broke with their religion—Paul with Judaism, Luther with Rome. Both were persecuted, and escaped their foes only by the stratagem of their friends (see Acts ix. 25). Paul's intrepid journey to Jerusalem (Acts xxi. 13) is paralleled by Luther's journey to Worms; Paul's defence before Agrippa by Luther's before Charles. Both had to contend with fanatics who abused the liberty of the gospel; both had to rebuke their chief associates for weakness—Paul withstanding Peter, Luther reproving Melanchthon. Finally, if any one desires a parallel for the plain speech of Luther in the writings of St. Paul, he has but to read the Greek of certain passages in the Epistles which our translations have euphemized.

What St. Paul's writings did for the church of every age Luther's writings did for the church of the Reformation. He was a voluminous author. His most important work, of course, was the translation of the Bible, finally completed in 1534. His original writings have often been compared with those of St. Paul. Renan, again, says that in all literature "the work which resembles most in spirit the Epistle to the Galatians is Luther's 'Babylonian Captivity of the Church'." His remarkable essay on "The Liberty of a Christian Man" abounds in the brilliant, almost blinding, flashes of paradoxical truths for which St. Paul is famous. His "Introduction to the Epistle to the Romans" might have been written by St. Paul himself—must have been written by a man who had lived St. Paul's experiences. The chief reason for all of this striking similarity of style and matter lies in the simple fact that the Paul-like Luther did in effect but rediscover St. Paul. The first great principle of the Reformation was the supreme authority and efficacy of the word of God, which St. Paul had called "the power of God unto salvation." It, not the church, nor the councils, nor the Pope, was to furnish the only infallible rule of faith and practice. And the heart of the word of God Luther proclaimed to be the doctrine of justification by faith. This he drew bodily from the Epistles of St. Paul. The truth is, the "Church of St. Peter" had practically forgotten all about St. Paul, and had forgotten most of the Bible. Paul and his "power" were buried beneath the rubbish of tradition and the

solid rock of a superb institution. Luther's work was the overthrow of this institution—in so far, at least, as it served as a sepulchre—and a ruthless sweeping away of traditions. The word, uncovered, did the rest. The Reformation was but a return to the apostles. The reformer led back to the planter. Ruler and mystic had had their day, had served their part, but the church had lost the seed which is the word, and Luther was the farmer-monk who found it again. And the power of the seed does not lie in the husk, which is works, but in the kernel, which begets "faith in the bottom of the heart."

The story of the monk Bernard was beautiful, but it was also passing sad. Its sadness consists in its solitude. Somehow the life of Bernard, whom Luther called the holiest of monks, lacked strikingly the power of self-perpetuation. He was startlingly alone. There was not that in his life which had power to communicate itself to other lives and transform them, as he had been transformed. He remains to this day a unique specimen of a wonderful solitary fruit, a "hidden ear," hung in the church's granary for men to admire; he did not become a seed. He had "the form of godliness," good works; but somehow he could not transmit to the world "the power thereof." His life was hidden, immature, imperfect. Itself the fruit of a dwarfed and degenerate seed, it could not regenerate others. It is as though one should discover, on a stalk of growing corn, a beautiful hidden ear. To the outer vision this ear seems perfect in form and development. But, strip down the husks, look into the heart of the ear, and you see that the grain lacks that fulness and hardness and ripeness which alone mean reproductive power. Pluck such an ear from the stalk, let the grain fall into the ground and die—will it bear fruit a hundred fold? Such was the beautiful life of Bernard. He died, and the world went on as before. His fruit had been lovely and fair, but it had missed its fulness; it had not been filled out by *faith*. His story therefore remains a mere biography, it is not history; the record of a career, not of a movement. He became a model, but he never became a life. He was an example, but not a seed.

Luther, on the other hand, became a tremendous force in the world, not only for his own time, but increasingly with the times to come. It is not that his works were holier than

those of the saintly Bernard, but that he had the kernel of *faith* in the bottom of the heart. His was not a hidden life. Yet the glory is not to him, but to the divine principle within him. As in no age, since the planting of the church, has the period since the Reformation witnessed the power of "the full corn in the ear," the power of a reduplicating life. The quickening power of the church to-day touches thousands of human lives and transforms them, because it is a life impelling from within, not an example beckoning from without. "So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground; and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how; first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." Each age has had its planters, and its rulers, and its mystics, and its reformers. But the signal glory of this age is not its planting, wide as that has been, nor yet the spreading of the blade at the magic touch of Christian rulership, nor yet the hidden saintly lives of its meditative mystics. The glory of this age is that the church is becoming reformed through having the spirit of Christ formed within it. The ripening corn of this present Christian age receives its nutrifying milk from the sincere, uncovered word, . . .

The Evangelican Lutheran church, whose formal bond of union is the Augsburg Confession, comprises to-day a total baptized membership of nearly sixty million souls, of whom five-sixths are to be found in Europe. Germany and Scandinavia are the Lutheran strongholds. In North America growth has been very rapid during the last twenty years, so that the Lutheran and Presbyterian churches now vie with each other for third rank in the matter of numerical strength, the Methodists and Baptists leading. The Lutheran church has grave difficulties to contend with in this country, arising chiefly from the fact that it must deal with large numbers of communicants who do not speak the English language, and are not yet in touch with American institutions. Lutheran ministers preach the gospel in fourteen different languages in the United States, and superintend the transition of the children of thousands of European parents into a true American citizenship, thus achieving a home mission work of enormous magnitude and of untold importance.

ABÉLARD AND HÉLOÏSE

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. . . Pierre Abélard is the most brilliant and most tragic figure in the history of the church. The wealth of his knightly family provided his youth with the tutelage of the great nominalist, Roscellin, whose influence forever fixed the cast of his brilliant mind. The conflict of nominalism with realism, that is to say, of the rationalist with the mystic, of Aristotle against Plato, forms the moving power in the whole history of scholastic philosophy. Abélard proved to be such an apt disciple of Aristotelianism that when he afterwards studied dialectics in Paris, under the Platonist, William of Champeaux, he gave "infinite trouble with his subtle objections, and not seldom got the better" of his master.

Having become at last an accomplished adept in the use of William's own weapons, he drove his erstwhile master in merciless triumph from his chair in the university, himself becoming the cynosure of intellectual Europe and the very idol of the city of Paris. Notwithstanding the tumult of the times, so unfavorable to the pursuit of scholarship, more than five thousand pupils shortly gathered around his chair from every quarter of the Continent. The close of the century in which he labored found the university numbering its pupils as ten thousand instead of a few hundred, while Paris itself had grown from a town of insignificant proportions to a "city of two hundred thousand souls, walled, paved, with several fine buildings and a fair organization." Far and away the chief agent in this wonderful municipal development was the magnetic personality of Abélard, whose mind, in point of sheer keenness and brilliancy, stands almost alone in the intellectual annals of the more modern world. Before he was forty years old he had reached the highest academic position in Christendom, finding himself the centre of a life such as the world had not witnessed since the palmiest days of Athens.

Then it was that Nemesis crossed his pathway in the guise of a gentle girl. Hitherto absorbed in mental pursuits, the scholar had given no thought to love. But now he suddenly

became infatuated with the eighteen-year-old niece of a canon named Fulbert, in whose house he quickly contrived to find lodgings. The student was soon lost in the lover. Day after day a murmuring throng was turned away untaught, while Abélard's melodious voice could be heard through Fulbert's window, tremulous with the songs of an ardent love.

It was the world-old story of Faust and Gretchen. Marriage, under the laws and customs of those days, would have been fatal to Abélard's prospects—a consideration of greater importance to the unselfish Héloïse than even her own fair name. "She asked," he writes, "what glory she would win from me, when she had rendered me inglorious and had humbled both me and her. How great a punishment the world would inflict on her if she deprived it of so resplendent a light; what curses, what loss to the church, what philosophic tears, would follow such a marriage! How outrageous, how pitiful it was, that he whom nature had created for the common blessing should be devoted to one woman, and plunged in so deep a disgrace. Profoundly did she hate the thought of a marriage that would prove so humiliating and so burdensome in every respect to me."

To appease the wrath of her uncle, however, Héloïse finally consented to a strictly secret marriage, although "weeping and sobbing vehemently." Fulbert straightway broke his faith and divulged the marriage. Whereupon, when questioned by the curious, the young wife, thoughtful only of her husband's welfare, denied the report absolutely! Abélard weakly connived in this denial by removing her from Paris to the convent of Argenteuil; whereupon her infuriated relatives wreaked vengeance upon him in an unspeakably shameful manner, that left him forever a crushed and broken man.

Ordering Héloïse to take the veil at Argenteuil, he himself sought seclusion in the monastery of St. Denis. But his students followed him. After several years of restless life at St. Denis, he endeavored to bury himself in the hermit life of the desert. But "no sooner was his place of retreat known than he was followed into the wilderness by hosts of students of all ranks, who lived in tents, slept on the ground, and underwent every kind of hardship in order to listen to him." To the establishment thus founded he gave the suggestive name of "The Paraclete" (The Comforter).

His ecclesiastical enemies had long been numerous and exceedingly bitter, for the brilliant monk was charged with heresy, in an age when orthodoxy was everything. These made his wrecked life a torture. Restlessly retiring from The Paraclete, he once again sought quiet, this time as abbot of the bleak monastery of St. Gildas. Upon taking this step he made over the property of his deserted establishment to the Abbess Héloïse, who, with her nuns, had been turned homeless into the world through the inveterate hatred of her husband's foes. Here she spent the remainder of her life, surviving the unfortunate Abélard more than twenty years.

He was most miserable at St. Gildas. Wherever he turned, in fact, cloud upon cloud settled thick and dark before him. After nine years of painful struggle in this abbotship, he endeavored once more to find eremite retirement, and it was under such circumstances that he wrote the pitiful "Story of my Calamities." This little narrative fell into the hands of his ever faithful wife, whereupon ensued a correspondence, which, for genuine tragic pathos and human interest, is said to be without an equal in the literature of the world. For it chanced that the intellectual gifts of Héloïse were no less unusual than those which distinguished her both for beauty of person and for the unselfish devotion of her affections. Once when the French philosopher, Cousin, was asked who was the most lovable woman of history, he answered, "Héloïse, that noble creature who loved like a Saint Theresa, wrote sometimes like a Seneca, and whose charm must have been irresistible, since she charmed Saint Bernard himself."

After several years of troubled seclusion the tumultuous Abélard was impelled to return once more to the arena of his former triumphs, at Paris; but now at length he was destined to meet the gladiator who was to put an end to his astonishing and erratic career. We have dwelt thus long upon the life of Abélard, not only because of its deep human interest, but also in order to bring out the complete contrast between him and the only man that ever vanquished him, the ascetic Abbot of Claivaux. After his defeat the condemned and excommunicated Abélard found final asylum in the hospitable abbey of Cluny. After two years of humble prayer and penance, he died, broken-hearted, at the age of sixty-three. Although

despised and outcast then, the development of subsequent centuries has shown that in many of his fundamental positions he was simply in advance of his age, the keenness of his penetration piercing a future which to less brilliant eyes was veiled. . . .

Legend says that when the body of the noble Héloïse was at last placed in the monolith coffin beside his own he opened his arms and clasped her in a close embrace. In death, at least, they were not divided. The cemetery of Père Lachaise, in Paris, is continually visited by crowds of men and women who take wreaths and flowers to lay in solemn pity upon the tombs of these who loved "not wisely, but too well," and afterwards endeavored to expiate their folly by lives of the most piteous sacrifice.

LAND OF THE RISING SUN

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In what senses may Japan be called the Land of the Rising Sun? Leaving aside the obvious geographical fact that Japan is appropriately called Sunrise-Land because it lies so very far east, let us consider what thought is first suggested to our minds by the fact of the sunrise. Is it not a thought of beauty? Is there anything on earth more beautiful than this every-day event of the sunrise? Stand at dawn "tiptoe upon a little hill." Watch the sky clothe herself in crimson for the coming of her king. Then see him come in majesty, "rejoicing in the east"—that splendid sovereign "of this great world both eye and soul"—and the mind is fairly thrilled with a sense of all the beauty wherewith "God the Beautiful" has blessed His splendid world. So Japan the land of the sunrise, is a land of the sunrise beauty.

The first journey I took, on the day after landing, was by rail from Yokohama to Kamakura. We got into a little railway-car quite different from those we have at home, for it was built on the European model; the porter locked us in; a little engine gave a mighty shriek, and then glided out, through green rice-fields and across narrow streams, into the

country. The miniature train hurried with a fair degree of speed through villages most picturesque, their houses thatched with straw; across rice-fields, laid out with perfect orderliness, the peasants wading knee-deep in the water; through groves of giant trees, under the bluest of blue skies, in sight of the purple mountains, onward to the ancient capital of Kamakura. Once a city of a million souls was here; now nothing but a fishing village remains, with one sole remnant of the ancient glory.

I mean the mighty Buddha. It is an image of solid bronze reared in honor of the great Gautama, who has more followers to-day than any other man that ever lived; an image which for centuries has been the Mecca of pious pilgrims from throughout the Empire. The approach is through an avenue of tall and stately trees, which give hospitable entertainment to numberless jet-black crows, cawing boldly in the branches just above us, as though well aware that all life is safe within the sacred groves of Buddha. At the end of the avenue is the idol, the most celebrated and beautiful in all this idolatrous island. Gautama is represented as sitting in a lotus bower, his hands folded placidly before him. The eyes, which are of pure gold, are cast down in modest contemplation; the entire expression is profoundly sweet and thoughtful. To get a proper idea of the size of this colossal image, you must know that it is almost fifty feet in height, or as tall as an ordinary three-story dwelling. The great, gentle mouth is over a yard in width and the ears are six feet in length. There are upon the head eight hundred and thirty curls of bronze, each nine inches long. The thumb measures three feet around, and the distance from one great folded knee to the other is nearly twelve yards. As a work of colossal art, Dai Butsu is grandly beautiful. Idol though it be, one cannot but feel a sense of awe as he looks with upturned face into the vast placid countenance of this noble Buddha, who has seen the strifes of centuries and before whose "eternal calm" millions have bent in humble adoration. Not without meaning are the sonorous words at the gateway:

O stranger, whosoever thou art, and whatsoever be thy creed, when thou enterest this sanctuary remember that thou treadest upon ground hallowed by the worship of ages. This is the temple of

Buddha and the gate of the Eternal, and should therefore be entered with reverence.

With a feeling indeed of reverence, not for the idol itself, but for the blind yet devoted faith of millions, we turned thoughtfully away.

Out to the open sea!

In a little boat we sailed through shimmering waters to the fairy island of Enōshima, fabled to have risen from the sea in a single night. The legend is possibly true, for much of Japan is of volcanic and cataclysmic origin. The place is sacred to the goddess of Good Luck. Up the single zigzag street we climb, beset on every side by venders of beautiful shells and various other wonders of the deep. Through densely wooded summit we press to the open, with its marvellous view of the sea and the curving mainland beyond. The blue Pacific breaks white on the beach beneath us. In the distance are many white and graceful ships, skimming the waves like birds. Around us are myriad evergreens and brilliant flowers. And far, far away, swimming amid bright clouds, all his roughness lost in that enchantment lent by distance to the view, and wearing his eternal crown of snow, looms Fuji the Peerless, king of all the mountains in this mountainous land, and most perfect in form of all the mountains in the world. A perfect cone, truncated; the base lost in clouds, seemingly suspended, like some vast splendid vision, in the turquoise sky! It is a sight one can never forget.

Yet there are still more beautiful sights in this wonderful Sunrise-Land, this country where beauty abounds. The people themselves say:

"Do not say 'Kekkō' until you have seen Nikkō!"

Kekkō means beautiful, and Nikkō is their favorite beauty spot. There is probably no other place in the whole world that combines in such marvellous degree the beauties of art with the beauties of nature. As for the landscape, it varies in impressiveness from the awful sublimity of great volcanoes to the placid gleam of crystal lake and boisterous rush of waterfall. One day we climbed a cliff, whence one peers timorously into an ulcered chasm wherefrom in former days the lava spouted, but where to-day seven soothing streams glide

down the scarred and frowning walls, as if in gentle endeavor to smooth out the wounds of the ancient battle. The town of Nikkō, founded in the year 820, finds a home for itself in the very heart of these awful hills; but the erosive power of water does its work even on the greatest heights, whence more than twenty brooks leap into bright cascades, miniature Niagaras. The largest has a fall of three hundred and fifty feet for its slender silver stream. In plain view towers the peak of Nan-Tai-Zan, more than eight thousand feet in height; its rival, Nyō-Hō-Zan, is to be seen upon the right; while in the rear stands restless Shirane, the tallest and most fearful of all the Nikkō volcanoes, which was in eruption so recently as 1889. Everywhere grow tall and stately cryptomeria, at times set out in ancient avenues many miles in length, and rivalled in our own country solely by the great trees of California.

But I spoke of the beauties of art. It is characteristic of the Japanese to seek the most beautiful surroundings for their shrines. They are notably a race of beauty-worshippers. You can visit no great mountain-peak, no large cascade, no peaceful lake, without finding there some shrine or temple to the gods of nature. It is only to be expected then, that Nikkō should be rich in art, to match its natural wealth. Iyeyasu, the greatest Japanese of all history, finds his last resting-place where the best of nature can do him tribute with a tomb. He was buried here in 1616, and his illustrious successor, Iemitsu, keeps him solemn company. About these famous tombs great temples have been reared, which excel in prodigal magnificence anything else in Japan. A single waiting-room will sometimes represent a fortune. The most exquisite decorations in wood and silk and gold everywhere abound. In neighboring groves rise graceful pagodas, with towering monuments of stone or bronze. It is all a vast palace and a paradise. Japan the Beautiful!—Land of the Rising Sun; land of the sunrise beauty.

But the rising sun suggests to the thoughtful mind not merely the idea of beauty. As one watches the ascent of that mighty blazing ball, he is impressed also with a sense of the mystery and awesomeness of nature. What would happen should the sun for a single instant delay his ordered coming? Who upholds his vast weight? What power propels him from

his bath in the eastward sea? What pilot guides him in his daily course across the sky? The sunrise, to a thoughtful mind, is suggestive of the mystery and power of nature, so that we cry with Ossian:

> Whence are thy beams, O sun—thine everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thine awful beauty—the stars hide themselves in the sky—the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave—thou thyself ridest alone!

ADOLESCENCE

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BRAVERY has always been the chief ideal of Japanese character. What beauty meant to the Greeks, and right to the Romans, and purity to the Hebrews of old, bravery has meant to Japan. A man may be whatever else he pleases, but if he only be brave, he keeps the respect of his fellows, and may even become a demigod. An old proverb runs, "Among flowers, the cherry; among men, the warrior." Every one knows that the cherry-blossom is queen in the "Flowery Kingdom;" so is the soldier the king among men. In the middle ages, the development of bravery was undertaken with deliberate system; and in the schools of the Tokugawa period martial exercises were made a part of the daily curriculum. This was of a kind far different from the training in the military schools of the West; with us our soldier-work is play, but in Japan it was earnest to the death. The highest test of physical courage is the willingness to yield one's own life; and the institution of *hara-kiri* was drilled into the very marrow of the nation. The young men at school "went through again and again the tragic details of the commission of *hara-kiri,* and had it impressed on their youthful imaginations with such force and vividness that when the time for its actual enactment came, they were able to meet the bloody reality without a tremor and with perfect composure." Even the women were taught the equivalent duty of *jigai*—that is to say, "piercing the throat with a dagger so as to sever the arteries by a single thrust-and-cut movement." The samurai maiden in service was bound by loyalty to her mistress not less closely than the warrior to the lord,

and the heroines of Japanese feudalism were many. Judged from the ethical point of view, suicide is the most cowardly of crimes. But the Japanese, blind to the moral aspect of the deed, have exalted it into a virtue because it tests physical bravery. And the elaboration of suicide into a national institution, practised and belauded for centuries, has doubtless done more than anything else to make the Japanese soldier so daring.

Next to bravery itself, the quality which the Japanese most highly prize is patriotic loyalty. The roots of this virtue were traced in the first part of this book to the religious tenets of filialism. In Oriental usage the term "father" is so broad as to include any superior, and the obligation of filial piety becomes the more intense as the authority ascends. In the schooling period of Japan, the retainer was taught loyalty to his *daimyō* by the most heroic methods. For example, upon the death of his lord, he was to be ready for a living burial for himself, only his head remaining above ground, while he was left to starve slowly to death, and that without murmuring. Many a heroic retainer endured this supreme test of loyalty. Kusunoki, one of Go-Daigo's generals, and a paragon of Japanese patriotism, prayed for seven lives that he might give them all to his master. Iyeyasu and his followers succeeded in binding the *daimyō* to the Shogun as the retainer was bound to the *daimyō,* and thus Japan was welded into a unity such as few countries have seen. Iyemitsu compelled all of the *daimyō* to live at the capital during six months of the year, and to leave their wives and families there for the other half. The *daimyō* took oath to be obedient to his orders, sealing the pledge with their blood. He assumed the additional title of Tai Kun ("tycoon"), meaning "great prince," and it was retained by all of his successors. But the loyalty of retainer and *daimyō* and Shogun alike was ultimately centred in the Emperor. Although his rule seemed often enough to be no more than a name, yet his "heavenly descent" and the mysterious seclusion that veiled him appealed powerfully to the sentiment of the people, who have ever held him in awe. Thus there resulted a unified organism of government, based upon an ever centralizing loyalty, which endures essentially to this day, and gives Japan a power out of all proportion to mere size. The

Emperor is the soul of the realm, to which the whole body does reverence; the Shogunate (now supplanted by the clan ministry) being the brain, while the masses furnish the brawn. Loyalty is the life-principle that binds all into a common whole, for loyalty is even the law of the Emperor, who worships his own ancestors.

The Tokugawa period provided full opportunity for drill in the habit of thoroughness. Iyeyasu set an example in the study of the Chinese classics that was eagerly emulated by posterity. So ingrained has Chinese become in the literary language of Japan that no one can master the latter who does not know also the former. Consequently, a Japanese school-boy does not learn to "read" until he is sixteen or seventeen years of age, because of the immense multiplicity and complexity of the Chinese ideographs. That is to say, where an American school-boy has to learn an alphabet of only twenty-six simple letters, the Japanese school-boy must master at least five thousand out of a total of sixty thousand ideographs, most of which are exceedingly complex, and many of which are differentiated only in the minutest particulars. But consider what this means towards thoroughness. Poring over these "Chinese puzzles" for generations has had the effect of emphasizing the native tendency of attention to detail until thoroughness has become a most marked characteristic. Coupled with an inherent estheticism, which the Tokugawa influences fostered into exquisite taste; and linked with the Oriental habit of patient industry, Japanese thoroughness has produced the most minutely perfect specimens of art that have ever delighted the world. An artist will chisel at a little block of ivory for years—not to reap pecuniary reward, but to satisfy his passion towards perfection—until at length you hold in your hands a tiny figure which is a microcosm in itself, and will yield to the microscope alone the completeness of its dainty perfections. The same is true of *cloisonné* work, and of the exquisite productions in lacquer. I have before me as I write a napkin-ring of Kyoto *cloisonné* that is less than two inches in diameter, with a band not quite an inch wide, upon which I have counted seventy-eight separate designs, made in twenty shades of color, and from at least four hundred pieces of metal. It is an object-lesson in Japanese thoroughness.

Now, it used to be said by critics, that while the Japanese are thorough in minutiæ, they lack the capacity for thoroughness in things that are really worth while. It was pointed out that while producing ivory carvings at home, they had to send abroad for their battleships; but the critics were in too great a hurry. You cannot build battleships without a shipyard. The nation now has its docks and ship factories at Yokosuka, where, in an amazingly short space of time, Japanese officers have so emulated the example of Peter the Great of Russia that now the Japanese are beginning to build vessels that vie with those of any nation in the world.

If any additional proof were needed of Japanese thoroughness, it has certainly been furnished in the course of the great war with Russia. With a foresight that overlooked nothing, and with an attentiveness that scrutinized everything, they planned and executed a campaign which for sheer thoroughness has never been surpassed in human history. Doubtless the school in which they perfected this priceless habit was the seclusive session of the Tokugawa.

A mental quality which is the complement of thoroughness is the equally valuable habit of alertness. This also was taught to an already nimble race until they have become a nation of "prestidigitators." Sleight-of-hand is nothing but a dexterity so rapid that the movements are lost by the eye, resulting in effects that had no visible cause. For the last fifty years, Japan has played the rôle of magician, while the audience of nations has gazed open-mouthed at this marvellous handling of great implements whereof the little land had but now been altogether ignorant. As Lafcadio Hearn suggests, Japan has been playing *jiu-jitsu* with the complex civilization of the West. This is an art, or a science, which grew out of the silence of those hermit-days when Japan was developing her peculiar genius to perfection. It is occult, but its mystery is the mystery of swiftness coupled with scientific skill. That is to say, *jiu-jitsu* is embodied alertness. The first time I saw it practised was on the grounds of our old college campus, where we had two or three Japanese students. One of them was standing one day at a ball-game, when a great strapping student from the backwoods came clumsily and threw him on the ground. The dapper little man arose

smiling, flicked off the dust from his clothes, and quietly bided his time. No one foresaw what was coming. He waited until the big bundle of brawn stood lost in contemplation of the game, then he came swiftly behind him and with just a flash, just a touch that was nothing—there sprawled his great foe on the ground! We who saw it were mystified, but the big victim was most mystified of all. He had felt nothing until he felt the ground. Later on I witnessed private exhibitions in Japan, but came away hardly the wiser. It is remarkable skill in anatomy joined with marvellous agility—it is not strength, but softness and swiftness—it uses the strength of the foe as the strongest weapon against him—its name calls it "the science of gentleness." Experts in *jiu-jitsu* appear to achieve the miraculous. There lies a stalwart antagonist with a bone broken, a great tendon strained, or even in a state of suspended animation: how was it done? Not by force, but by swift softness. He was lured on to overreach himself, until there was a sudden, invisible, nimble flash, and it was over. But there is no need to write further, for has not Japan played *jiu-jitsu* with Russia while all the world wondered? The chief secret of her brilliant campaign is in her astounding alertness, which is a marked characteristic of the race. For quick receptiveness and rapid assimilation of mental food they are without parallel in the history of the world; the will springing out into action as soon as the concept is formed. "The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the brave;" but Japan combines the boldness of the lion with the swiftness of the deer.

It is of no use to school the heart and the mind, however, unless the will also be trained. The most important lesson that it can learn is self-control. And let it be remembered that Buddhism, with all of its errors, brought this greatly needed lesson to Japan. The Japanese by nature is intensely individual—impatient of restraint, impetuous, restive, headlong—eager to live his own life in his own way, to fulfil the mission of the individual, heedless of the welfare of the race. Buddhism came and laid its soothing hand upon him. It bade him be still, to repress his desires, to seek his Nirvana in extinction, to lose his one life in the All. The Japanese has never been a thorough convert to Buddhism, simply because it

contradicts his nature. But by an age-long familiarity with its teachings, which were drilled into his mind from early childhood, he received from this great religion of repression precisely the will-discipline he needed. Unlike the phlegmatic Chinese, his impassiveness is not innate, but acquired. "Childhood" under the tutorship of Buddhism has enabled him to bridle his fiery will in such fashion that he guides it in what direction he pleases. When at length he came out from his seclusion suddenly into the dazzling arena, it was to this Buddhistic schooling of the will that he owed the strength so to restrain himself from surprise, and so to direct his wonderfully developed powers of mind and heart as to become the modern wonder of the world.

MOLLY ELLIOTT SEAWELL

[1860—1916]

GAILLARD HUNT

MOLLY ELLIOTT SEAWELL was born in Gloucester County, Virginia, at her father's country place, "The Shelter," in a house which had been a hospital during the Revolution. Her paternal grandmother was the sister of John Tyler, tenth President of the United States. Her father, John Tyler Seawell, was a lawyer and scholar. He surrounded himself with classical books, which he read a great deal to the exclusion of modern literature. His wife was a Miss Jackson of Baltimore, a beautiful girl and a charming woman up to the day of her death at the age of seventy. Readers of Miss Seawell's books can trace the influence of her father upon her mind. She is a modern novelist, but she adheres to well-established standards of taste, and the words she uses can be found in old dictionaries as well as new. In her occasional controversial articles, also, she shows that she imbibed from association with a lawyer power to reason to a point.

Where Miss Seawell spent her childhood and youth the Chesapeake Bay makes rivers and inlets into the land at points a few miles apart, and the inhabitants row or sail to see one another instead of driving; while many of the houses stand by the water's edge. "The Shelter" was at some distance from the water, but the aquatic spirit of the region affected John Seawell's daughter, and a member of the household was an uncle, Joseph Seawell, who had been a lieutenant in the Navy, until the Civil War broke out, and who told her many stories of ships and the sea. Thus it was that, when she began to write, she naturally turned to naval and sea topics, in the treatment of which subjects she has excelled.

Her first important production was a naval story for boys called "Little Jarvis," which won the prize offered by the *Youth's Companion* in 1890; from this point her reputation as a writer may be said to have been established, nor has she since written anything of merit so enduring as this story of the heroic death for duty's sake of a noble-hearted boy. The critic must go further and say that there are few American story-writers who have shown so happy an inspiration in the choice of a subject or so true an artist's touch in the treatment. It belongs among the classics of American literature, and by itself should have served to make its author famous.

The basis of "Little Jarvis" is an incident in American naval history, and Miss Seawell has written several historical novels, biographies and historical stories and articles. From the historian's point of view, they show no more than a familiar knowledge of her subjects and skill in the use of that knowledge without exhaustive research. While her historical books for boys serve their purpose well, her instinct is obviously that of the story-writer rather than of the historian. Her historical novels, however, catch the spirit of the scene in which they are laid and show dramatic talent. They show also versatility in the choice of subjects, and she has depicted European events as well as American. 'The House of Egremont,' for instance, is a novel of the time of James I, who is one of Miss Seawell's favorite characters, and the scene shifts from England to France and back again to England. The historical atmosphere is well painted; of the characters, the old men and women are good; the young ladies and gentlemen conventional; the comedy characters enlivening; but the low-born heroine, "Red Bess," is admirable; indeed, better than all the other characters considered together, being, in fact, one of the strongest portrayals Miss Seawell has ever made. The chief merit of the book lies, however, in the situations, which are often described with real power. The plot is not the strong point in this or in any other of her novels.

In 1895 Miss Seawell won the New York *Herald* prize for the best story with "The Sprightly Romance of Marsac." The chief professional story-writers in the country competed, as well as many amateurs, and her success over all was a notable achievement. As for the piece itself, the most that can be said is that it is amusing, the movement being quick and the dialogue humorous. It has the characteristics of a play rather than of a story; and in due season it was turned back into the dramatic form in which evidently it had first been cast, and had a successful theatrical career.

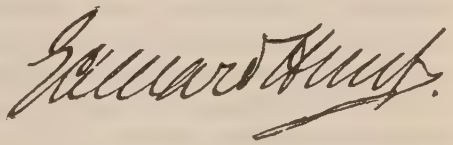
The construction of a modern play is hardly literature, for it is the art of building up about a simple plot situations and actions to please the eye, and creating characters who talk in crisp and catching dialogues to please the ear. It is only meant to be acted and is seldom read. That it is a difficult art is proved by the fact that there are hardly any successful playwrights in our country, although many persons write plays that are rejected by theatrical managers who would be glad to accept them if they had merit. Where so many fail Miss Seawell has succeeded, and several of her plays have appeared on the stage and been well patronized by the public, while dramatic critics have commented upon them favorably. Undoubtedly, the future holds further rewards for her in this lucrative field.

In 1906 Miss Seawell's novel 'The Victory' appeared. The his-

torical basis is the Civil War, and the scene is laid in tide-water Virginia, which she knows as she can never expect to know any other land. Here, then, we find real richness of local coloring; here the characters are drawn from real life; and here is the infinite and never-flagging interest which must always attach to the pathetic picture of broken homes and the desolation of hopes. The whole tone, too, is mellow and unmarred by bitterness. The reader may object to the complications of the heroine's heart history and to an ending which seems unreal; but he puts down the book with the feeling that he has read something that was worth his while and that he will not forget. In another of her Virginia novels, 'Children of Destiny,' there is not nearly so great a display of power as in 'The Victory,' but that, too, has the charm of truth, and in it figures a woman, Mrs. Blair, who is one of her most real and beautiful characters. Her first novel was another Virginia story, 'Throckmorton'; it did not establish her reputation, but it is a good story and the character of the old general is probably the best of her old Southern-gentleman types.

This brief notice of her work considers only those books that are typical of the kind of writing Miss Seawell has done. The best, in the writer's judgment, are the naval stories and the Virginia novels, and these reach a high level. The future holds in store for her development in the various fields in which she has already entered, and it is not probable that she will enlarge a scope which already covers a wide field. Her greatest material success will doubtless come from further playwriting.

After her father's death, about eighteen years ago, Miss Seawell went to Washington with her mother and sister, and there she has established her permanent home in the winter, usually spending her summers in Europe. She has become the center of a circle of friends who are attracted by her colloquial talents and her goodness of heart, as well as her rare intellectual gifts.



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THE TRUE STORY OF COMMANDANT LIÈVRE

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RANK and fortune are everything. That I know, not from having them, but from the want of them. To cast a man upon the world with nothing but merit is like throwing him headlong into a den of tigers with a wooden sword to defend himself. If I knew how to use a pen as well as I know how to use a carbine, I could make this much clearer, but the plain recital of what I have done and suffered will be a convincing argument that what I say is true.

I was born in the town of Marne, while my father was there on conscript service. He was a man of sense and of spirit, and lost his life—how do you think? In a quarrel with a brother officer over a dancing dog! My mother, poor soul, soon followed him into the other country. I had a great-uncle in Marne, a notary, and I was about to say that he fed and

clothed me until my sixteenth year—but let that pass. He kept me from starving, and I was never arrested for being in rags.

I think I could have stood my hard fare and thin jacket better if I had not seen at intervals the little Marquis de Ravenel—the handsomest youngster imaginable, a younger and slighter boy than I, always galloping over the country on his pony, and a regular little prince thereabout, for he was the heir of the splendid château on the hill. He stood for me as the embodiment of youth and happiness. He was a fiery little fellow, and would fly into rages with his tutor and his grooms, and even his horses and dogs; and I remember seeing him one day on the highway, in a gust of temper, swearing like a pirate and wanting to fight a groom twice his size, who ran away laughing, but looked frightened too. Oh, how I longed to be like that little Marquis!

My uncle did not think I had the capacity for the profession of the long robe; and God knows if I had the capacity, I had not the taste, for I meant to be a soldier. My uncle determined to make me apprentice to an apothecary. We argued the point, and my uncle brought a clinching argument to bear on me in the end—he put me on bread and water. I stood it stoutly for exactly nine hours—but hunger is a creditor who will not be put off with promises to pay—so, next morning, I was busy at pounding drugs in a mortar. I pounded industriously for about an hour, thinking all the time what a shabby trade was drug-pounding compared with soldiering, and my reflections brought me to the point of resolving that if ever I engaged systematically in the business of killing my fellowmen, I would at least give them an equal chance with myself—in short, I concluded to run away and enlist. Having thus determined, I sneaked out of the apothecary's shop, and without going through the formality of asking my uncle's consent, I made for the high-road at the top of my speed.

Never shall I forget that day. It was at the beginning of May, and not ten thousand poets could describe its beauty, or the rapture it inspired in my breast; so, being a plain soldier, please excuse me from trying to tell of it. By hook and by crook, with the assistance of a few francs I had, I managed, next day, to reach the little town where the conscript depot was, and just as the officer in charge was about shutting up

his bureau for the night, I presented myself. Now, being under eighteen, I had been wondering how I would get in the army, and had gloomily determined that it would be my fate to enlist as a drummer: but one look on the officer's part at my height and figure showed me he meant to have me. I may say, now that I am as yellow as a kite's foot, with my face embroidered by several sabre cuts from Kabyle swords, with the rheumatism all over me, and one knee as stiff as iron, that I was a stalwart fellow at sixteen.

"Eighteen, did you say?" said the officer, taking down his book. I had said nothing, but I was put down as eighteen. The Sergeant who took me into another room and examined me, as a butcher examines a bullock, would not have let me go for a hundred francs; and so, before I slept that night, I was enlisted in the forty-third regiment of the line. So came to an end the first epoch of my life and so opened the second.

I would like to tell all that happened in the next twelve years, but I perceive that when one is writing about one's self the smallest particulars appear important, and if one put down all that appear interesting, a hundred books could be written in each life. I shall, therefore, only say that I early perceived my fate was in my own hands. The system of conscription has this advantage, that it brings one into contact with all classes of people; and the fact that there must be a separation of classes among the enlisted men, opens a door to those, like myself, who wish to make an honorable place in the world; and when my term of enlistment was up, I saw myself, at twenty-one, a sub-lieutenant.

Perhaps, if I had known the agonies of trying to live upon my pay, my heart might have failed at the last moment. My regiment was commonly known in the army as the Misers—there were so many poor men in it that our brother officers affected to believe that we were saving up millions. Occasionally, one of us made a good marriage; but immediately on making it the lucky man would either resign from the army altogether, or get a transfer to some other regiment. And thus we remained the Misers, that is, enduring all the penury of the miser, without his substantial gains.

Let it not be supposed that I spent all my youth in the pursuit of virtue and knowledge. Unluckily, no. But as I know

that I can never bring myself to relate exactly all the faults, the follies, the rebuffs, the disappointments I suffered, so will I pass over them in silence—but I had my share—I had my share. One, however, I will admit. I was fool enough, and found a man willing to co-operate with me in folly, to get in debt two thousand francs. When I tell you that I learned to like horse-flesh before I paid that money, perhaps it will be understood what I suffered. I was very lonely. I was too poor to have friends; even too poor to have enemies. At last my debt was paid; and on the very day that I had got my release, and was feeling as happy as a king, I fell into another snare, more terrible, more hopeless—I fell in love.

We were then stationed at St. Quentin. The town is well known. I came across an account of it written in 1783, and I own that it might be written in this year of 1845—so little has it changed—even to the promenades on the grass-grown ramparts. It was on a June evening, walking on those green ramparts that I met Renée Dufour. She was the daughter of the new Commandant, General Dufour. From the first moment that Renée's eyes met mine, it was all up with Pierre Lièvre.

I saw her often. Her father was very kind to me, and so was her old aunt, who was supposed to act a mother's part toward Renée. And Renée was very, very kind to me.

I will not attempt to describe her, but I cannot forbear mentioning the soft splendor of her eyes and the exquisite slenderness of her figure. She was not strictly beautiful—I believe the women of over-powering fascinations never are—but I will say no more.

Once there was to be a great military ball. I had not thought of going, but Renée asked me to go, and that was enough.

It was a very magnificent ball. The night was glorious, and the moon and stars looked down on a vast illuminated place, where fountains played, and music swelled and died, and the breath of roses ascended. The *coup d'œil* of the ball-room was splendid. At the top of the room stood General Dufour, a soldierly man with his breast covered with decorations—none of your time-of-peace decorations, but all earned by hard knocks—and at his side stood Renée, smiling and pal-

pitating with pleasure. I danced with her once, and afterward I fancied her eyes followed me pretty steadily; but I dismissed the thought as one only fit for a vain fool. I stood about, scarcely knowing anyone, except my brother officers, who were busily engaged. I felt that divine elation with which every human soul greets Love, the conqueror. I saw Renée dancing with the younger officers, promenading with the older men, whom she seemed to bewitch. I had no eyes for anything but her. Finding myself close to General Dufour after awhile, he turned as if to speak to me. The next moment he seemed stricken dumb, uttered a slight groan, put his hand to his head and fell forward. I caught him in my arms. His daughter must have seen it, for she ran forward. At the first look she turned to me and gasped:

"Get a priest."

There were plenty of military surgeons at hand in a moment. I slipped out, ran to the house of a curé opposite, hauled him out of bed, and had him at the door of the ball-room in ten minutes. I looked in, and saw at the head of the room General Dufour lying on a sofa, his daughter kneeling by him on one side, a surgeon on the other. The group was directly under the gallery of the musicians, who, mute and awe-stricken as the gayly dressed crowd below, sat motionless, holding their instruments. There was a slight commotion, and the surgeon said, in a clear voice:

"He wishes a priest."

I caught the surgeon's eye at that moment, and opening the door wider, he saw the curé about to enter. He whispered something to the dying man and then to the girl. Renée raised her eyes as I advanced slowly, ahead of the curé.

He carried, wrapped in a veil, the sacred pyx. At the sight all present fell on their knees; and from the musicians' gallery, as if by inspiration, came the celestial thrilling of the violins in the *Stabat Mater*. The strains, ineffably sweet and solemn, filled the vast hall, as the curé walked, with bent head, toward the dying man. The offices were soon over, and as the curé was reading the prayer for the dying, Renée said, softly:

"He is gone."

She was a soldier's daughter, and she walked bravely and

quietly out of the room on the surgeon's arm. I followed her without my own volition. There were others with me. The General's carriage was drawn up at the bottom of the marble stairs. She turned as she reached the head of the stairs, and, looking at me, managed to say:

"I thank you all. I thank the curé and Lieutenant Lièvre."

Never shall I forget the expression of her face, as she stood for a moment, the lamplight and the starlight falling upon her bare head, in her white gown, with a white mantle dropping off her beautiful white neck.

Next morning a great piece of good fortune befell me. I was ordered, with a part of my regiment, to Algiers. I call it good fortune, for I could have no peace near Renée Dufour, and it was a thousand times better for me to be far away from her, where I could neither see her nor hear her name. Before I left St. Quentin for good, I wrote her a very respectful note; and after some weeks, when I was at Toulon, I got a reply from her. It was brief—but just the kind of sweet, sincere thing that she might be expected to write. Like a fool, I imagined something in it—a word or two which indicated a continuing interest in me; but I soon saw the folly of such vain imaginings. That very night, at mess, General Dufour's death being mentioned, Captain Duval-Choisy, a steady, reliable fellow, said he supposed that Mademoiselle Dufour's marriage with the Marquis de Ravenel would follow soon. He had heard on good authority that the Marquis, a handsome, dashing young man, with nothing against him but a rather hasty temper, was always with her now, with the consent of her relations. This gave me a great deal of pleasure. What a fitting match for her! Youth, love—for she had no fortune—rank and wealth. And de Ravenel must be a fine fellow; a hasty temper was nothing. I was in such spirits with this news that I ordered champagne, and laughed and talked more gayly than ever before in my life. I even tried to sing, and I have no more voice than a crow. I took my gayety with me to my quarters, and sat up looking at a black and starless sky, and listening to a restless night-wind until near daylight, all the time rejoicing at Renée's good fortune. What a thing it was for a man to be well born and rich! I was neither.

It was in May, 1830, that with a part of my regiment—the

Misers—I was ordered to embark on board the Diadème, ship of the line, at Toulon. There were in round numbers thirty-five thousand men engaged in that first great African expedition. I remember that everything was done to inspire us with enthusiasm, but it was not in the Bourbons to inspire soldiers. And when the poor old Duc d'Angoulême came down to review us—such a melancholy, cadaverous, croaking, tongue-tied, lantern-jawed, megrim-haunted creature never was seen—the men laughed at him, and the officers swore at him, under the rose. It was frightfully depressing when he undertook to make us a speech. There was Marshal Marmont—I happened to see him in the Duc's suite when that speech was made—and I thought the old soldier would have died of disgust. The Duc told us that none of us would come back, advised us to settle our worldly affairs, and make our peace with Heaven. The men looked quite blue when they were marched back to their quarters, and the officers felt bluer still. It is a very terrible thing to begin a campaign in bad spirits. Soldiers are apt to die when they are in bad spirits. Some of us remembered what the Emperor had said concerning the Duc's wife—she was "the only man in the family"—but we dared not speak of this, for any mention of the Emperor always affected the army deeply, and the authorities, very properly, ordered us to keep silent on the subject of Napoleon. The Bourbons were in a bad way with the army after the Revolution. They might forbid us to talk of Napoleon, but we only thought of him the more—and we forced them to bring his ashes back to us before many years.

We were to embark on May 11th, and ten days beforehand two of our sub-lieutenants were obliged to be sent to the hospital—one to have his leg cut off, the other raving with fever. Two more had to be drafted into our battalion immediately, and one was the Marquis de Ravenel, from a crack lancers regiment. Although myself only a few grades ahead of him in rank, I happened to be the senior officer present when he reported. The others all had wives and families to say farewell to—I, alas! had no one.

He was as handsome, as dashing, as ever. How admirably would he suit with Renée Dufour! We had a very pleasant conversation, and the next morning, when the battalion was

about to be paraded before me, I admired him more than ever. The men were drawn up under some trees on the edge of the town—we were encamped instead of being in barracks —and they certainly appeared very well. I was about to compliment de Ravenel upon the smart appearance of his men, when, as he approached, I saw that he was pale with rage—he looked as he did that day, so many years before, when I had seen him raving with the groom in the high-road. And this is what he said to me—his superior officer:

"So you are the man for whom Renée Dufour refuses to marry me. You, a beggar, a vulgarian, fit only to associate with her footman."

He spoke in a low voice, and I, staggered for a moment, replied in the same low tone:

"M. le Marquis, return to your quarters and consider yourself under arrest."

As quick as a flash he raised his sword, and gave me a swinging blow over my head with the hilt, and I knew no more. I did not know anything for several days. When I recovered consciousness I was in a hospital ward, and Duval-Choisy was sitting by me. I said to him, with an effort:

"Do you think de Ravenel will be shot?"

"He is shot already," answered Duval-Choisy, bluntly, "and by his own pistol, too—that is to say, it is so given out —but let me tell you, my dear Lièvre, although de Ravenel's body and the smoking pistol were smuggled out, I have grave doubts whether he is not just as much alive as you or I. His family are powerful at court, and royalists are not shot nowadays—there are not enough of them to be rashly disposed of. So don't trouble yourself about de Ravenel."

I found that the general opinion was the same as Duval-Choisy's. The offence was so flagrant that it could not be passed over; striking an officer is punishable with death, and the sentence is generally carried out in our army. De Ravenel's family had got to him at once; and before the court-martial could be notified, here had come the story of his suicide. There were many suspicious circumstances about the prompt removal of the body; the military authorities were strangely reticent; and I had a hint given me from a high quarter that I need

not suffer my mind to be agitated about de Ravenel's tragic fate.

I recovered rapidly, and was ready to leave with my battalion, on May 11th. I had heard no word of Renée Dufour in that time. I had some hours of madness before leaving, when I felt like writing her a letter, bidding her farewell, but some instinct of manliness stopped me. Even if she were insane enough to wish to marry me, her family would be justified in preventing it. I had nothing; I could give her nothing. No. The story of her preference for me, which had maddened de Ravenel, was mere idle gossip, because I had got the priest for her father when she asked me. She had probably never thought of me again.

At last, on a June evening, we sighted Algiers, and next morning the debarkation began. Everybody knows what followed. We beat the Algerians and the Kabyles and all the other tribesmen in all the pitched battles when they dared to face us, but they kept up a harassing guerilla warfare which was infuriating. We had to build a chain of block-houses along all the territory outside the city of Algiers to protect our outposts and the few people who dwelt there.

The first year or two was exciting enough. Many of us got promotion—I got my captaincy—but after that, there was a time of stagnation. There were troubles in France and the troops were withdrawn, leaving only a handful in Africa. I had done my share in the campaign, and after that the homesickness which seizes every Frenchman away from France seized me. We were quite idle, the authorities being content that we should simply hold what we had got—and to be idle in Africa, as it was then, was very dreadful. The officers who had friends at home got ordered back, but I with a few other Misers, remained on the plain around Algiers.

The men suffered more, of course, than the officers. From some of the best disciplined regiments in France they grew to be among the worst. At every departure for France there would be an outbreak from those who remained behind. Expeditions were organized against the Kabyles and Bedouins to counteract this and give the men something to talk about—but soldiers, unluckily, can think—and when they saw that we could not keep what we took, that we were not numerous

enough to make a strong demonstration against the tribesmen, that beyond our line of block-houses we were powerless, and, above all, the occasional finding of a soldier with his head cut off, it was hard upon them. They would talk about the Emperor then; there was no stopping them. For my own part, I stood the ordeal fairly well. I tried to put Renée out of my head—and how well I succeeded may be imagined when I say that I never looked at those great, brilliant, golden stars of the African nights, which seem so large and so near, without thinking of her, and wondering if she were still alive, and if she were married—and this dreamer was a battered, middle-aged Captain of the line! And this lasted for thirteen years. Yes, I was thirteen years in Africa. Of course I might have gone back to France many times, but, unluckily, I learned Arabic, with many of its dialects, very well. It has always been my perverse fortune to get in trouble, not through my faults—which are numerous enough, and all well grown for their age—but by my few good qualities. The authorities put me into the *Bureau arabe*. I, a soldier, was made a clerk. In vain I swore I would resign, I would leave the army, I would turn Mahometan, but it was no use. After my time the officers were astute enough never to acknowledge how much Arabic they really knew; but I, in an insane moment, had boasted of mine, and I had thirteen years in which to repent of it. Algiers in the 30's was a dreary place, half desert, half Paris, French, African, the Arab slipper-maker next door to the French milliner—a boulevard on the edge of the desert. I think I grew morose in the thirteen years when I was a French grand-vizier. As chief of the bureau, I had the privilege of ordering Arabian heads to be cut off. I did not avail myself of the privilege, but sometimes longed rather to cut some other heads off. I grew to be "old Lièvre" among the young sub-lieutenants. I kept away from the quarters where the French ladies with their smart gowns were to be found. The ugly ones I did not like, and the attractive ones always reminded me of Renée; so I avoided women altogether.

At last this slavery to a bureau became intolerable. One day I determined to be free. I went to head-quarters and announced that I would like to be relieved from the *Bureau arabe*. The Commandant smiled, and made out my orders at

once. I was to proceed to Fort Mastagnan, nearly two hundred miles from Algiers, and take command of the little fort, with a garrison of—what do you think? One hundred and fifty *disciplinaires.*

To command a mud fort, two hundred miles in the interior, with a garrison of a hundred and fifty rapscallions under punishment! Of course the Commandant expected me to beg off at once, and to go back to doing a clerk's work in the *Bureau arabe.* But I swore to myself that I would not go back to the *Bureau arabe.* The Commandant did not urge me. He evidently thought that a slight experience of Fort Mastagnan would bring me to terms; so he let me go. Within a week I was ready to start. It was a weary journey. My first sight of Mastagnan was not as melancholy as one might suppose; for *disciplinaires* are soldiers after all, and have the same childish light-heartedness of other soldiers. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon, and although it was in the rainy season, the sun shone every day at that hour. The fort was perched upon a plateau, with great mountain-peaks towering over it, and the sun glinted upon the silvery mountain-torrents that foamed down the face of the rocks.

My ragamuffins were drawn up to receive their new Commandant, and although not very smart looking—except one man who was orderly to the former Commandant—they were not very bad looking. The officer whom I was to relieve recommended his orderly to me.

"A very sharp fellow—calls himself Laurent—has a life-sentence for striking an officer, but I think he expects it to be commuted very soon. I can't make him out; I am afraid he is a gentleman; he writes a better hand than I do, and except for his damned superiority in everything, has not a fault."

"I will take him," said I.

The first time my orderly and I came face to face I saw he was the Marquis de Ravenel, and he saw that I was Captain Lièvre, and each knew the other recognized him. But never saw I such coolness and self-possession as Laurent's. He had, at last, learned self-control. Not a wink betrayed him, and I, scorning to be outdone by my orderly, was as cool as he. This, then, explained the mystery. By some sort of juggling his family had saved his life, and had got him off

to Africa, ostensibly for life. They had probably been working all the time for the commutation of his sentence, the restoration of his civil rights, and he would return to France something of a hero, to be rehabilitated with title, money, and everything. But suppose the impulse to kill me should come upon him? Well, he had plenty of chances. We got on from the start—Laurent's face quite inscrutable, while I, in a very little while, had trouble to keep from smiling every time I saw, or even thought of, the Marquis touching his cap to Pierre Lièvre, holding my horse, running my errands, standing at attention whenever I spoke to him.

As with my predecessor, he did everything better than I did. His accent was Parisian—mine, I am afraid, was not. He wrote and spoke half a dozen other languages besides, of which I knew not a word. He had made himself a kind of mandolin, on which he played charmingly, while he sung airs from the operas that had been new thirteen years ago, and he was leader of the *disciplinaires'* band. Oh, it was a comedy to see us together! I wondered often if he remembered Renée Dufour. Alas for me! I had not forgotten her.

Meanwhile I had been looking closely about me, for the Commandant of a fort in the enemy's country, with a garrison of *disciplinaires,* needs to keep his eyes open. The fort had good walls, stout and high. On the northern side it was protected by an inaccessible precipice. We had one field-piece, and plenty of ammunition and provisions. I considered the fort practically impregnable, *if* I had a good garrison. I had no doubt they would fight; *disciplinaires* are generally good fighters; but suppose the tribesmen should come, five or six thousand strong, as they might, for they had lately begun to attack us in vast numbers when they attacked at all. Then, if only the *morale* of the *disciplinaires* could be kept up—but there is something overpowering to the rude mind of a private soldier in the thought that he is outnumbered fifty to one, even though he be well armed and protected. After considering this part of it, I sat down to do what I had always intended, but had not, until then, set about, and that was, to make my will. But when I actually began it, I was troubled with two difficulties—I had nothing to leave, and nobody to leave it to. So I did not make a will.

I am happy to say that I found Fort Mastagnan a great improvement on the *Bureau arabe*. I was as well satisfied as ever in my life. True, I had the same old pain at my heart, but that I should have had anywhere. And the sight of those solemn peaks piercing the clouds, and the vast loneliness of the hills and valleys around the fort in the mountains, was soothing to my soul.

Some months passed. We often saw bands of Kabyles and other tribesmen stealing along the valleys at nightfall, the light trampling of their horses' hoofs faintly audible in the clear air. Sometimes the morning sun shone on a group of dazzling white burnouses disappearing quickly in the gorges of the mountains. We had not so far had a single Kabyle carbine fired at us, but it was coming.

One night in December, when the air was sharp, as I sat at my supper of barley-broth and mutton—it was mutton, mutton, mutton, summer and winter—Laurent entered my room, and saluting, said, calmly:

"Sir, the tribesmen are pouring down the mountain-side."

I seized my field-glass and ran out. There was no moon, but the sky was bright with stars, and by their faint, unearthly shimmer I could see a cloud of horsemen pouring, as Laurent said, out of the great mountain-gorge above us. On they came, in myriads. The Arab horses rush noiselessly down the steepest declivities in an indescribable manner; it is more like the flight of eagles than the bound of horses. The riders, enveloped in their white burnouses, out of which their black eyes gleam like points of flame, looked ghostly, and if I were a poet, instead of a plain Captain of the line, I could tell, as it should be told, the weirdness, the wildness, the barbaric majesty of the sight. It was as if some great serpent of the night were unwinding himself, to spring upon that little fort on the mountain-side—for as the Arabs came into the plain, the vast circle coiled around the fort, and then gave one prolonged savage shriek of hate, and menace and triumph. There were not less than eight thousand of them in sight—and we were a hundred and fifty.

Meanwhile my rapscallions were under arms by the tap of the drum, and I proceeded to harangue them.

"It is a movement in force," said I. "Thousands of tribes-

men cannot move without the knowledge of our superiors. We shall be rescued—be sure of that—and meanwhile we must take care of ourselves. You know what Arabs do for their prisoners. Not always this—" I passed my hand across my throat—"that is mercy; but to be slowly tormented to death, to be dragged at the heels of horses, to die of blows and thirst and hunger—*that* is the punishment reserved for French prisoners—and afterward their heads are cut off. Now, my children, let us not die in that manner."

A shout arose from my fellows at this.

"However," said I, "there is small danger of that, for I have arranged, if ever the Arabs get over the stockade, to blow us all up at the first wink!"

This they cheered tremendously.

"And more," said I, "there is a chance for every one of you to wipe out everything against you. Gallantry in the face of an enemy will condone any crime a soldier may commit. *Vive l'armée!*"

At this, a great cheer went up. Fear and hope—the two great mainsprings of human action—had been touched, instead of a hundred and fifty *disciplinaires,* I had a hundred and fifty heroes.

And now my awkward pen falters and I can scarcely go on. Oh, for the burning words of a Froissart to tell what happened when eight thousand Kabyles and Bedouins came surging upon us! In the darkness the trampling of their horses' feet sounded like thunder. They had each a long, single-barrelled rifle, but they soon found that rifle-balls do not penetrate thick walls. We knew they would attempt to storm the place, and when we saw a hundred dark heads over the parapet on the south side, it took not a minute for us to direct all our fire at them, while our one gun was dragged across the courtyard, and pointed through a hole in the wall. And when it barked out, I heard, for the first time, the Arabs shriek with pain; for these followers of the Prophet are great and admirable in agony and death. They suffer and die with majestic calmness. But the very suddenness of the assault drew from them a yell that smote the black heavens above them.

All night the *disciplinaires* fought as I never saw men fight before or since—such coolness, such discipline!

All through that first dreadful night Laurent was my aide-de-camp as well as my orderly; and when the mountain-tops grew rosy in the coming dawn, he was at my side, cool, smiling, and spick and span as ever. That is the way with the thoroughbreds. I am afraid I was frowzy and rather ill-tempered. About sunrise the Arabs gave us a little peace, and, still under arms, we had something to eat. Laurent—that is, the Marquis de Ravenel—brought my coffee and barley-bread to me upon a tray with a white napkin. I was a long time eating and drinking—all for effect—it nearly choked me. Then I ordered the band out—we had a pretty good one—and Laurent, the leader, looked at me meaningly, and I understood and nodded back, and it burst into—not *Vive Henri Quatre,* or any of those Bourbon airs, for which soldiers do not care a fig—but into *La Marseillaise!* You should have seen my poor fellows! They shouted, they wept, they embraced!—they cheered me—they cried, "*Now,* will we hold out!" Oh, it was an inspiration! They were every inch Frenchmen then! All day the attack continued intermittently. I was more sure of the *morale* of the men then than before; still I thought the day with its monotony more dangerous than the night with its excitement. As the sun sank in beauty—the day had been mild and clear—Laurent went and fetched his mandolin, and sitting in the middle of the courtyard, sang some of his gay songs, all about love and wine, and the men began to laugh and actually to dance. I daresay the Arab devils outside thought we were crazy, but we were watching them all the same.

As soon as night fell we again heard the marshalling of thousands of horsemen, the trampling of thousands of hoofs, that wild, far-reaching scream of thousands of voices. The sky became inky black with the clouds that were to pour down rain on us; the air grew sharp, and a cold wind from the mountains swept down and roared through the gorges, and soughed among the branches of the trees. And over all hung a pall of dusk and gloom; it was as if the few souls in that fort in the African wilderness were the sole human beings in the universe. And the sudden rush of thousands of Arabs, which came at midnight, the earth trembling as the multitude of iron hoofs smote it, seemed rather the assault of demons than of men. That night we repelled them, too; every head

that appeared over the parapet was shot off. The Arabs rode round and round the fort, wheeling as they reached the one inaccessible side. This second night the sight of this vast wheel of horsemen circling around us, the hoof-beats sounding always at the same distance, began to show its effect upon the *disciplinaires*. One of them, a hale, hearty young fellow of twenty-four, grew deadly pale and faint as he listened. I was passing at the time, and afraid to notice him for fear the panic would communicate itself to the others. I saw him walk unsteadily toward the centre of the courtyard, as if to get a better view of the enemy, and suddenly he put his foot upon the trigger of his carbine, and the next moment the bullet went through his head. He shrieked out twice, "I was afraid! I was afraid!" and then breathed no more.

This first indication of panic was very alarming. Presently, Laurent, touching his cap, whispered to me, "Captain, may I get my mandolin?"

I nodded, and in a little while he was sitting under an umbrella to keep off the rain, thrumming his mandolin, and singing in a rich voice some of the songs from the operas. And he kept this up until the dreary dawn of the rainy day came. Then it was his turn to do duty, but his singing was having so good an effect on the men that I allowed him to continue an hour longer. The band then played *La Marseillaise,* and I knew we were safe as long as the inspiration from it lasted. I thought as I made my rounds that morning that surely no commander was ever placed in a more singular position. Here I was, locked up alone with one hundred and fifty criminals. We were perfectly safe as long as we thought ourselves to be safe; but the instant we doubted our safety, all was up with us.

In all that time we listened, and hoped, and waited every hour for the relief column. The authorities kept a close watch on our enemies, and they must soon become acquainted with the assembling of so many thousands of them. Yet for seven days and nights we endured the agony of waiting. Seven days and nights! Rather did it seem seven months. There was not the smallest break in the routine. At last I began to fear that the men would give way under this strain of monotony. I was convinced that were a few men killed by the enemy, it would have been better on the whole. But nothing I can write could

give the smallest idea of those seven days and nights of agony, before one morning, just at sunrise, we heard the French bugles. Oh, the rapture of that silver sound! I think every man wept, even Laurent, and in an hour the misery was over. Our enemy was flying to the mountains, our comrades were marching in, grasping our hands, embracing us, and calling us heroes. Some of the heroes, though were so unnerved that they lay in heaps upon the ground crying like nervous women. Laurent, I noticed, was overflowing with joy and happiness. He had the nerve to stand joy as well as agony.

Well, when my hundred and fifty bad fellows marched into Algiers, one bright morning, they were received as if they were the glory of the French army. Troops lined the way on both sides, all the Europeans cheered us, the ladies threw us bouquets and waved their handkerchiefs, and wept and laughed —even the Arabs and the Jews looked at us with some interest. Every man had all his misdeeds wiped out, and every man got a medal for gallantry, and every man was drafted into a line regiment, except one—Laurent.

Within an hour of the time we reached Algiers I had forwarded Laurent's application for leave; and in another hour it was returned, "Granted."

That night, after he had attended to my wants in his usual submissive manner—for he was still my orderly—he came up to me, and suddenly changing his whole aspect, he said:

"Adieu, comrade. I have got leave, and I am off to-morrow to—never mind where. You have been an excellent master, and I will give you a certificate of character to that effect whenever you want it."

"Thank you, comrade," replied I, offering him my hand, which he shook warmly. Next morning Laurent was gone—to France on a merchant vessel. The Commandant, who knew a good deal more than he would admit, made a wretched business of an explanation to me, but I knew that Laurent had influences at work which would get him to France the instant his time was up. No doubt, it was all arranged months beforehand. I was made a Commandant, and given the cross of St. Louis; and then the resolve came into my mind to return to France, and to begin a search for Renée Dufour.

I reached Paris one afternoon in April, and going to a

lodging near the Champs-Élysées, recommended to me by a brother officer, engaged a modest apartment, and the very first person I met on the stairs when I came home at midnight was my old acquaintance Duval-Choisy. He seemed pleased to see me, asked me about Mastagnan, and invited me to sit on his balcony and smoke before going to bed.

I thought I had never seen anything so beautiful and brilliant as Paris that spring night. The lights, the cheerful crowds on the streets, the merry cafés, and, over all, the solemn stars and great, vivid moon that had shone over Mastagnan. Next us was a splendid hotel lighted from *entresol* to attic; a ball was going on and we could hear the rhythm of the music borne out on the soft night-air of April, and could see the dancers whirling past the windows. He watched it in silence for some time—I was thinking of that other ball, now more than fourteen years ago, and, as always, thinking, thinking of Renée Dufour. But I could not bring myself to ask Duval-Choisy about her, although I felt sure he knew. Presently he spoke, without looking at me—he was always a kind-hearted fellow.

"That hotel belongs to the Marquis de Ravenel; you have not forgotten him? Of course, he did not commit suicide. His family got him sent to Africa for life, it was said, but as soon as the citizen-king came in, they began to work to have him pardoned, and they succeeded. He was at Mastagnan; did you recognize him?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Of course, that wiped out everything. His family made a hero of him; his mother bought this hotel for him, and he married Mademoiselle Dufour at last."

The music rose and fell as before, but the air of the melodious waltz seemed to me to blend strangely into the strain of the *Stabat Mater* that I had heard played at that other ball so long ago.

I said not a word. Duval-Choisy continued, after a little while:

"I have heard that Renée Dufour remained unmarried all those years, not for the sake of de Ravenel, but for some other man—someone who had been kind to her at the time of her father's death—there was a mysterious reason for her con-

duct. She rewarded de Ravenel's constancy in the end, but I do not think she has the air of a happy woman."

The ball was still going on, but at that moment a woman dressed in white, with diamonds flashing all over her, came out on a little balcony directly opposite ours. She raised her face, and the moonlight fell upon it. How sad it was! And it was the face of Renée de Ravenel.

RAPHAEL SEMMES

[1809—1877]

RAPHAEL S. PAYNE

WHEN a boy of seventeen Raphael Semmes was a midshipman in the United States Navy. The habits of discipline he formed then adapted him to a career of adventure and exploit. He was made immune to exposure, and nature had endowed him with great courage and a rare moral poise. In time of real peril he invariably rose to the heroic ideal.

His parents having died in his youth, he was welcomed to the home of his uncle, Raphael Semmes, in Georgetown, D.C., where he was reared by his aunt, Mrs. Matilda Semmes, with the same fidelity and prudence that she bestowed upon her own thirteen children, among whom was the late Thomas J. Semmes of New Orleans, one of the Committee of Fifteen who drafted the Ordinance of Secession; a member of the Confederate Senate, and for a generation ranking as the first lawyer of Louisiana. In those days Georgetown was the "Court End" of Washington, and the Semmes home was the scene of much pleasant hospitality. Mrs. Semmes, who possessed gracious manners, a brilliant mind, and withal a militant, patriotic, and religious spirit, entertained and met at social functions many of the prominent persons there who figured in the military, naval, and political circles of the National capital. She knew personally every President from Monroe to Lincoln, also Webster, Marshall, Taney, Clay, and Calhoun, while Jefferson Davis, Prentiss, Toombs, Alexander Stephens, the Lees, the Maurys, McBlairs, Sinclairs, Buchanans, Masons, Yanceys, Garlands, John Slidell, Bayard, Pinckney, Wirt, and others who achieved fame in the Civil War, were the contemporaries, and many of them the companions, of her sons and daughters. In this atmosphere of extraordinary culture and this school of courage, honor, and patriotism, was molded the character of Raphael Semmes, his imagination enriched and his literary taste nourished.

A native of Maryland, he drew his sword in defence of his State and his people with the same self-sacrifice and high purpose that marked the course of General Lee and other Confederate leaders who fought under the old flag. Semmes was a versatile man, whose attainments were as solid as they were varied. He was not only versed in seamanship, and all the practical points of marine con-

struction, mechanics, and supplies, but a master of international law, a sagacious judge of men and events, and a polished scholar who could express himself with force, dignity, and grace, whether on the rostrum, with his pen, or in informal conversation. An impressive trait in his nature, for a man otherwise so engrossed, was a sincere and profound religious conviction, which he never paraded, but revealed both in his personal example and his loyal devotion to his church. This was strikingly illustrated on the morning of the battle with the *Kearsarge,* when he entered the little Catholic chapel at Cherbourg and received the sacraments with all the humility and zeal of the simple French peasant-folk among whom he knelt. He then wrote his will, addressed a touching letter to his wife and children in America, and prepared his ship for action.

Although a martinet in the hour of authority and duty, he had a fine emotional temperament and personal magnetism that bound his men to him with "hooks of steel." They not only obeyed his commands with enthusiasm, but loved and admired their commander with almost filial devotion. He in turn entertained genuine affection for his officers and crew, as is disclosed in his description of the spectacle on the *Alabama* when sinking: "When I looked," he wrote, "upon my gory deck at the close of the action and saw so many manly forms stretched upon it with the glazed eye of death or suffering from agonizing wounds, I felt as a father feels who has lost his children—his children who had followed him in sunshine and storm to the uttermost ends of the earth, and been always true to him." Semmes idolized his ship, and carried a sentiment in his heart for the beautiful craft which, as he declared, "was both my battlefield and home for two long years of vicissitudes."

In his pen picture of the *Alabama,* he reveals true literary skill. He begins with a fascinating description of her lines and pose, investing her with romantic interest. He then depicts in technical yet graphic diction how she was built, equipped, and manned.

When the battle-ships of to-day, with all the majesty and power of their lines, the destructive force of their armaments, their inherent capacity of resistance and marvelous flight of speed, are compared to the primitive, frail, and airy architecture of a vessel like the *Alabama,* the chronicles of her cruise read like fiction. Lieutenants McIntosh Kell and Arthur Sinclair, Master J. S. Bullock, and others of her official family, have pictured this will-o'-the-wisp of the ocean as "a thing of beauty," fashioned with grace, and as captivating when under full sail chasing the enemy as some phantom enchantress! But Semmes's nautical eye knew her as no other, and to readers of the present generation the Admiral's description of the historic vessel will show a striking contrast to the modern

battle-ship. In his 'Memoirs of Service Afloat' he wrote: "When her awnings were snugly spread, her yards squared, and her rigging hauled taut, she looked like a bride with the orange wreath about her brow ready to be led to the altar. She was 900 tons burden, 230 feet long, 32 broad, 20 deep and drew when provisioned and coaled for a cruise 15 feet of water. Her model was of the most perfect symmetry, and she sat upon the water with the lightness and grace of a swan. She was barkentine rigged, with long lower masts, which enabled her to carry large fore and aft sails as jibs and try-sails, which are of so much importance to a steamer in emergencies. Her sticks were of the best yellow pine, that would bend in a gale like a willow wand, without breaking, and her rigging was of the best Swedish iron wire. Her scantling was light. Her engine was of 300 horse-power, and she had attached an apparatus for condensing from the vapor of the sea all the fresh water her crew might require. She was a perfect steamer and a perfect sailing ship, at the same time, neither of her modes of locomotion being at all dependent upon the other. Ordinarily she was a 10-knot ship, her speed having been overrated by the enemy, but she could make 13¼ knots under both steam and sail. Her armament consisted of eight guns, six 32-pounders in broadside, and two pivot guns amidship; one on the forecastle, the other abaft the main mast—the former a 100-pounder rifled Blakley and the latter a smooth-bore 8-inch. Her average crew before the mast consisted of 120 men. She carried 24 officers and cost $250,000."

Semmes was a comprehensive observer who enjoyed true comradeship with nature and with men. He not only saw with the vision of a trained seaman, but he looked at the panorama of life with the eyes of a scholar and the reason of a philosopher. He knew every tint of the firmament and every mood of the sea. The glory of an ocean sunrise, the radiance of the evening sky, the mystery of twilight, the tranquil charm of "a calm," the majesty and tumult of a storm—all appealed to his well-ordered mind, whether in contemplation or in the throes of action. This enthusiasm over the sublimity of the elements, the vigilance with which he studied his crew, his observations of the customs, habits, and institutions that prevailed at the strange ports where he touched, together with the introspection of the man himself, whose horizon for months at a time knew no limit, find faithful expression in his military memoirs —a literary form of which he was a master.

As human nature is oftenest governed by impulse, and as the function of the historian, according to the best critics, is to analyze and expose the motives that actuate men of a certain period, to fathom the undercurrent of affairs, Admiral Semmes's books are

something more than entertaining narratives of the Mexican and Civil wars; they have, indeed, the value of a classic as showing the temper, patriotism, and statesmanship of those times. In treating of the fanaticism that prevailed, and the injustice shown toward the South during the reconstruction period, he brings into play powers of invective and satire whose poignancy will be felt as long as there remains a hostile memory of the breach between the sections.

In his manly and logical appeal to President Johnson, in a private letter to his brother when in prison at Washington awaiting trial for treason, and all through his 'Memoirs,' he not only vindicates his own course, but proves a superb fencer with his pen when dealing with the doctrine of States' Rights. In his first production, published in 1852, 'The Campaign of General Scott in the Valley of Mexico,' his style is marked by that felicity and faculty for observing details which impart so much charm to the 'Diary of Sir John Evelyn.' His high culture, fine appreciation of art, and his sense of the social amenities of life, are patent in his critical comment on paintings by the masters in the galleries at Puebla; then the *pretium affectionis* he attaches to rare books in the libraries; his impressive description of church festivals; the gaiety and color with which he pictures the amusements of the people, their costumes, and the native charm, vivacity, and coquetry of the Mexican women. But the author is at his best in his 'Memoirs of Service Afloat,' which abounds with forensic flights that are models of style; as, for example, his address* just before the duel between the *Alabama* and the *Kearsarge*.

This address proved to be Admiral Semmes's valedictory, and although he lost both the victory and his ship, it stirs the pulse of patriotism after a lapse of nearly half a century, and forms a part of the history and literature of the South.

Raphael S. Payne

*See page 4763.

AT THE SIEGE OF VERA CRUZ

From 'The Campaign of General Scott in Mexico.'

THE night of the 24th was a beautiful star-light night—as well as I remember, there was no moon—and the relief party, for the navy battery, reached its station—after running the gauntlet of the enemy's fire, on a portion of the route—a little before sunset. We bivouacked our men in a clump of bushes on the southern, or off-slope, of the sand-hill, on the brow of which the battery was placed; cooked an excellent supper, with plenty of hot coffee; smoked a cigar, and went to bed; that is to say, each one of us made a hole in the sand, to conform to the angularity of his figure, and pulled a blanket over his head. Meanwhile the engineers, with relief working parties, were busy with the repair of our defenses, which had been rendered almost untenable, and a detachment of volunteers kept guard while we slept. Although our position sheltered us from the direct fire of the enemy, which indeed has ceased since night set in, yet an occasional shell, thrown at random in our direction, exploded in fearful proximity to us. The novelty of my position, and the excitement of the scene around me —the engineers working away at our sand-bags, like so many specters, by the starlight, the sentinel, at a little distance, pacing his solitary round, and the sailors collected in small groups, discoursing, *sotto voce,* but not so *sotto* either, but that every now and then, a "d—n my eyes" could be heard—prevented me from sleeping. Perhaps, after all, a little sensation of nervousness, occasioned by the thought of being set up, on the morrow, to be shot at by three batteries, had more to do with my wakefulness, than at the time I was willing to confess to myself. In the early part of the night, the walls of the city abreast of us, and on our right, were brilliantly illuminated by the burning of some sheds and other buildings in the suburbs; no doubt, fired by the Mexicans themselves, to unmask new pieces, which they were placing in position, to oppose us. About midnight I wandered to a small eminence, in the neighborhood of our battery, to look forth upon the scene. It was perfectly calm. The fleet at Sacrificios was just visible through the gloom, and was sleeping quietly at its anchors, without

other sign of life, than a solitary light burning at the gaff-end of the commodore. The castle of San Juan de Ulloa, magnified out of all proportion by the uncertain twilight, and looking ten times more somber and defiant than ever, appeared to enjoy equal repose. Even the sea seemed to have gone to sleep, after the turmoil of the recent norther, as the only sound that reached the ear, from that direction, was a faint, very faint murmur, hoarse and plaintive, as the lazy swell, with scarcely energy enough to break, stranded itself on the beach. The cricket and the katydid, and myriads of other insects—the south is the land of insects—chirruped in a sort of inharmonious melody, reminding one of his far-off home and of fireside scenes. But if nature was thus inclined to repose, man was not, for Death still held his carnival within the walls of the beleaguered city. Those horrid mortars of ours were in "awful activity." The demons incarnate, all begrimed with powder and smoke, who served them at this midnight hour, having received a fresh supply of shells and ammunition, since the lull of the norther, seemed to redouble their energies, to make up for their lazy day's work of yesterday. They gave the doomed city no respite, not even for a single moment, as the air was never without its tenant, winging its way on its errand of death. I sat and watched these missiles for an hour or more, and I shall never forget the awful scream, apparently proceeding from several female voices, which came ringing on the night air, as one of those terrible engines of destruction exploded—carrying death and dismay, no doubt, to some family circle. No sight could have been more solemn and impressive—the imagination dwelling all the while on the awful tragedy which was being enacted—than the flight of those missiles through the air. The night was just dark enough to admit of their burning fuses being seen, as they traced those beautiful parabolas, peculiar to this kind of projectile. And then, the awful precision with which they would explode, called forth my constant admiration. They seemed to be hid but a single second or less, behind the dark curtain of the city walls, before the terrible explosion—reverberated and magnified, as it passed through the streets, by the walls of the houses—would almost stun the ear—I was only seven hundred yards off, and the humidity of the atmosphere was

highly favorable to the passage of sound. Occasionally, several would be in the air at the same time—I counted as high as five on one occasion—chasing each other like playful meteors, and exploding in quick succession like a *feu de joie*. We were astir, the next morning, at early daylight—our boatswain's mate having aroused all hands, in man-of-war fashion, with a shrill note from his "call"—silver whistle—and a voice resembling the growl of a grizzly bear. By sunrise, we were at our work; the seamen handling their long 32s and 68s like toys, and the officers delivering their fire in quick succession, and in the right place. The enemy was not long in replying to us. The same three batteries that had handled Captain Aulick so roughly yesterday, concentrated upon us again to-day, apparently with renewed energy. In addition to this, the castle, which by this time had discovered the true point of attack, began to throw a monster shell at us, at intervals. We had constant occasion to admire the spirit and accuracy, with which the Mexican artillerists handled their pieces. Their shot, which were much lighter than ours, came whistling just over our heads, or buried themselves in the sand-bags, at the muzzles of our guns, with a spiteful and sullen sound, as if in a rage of disappointment at not being able to reach us. Now and then, one would come whizzing through the embrasures, taking off some poor fellow's head, or having spent itself on the parapet outside, come hopping in lightly on the platform, where we were working the guns. We collected several of these, and sent them back again—two at a time to the enemy, with our compliments. At heavy artillery exercise, the Mexicans are perhaps our equals—their practice is very constant—but they fall far short of us, in the management of light pieces in the field. It so happened that the two navies were opposed to each other, on this occasion; the little battery, immediately in front of us, and the hottest and most efficient of the three, being commanded by Lieutenant Holsinger, an intelligent young German, who had been several years in the Mexican service. We, of the Raritan—Captain Forrest being represented by a thirty-two—paid our particular respects to this gentleman. Our piece fired with the accuracy of a rifle, as did all the solid-shot guns, and we were consequently enabled to pitch our heavy metal "right into him." We shot away his colors twice, which

the gallant fellow as often replaced, though we must have been riddling his slight redoubt, and slaying his seamen at every discharge. About seven o'clock, in the day, the army battery, No. 4—twenty-four pounders—opened its fire and rendered us friendly assistance, by diverting the attention of Fort Santiago—though this fort being more distant than the other two, had done us but little damage. The mortars continuing, too, to throw their shells with spirit, the whole constituted that "awful activity" described by the general-in-chief, in his dispatch.

ON THE ROAD TO PUEBLA

From 'The Campaign of General Scott in Mexico.'

We were again in motion at eight o'clock the next morning. It had snowed, during the night, on the top of the Malinche, at the base of which is situated Acajete, and a keen north-wind rendered the weather quite cold—so much so, that we wrapped ourselves, at starting, in our overcoats and serapes. As we rose a slight eminence, soon after leaving Acajete, the splendid view of the volcanoes of Puebla burst upon us, and after the first exclamations of surprise and admiration had passed, we rode along for some time in silence, absorbed by the grandeur of the spectacle. Ahead of us, rose the majestic Popocatapetl, to the height of 17,700 feet above the level of the sea; and a little to the right, Istaccihuatl to the height of 15,700; the former presenting the appearance of a regular cone, with some two thousand feet from its summit downward, covered with snow, and the latter, a nearly horizontal serrated ridge, on which the snow lay fantastically piled, like so many fleecy clouds. The rays of the morning sun gave a brilliant and dazzling effect to those snow-crested peaks of the Andes, and the nearer landscape was exceedingly picturesque; an extensive valley running away many leagues to the left, between receding mountains, well cultivated in maize and barley, and broken by occasional patches of woodland. The barley—it was now the 28th of May—was just beginning to indicate by its golden hue, its fitness for the sickle. On our right, the country was more uneven in surface, and was cut up into small fields by hedges of maguey.

A ride of two hours and a half brought us to the thrifty little manufacturing town of Amosoque, which contained about two thousand inhabitants, and was the largest village we had passed through since leaving Perote. It is celebrated, more than any other locality in Mexico, for its manufacture of spurs; and most of us availed ourselves of the opportunity of arming our heels anew with this knightly appendage. They are made entirely by hand, without the aid of other than the most simple machinery, and some of them were very fair specimens of art, being fancifully and ingeniously inlaid with gold and silver. The rowels were enormously large, some of them measuring an inch and a half in diameter. I am not sure but Seymour's, who began now to ape the air of a dragoon, and who had picked out the largest pair he could find, measured even more. We spent the hour we halted here very agreeably, in wandering through the different spur and saddle manufactories, and in inspecting, in company with the general and the padre, the principal church.

In the yard of this neat and well-kept building, were several magnificent yew trees, which grew to a great height and attracted our attention by being covered with a beautiful creeper filled with scarlet flowers, called the *yedra;* the two thus formed a living cone of green and red in striking contrast. The interior of the edifice was rich in paintings—many of them of merit—and in ornaments of gold and silver; and the padre took evident pride in showing us through its various parts, and pointing out to us the objects of most interest. . . . . The inhabitants of Amosoque received us with something like cordiality—probably due to General Worth's popular rule in Puebla, only ten miles distant, and which he had occupied two weeks before—paying General Scott, in particular, marked respect, as he passed through the streets, and not unfrequently stopping to gaze with evident admiration upon his large and commanding figure.

IN PUEBLA

From 'The Campaign of General Scott in Mexico.'

In company with a messmate and two or three other officers of the army, I visited, by appointment, the palace of the bishop. It is an immense quadrangle, covering nearly an entire square, and inclosing three large *patios,* in one of which were choice specimens of fruits and flowers. We here again saw the splendid creeper called the *yedra,* with which we had been so much struck at Amosoque. It had climbed a tall pine, which it has so completely covered in every part, as not to leave a single leaf of the tree visible; and formed, as before, a living cone of the deepest green, dotted profusely with tiny scarlet flowers. Having entered the gateway of the principal *patio,* we ascended to the second story of the building, by a flight of wide stone steps, over one of the landings of which hung a painting most appropriate to adorn the threshold of a bishop's palace. It was the Virgin Mother and infant Saviour—the latter feeding a flock of sheep; thus admonishing the holy father, as often as he went forth into the world, of his duty to "feed his flock." Reaching the *portales,* or corridor of the second story, encircling the *patio* of the building, in which were hung also several paintings of a religious character (and but indifferent execution, as the reader might suppose, from the exposed situation in which we found them), we were led through a room in which there was a specimen of the famous Gobelin tapestry; thence through another, containing the portraits of the bishops, before noticed, and finally into a suite of other rooms, where, to our astonishment and surprise, we found one of the largest and best collections of pictures in America. There were, save a piece or two by Murillo, one by Rubens, and one by Rafael, no originals of the great masters, but many copies which did no discredit to their famous pencils. We spent two hours in passing through these rooms, and had barely time to give a passing glance of admiration to the most celebrated pieces. The pictures, though generally of a religious caste, were not entirely so. We noticed several of quite a mundane character, as the exit of the three Graces from the bath; one of the nymphs playfully holding a mirror

to the others, and all in such glorious *déshabille,* as would suffice, one would think, to quicken the lazy current of life in the veins even of an old bishop. There was a Magdalen, too, in which the lascivious, voluptuous woman was but imperfectly hid in the upturned eyes of the saint; and if two little cherubs, that looked as much like cupids as cherubs, presenting her with a wreath of flowers, had been blotted from the picture, one's imagination, instead of soaring aloft to heaven, would have been forcibly called down to earth. The coloring —save that the hair, as it flowed in graceful profusion over the breast and arms, was scarcely dark enough to form a sufficient contrast—was most exquisite, and the attitude, one of perfect ease and grace. Our guides—the bishop himself, being absent at his country-seat—not being connoisseurs, could not tell us by what pencil this gem of the arts had been produced.

Indeed, this was the case with regard to most of the splendid paintings in the rooms, and having no catalogue to assist us, we were obliged to depend upon our own recollections of the subjects of the pieces, and the uncertain lights of style, of coloring, and composition of the various masters, for a knowledge of their respective works. There were two Fornarinas in the collection, one said to be an original by Rafael, and the other a copy. They were both very fine, and the original so perfect a conception of a beautiful Italian face, that one felt half disposed to fall in love with it, himself. The adoration of the infant Saviour by the wise men of the east, by Rubens, was perfect in the grouping of its figures; the expression of awe and humility depicted in the faces of the worshipers; and the rich coloring for which this great master is so celebrated. Having but little of the enthusiasm of the artist, although I am fond of good pictures, and none of the jargon of the professional critic, I will not weary the reader with a detailed description, or even an enumeration of the several pieces, good, bad, and indifferent, which we alternately inspected. I will mention but one other which chained the attention of us all, and to which we, *nem. con.,* awarded the tribute of our admiration. It was evidently the production of some great master of the French school; but of whom, we could not learn. The subject was the sick child; and in point of conception, coloring and execution, it was most perfect. It

represented the little sufferer sitting on the lap of its mother, in the most natural attitude imaginable, with its head drooping, with half-closed eyes, upon its breast, in all the languor and lassitude of disease—its wasted arms hanging listlessly by its side, and the pallor of death in its beautiful features. But the expression of deep anguish and anxiety depicted in the mother's face, and the tearfulness of her eye, as she looked up to a picture of the Virgin in prayer, while the physician was feeling the pulse of the little sufferer, and seemingly meditating on the remedies to be applied, struck us as the triumph of art, indeed.

From the picture-gallery we passed into the library, composed of about fifty thousand volumes, as we were informed, and distributed in three several suites of rooms. The books were neatly packed in cedar cases (which spread an agreeable odor through the apartments), and were, as one might suppose, chiefly of a religious character; though history, law, medicine, the exact sciences, and the *belles-lettres* claimed their share. All the old fathers of the church were there, in the dead languages, in which they respectively wrote, looking learned and forbidding in their parchment bindings, and brazen clasps; all the polemics of the Italian school, and indeed everything which could throw a ray of light upon the origin and progress of the Christian religion. The literature of these rooms was not all "black letter," however. There were volumes here, to which the tired ecclesiastic might resort, after a night's vigil over the ponderous tomes of the fathers, for cheerful amusement. I noticed, among the rest, a superb edition of 'Don Quixote,' with plates, such as to look upon was to laugh. They showed us, here, among other curious and rare volumes, a fine old edition of the Bible, published in polyglot, in London, by Thomas Roycroft, A.D., 1657. The text is arranged in parallel columns of Hebrew, Chaldaic, and Greek, and is compared with early translations in Samaritan, Greek, Chaldaic, Syriac, Arabic, Ethiopic, Persian, and the Latin vulgate. Elaborate and voluminous dictionaries and grammars of the Aztec tongue, and other cognate Indian languages—works of the untiring and zealous old ecclesiastics who followed close upon the heels of the conquest—were also shown us. While the learned old priests were unlocking all

these various stores of erudition for our inspection, we, of course, looked wise, and like wise men, held our peace—limiting ourselves to venturing, now and then, upon a half-forgotten classical allusion, as we chanced to recall some of the shreds and patches of our college learning. In this manner we passed, no doubt, quite creditably—considering that we were barbarians swarming fresh from our northern hive of land-robbers—through the musty ordeal of the *salas* of the library; and I fancied, after breathing such an atmosphere, that I felt quite learned myself, until I emerged from the twilight into the open streets, and the glare of the sun, and the bustle of the busy multitude dispelled the illusion. Our visit to the bishop's palace will long remain upon my mind as a pleasant reminiscence. My only regret is that I did not see the venerable old prelate himself, as he was spoken of as one of the *sabios,* or wise men of Mexico. He was represented, however, by a very clever and agreeable priest, one of the professors in the adjoining college. We did not visit this latter building, but were informed it contained five hundred scholars—day scholars included. What a babel of confusion must have been here, in the hours of study! The most noisy of all schools in the world is a Mexican school, where it seems to be a part of the routine for each scholar to sing in a sort of nasal undertone, his lesson, pretty much after the fashion he is taught to love his Maker, viz: "With all his might, with all his soul, and with all his strength."

THE KEARSARGE AND THE ALABAMA

From 'Memoirs of Service Afloat.'

In the way of crew, the *Kearsarge* had 162, all told—the *Alabama,* 149. I had communicated my intention to fight this battle to Flag-Officer Barron, my senior officer in Paris, a few days before, and that officer had generously left the matter to my own discretion. I completed my preparations on Saturday evening, the 18th of June, and notified the Port-Admiral of my intention to go out on the following morning. The next day dawned beautiful and bright. The cloudy, murky weather of some days past had cleared off, and a bright

sun, a gentle breeze, and a smooth sea, were to be the concomitants of the battle. Whilst I was still in my cot, the Admiral sent an officer off to say to me that the iron-clad frigate *Couronne* would accompany me a part of the way out, to see that the neutrality of French waters was not violated. My crew had turned in early, and gotten a good night's rest, and I permitted them to get their breakfasts comfortably—not turning them to until nine o'clock—before any movement was made toward getting under way, beyond lighting the fires in the furnaces. I ought to mention that Midshipman Sinclair, the son of Captain Terry Sinclair, of the Confederate Navy, whom I had sent with Low, as his first lieutenant in the *Tuscaloosa,* being in Paris when we arrived, had come down on the eve of the engagement—accompanied by his father—and endeavored to rejoin me, but was prevented by the French authorities. It is opportune also to state, that in view of possible contingencies, I had directed Galt, my acting paymaster, to send on shore for safe-keeping, the funds of the ship, and complete pay-rolls of the crew, showing the state of the account of each officer and man.

The day being Sunday, and the weather fine, a large concourse of people—many having come all the way from Paris—collected on the heights above the town, in the upper stories of such of the houses as commanded a view of the sea, and on the walls and fortifications of the harbor. Several French luggers employed as pilot-boats went out, and also an English steam-yacht, called the *Deerhound.* Everything being in readiness between nine and ten o'clock, we got under way, and proceeded to sea, through the western entrance of the harbor; the *Couronne* following us. As we emerged from behind the mole, we discovered the *Kearsarge* at a distance of between six and seven miles from the land. She had been apprised of our intention of coming out that morning, and was awaiting us. The *Couronne* anchored a short distance outside of the harbor. We were three-quarters of an hour in running out to the *Kearsarge,* during which time we had gotten our people to quarters, cast loose the battery, and made all other necessary preparations for battle. The yards had been previously slung in chains, stoppers prepared for the rigging, and preventer braces rove. It only remained to open the

magazine and shell rooms, sand down the decks, and fill the requisite number of tubs with water. The crew had been particularly neat in their dress on that morning, and the officers were all in the uniforms appropriate to their rank. As we were approaching the enemy's ship, I caused the crew to be sent aft, within convenient reach of my voice, and mounting a gun-carriage, delivered them the following brief address. I had not spoken to them in this formal way since I had addressed them on the memorable occasion of commissioning the ship.

"Officers and Seamen of the Alabama!—You have at length, another opportunity of meeting the enemy—the first that has been presented to you, since you sank the *Hatteras!* In the meantime you have been all over the world, and it is not too much to say, that you have destroyed, and driven for protection under neutral flags, one half of the enemy's commerce, which, at the beginning of the war, covered every sea. This is an achievement of which you may well be proud; and a grateful country will not be unmindful of it. The name of your ship has become a household word wherever civilization extends. Shall that name be tarnished by defeat? The thing is impossible! Remember that you are in the English Channel, the theatre of so much of the naval glory of our race, and that the eyes of all Europe are at this moment upon you. The flag that floats over you is that of a young Republic, who bids defiance to her enemies, whenever, and wherever found. Show the world that you know how to uphold it! Go to your quarters."

The utmost silence prevailed during the delivery of this address broken only once, in an enthusiastic outburst of *Never! never!* when I asked my sailors if they would permit the name of their ship to be tarnished by defeat. My official report of the engagement, addressed to Flag-Officer Barron, in Paris, will describe what now took place. It was written in Southampton, England, two days after the battle.

Southampton, June 21, 1864.

Sir:—I have the honor to inform you, that, in accordance with my intention as previously announced to you, I steamed out of the harbor of Cherbourg between nine and ten o'clock on the morn-

ing of the 19th of June, for the purpose of engaging the enemy's steamer *Kearsarge,* which had been lying off, and on the port, for several days previously. After clearing the harbor, we descried the enemy, with his head off shore, at the distance of about seven miles. We were three-quarters of an hour in coming up with him. I had previously pivoted my guns to starboard, and made all preparations for engaging the enemy on that side. When within about a mile and a quarter of the enemy, he suddenly wheeled, and, bringing his head in shore, presented his starboard battery to me. By this time, we were distant about one mile from each other, when I opened on him with solid shot, to which he replied in a few minutes, and the action became active on both sides. The enemy now pressed his ship under a full head of steam, and to prevent our passing each other too speedily, and to keep our respective broad-sides bearing, it became necessary to fight in a circle; the two ships steaming around a common centre, and preserving a distance from each other of from three quarters to a half a mile. When we got within good shell range, we opened upon him with shell. Some ten or fifteen minutes after the commencement of the action our spanker-gaff was now shot away, and our ensign came down by the run. This was immediately replaced by another at the mizzen-mast-head. The firing now became very hot, and the enemy's shot and shell soon began to tell upon our hull, knocking down, killing, and disabling a number of men, at the same time, in different parts of the ship. Perceiving that our shell, though apparently exploding against the enemy's sides, were doing him but little damage, I returned to solid-shot firing, and from this time onward alternated with shot and shell.

After the lapse of about one hour and ten minutes, our ship was ascertained to be in sinking condition, the enemy's shell having exploded in our side, and between decks, opening large apertures through which the water rushed with great rapidity. For some few minutes I had hopes of being able to reach the French coast, for which purpose I gave the ship all steam, and set such of the fore-and-aft sails as were available. The ship filled so rapidly, however, that before we had much more progress, the fires were extinguished in the furnaces, and we were evidently on the point of sinking. I now hauled down my colors, to prevent the further destruction of life, and dispatched a boat to inform the enemy of our condition. Although we were now but 400 yards from each other, the enemy fired upon me five times after my colors had been struck. It is charitable to suppose that a ship of war of a Christian nation could not have done this, intentionally. We now directed all our exertions toward saving the wounded, and such of the boys of the ship as were

unable to swim. They were dispatched in my quarter-boats, the only boats remaining to me; the waist-boats having been torn to pieces. Some twenty minutes after my furnace-fires had been extinguished, and when the ship was on the point of settling, every man, in obedience to a previous order which had been given the crew, jumped overboard, and endeavored to save himself. There was no appearance of any boat coming to me from the enemy, until after my ship went down. Fortunately, however, the steam-yacht *Deerhound,* owned by a gentleman of Lancashire, England—Mr. John Lancaster—who was himself on board, steamed up in the midst of my drowning men, and rescued a number of both officers and men from the water. I was fortunate enough myself thus to escape to the shelter of the neutral flag, together with about forty others, all told. About this time, the *Kearsarge* sent one, and then tardily, another boat. Accompanying, you will find lists of the killed and wounded, and of those who were picked up by the *Deerhound;* the remainder, there is reason to hope, were picked up by the enemy, and by a couple of French pilot boats, which were also fortunately near the scene of action. At the end of the engagement, it was discovered by those of our officers who went alongside of the enemy's ship, with the wounded, that her mid-ship section, on both sides, was thoroughly iron-coated; this having been done with chains, constructed for the purpose, placed perpendicularly, from the rail to the water's edge, the whole covered over by a thin outer planking, which gave no indication of the armor beneath. This planking had been ripped off, in every direction, by our shot and shell, the chain broken, and indented in many places, and forced partly into the ship's sides. She was effectually guarded, however, in this section, from penetration. The enemy was much damaged, in other parts, but to what extent it is now impossible to say. It is believed he is badly crippled. My officers and men behaved steadily and gallantly, and though they have lost their ship, they have not lost honor. Where all behaved so well, it would be invidious to particularize, but I cannot deny myself the pleasure of saying that Mr. Kell, my first lieutenant, deserves great credit for the fine condition in which the ship went into action, with regard to her battery, magazine and shell-rooms, and that he rendered me great assistance, by his coolness, and judgment, as the fight proceeded. The enemy was heavier than myself, both in ship and battery, and crew; but I did not know until the action was over, that she was also iron-clad. Our total loss in killed and wounded, is 30, to wit: 9 killed, and 21 wounded.

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It was afterwards ascertained, that as many as ten were

drowned. As stated in the above despatch, I had the satisfaction of saving all my wounded men. Every one of them was passed carefully into a boat, and sent off to the enemy's ship, before the final plunge into the sea was made by the unhurt portion of the crew. Here is the proper place to drop a tear over the fate of a brave officer. My surgeon, D. H. Llewellyn, of Wiltshire, England, a grandson of Lord Herbert, lost his life by drowning. It was his privilege to accompany the wounded men, in the boats, to the *Kearsarge,* but he did not do so. He remained and took his chance of escape, with the rest of his brethren in arms, and perished almost in sight of his home, after an absence of two years from the dear ones who were to mourn his loss. With reference to the drowning of my men, I desire to present a contrast to the reader. I sank the *Hatteras* off Galveston, in a *night* engagement. When the enemy appealed to me for assistance, telling me that his ship was sinking, I sent him all my boats, and saved every officer and man, numbering more than a hundred persons. The *Alabama* was sunk in *open daylight* —the enemy's ship being only 400 yards distant—and ten of my men were permitted to drown; indeed, but for the friendly interposition of the *Deerhound,* there is no doubt that a great many more would have perished.

Captain Winslow has stated, in his despatch to his Government, that he desired to board the *Alabama.* He preserved a most respectful distance from her, even after he saw that she was crippled. He had greatly the speed of me, and could have laid me alongside, at any moment, but, so far from doing so, he was shy of me even after the engagement had ended. In a letter to the Secretary of the Federal Navy, published by Mr. Adams, in London, a few days after the engagement, he says:—"I have the honor to report that, toward the close of the action between the *Alabama* and this vessel, all available sail was made on the former, for the purpose of regaining Cherbourg. When the object was apparent, the *Kearsarge* was steered across the bow of the *Alabama,* for a raking fire, but before reaching this point, the *Alabama* struck. Uncertain whether Captain Semmes was not making some *ruse,* the *Kearsarge* was stopped." This is probably the explanation of the whole of Captain Winslow's strange con-

duct at the time. He was afraid to approach us because of some *ruse* that we might be practising upon him. Before he could recover from his bewilderment, and made up his mind that we were really beaten, my ship went down. I acquit him, therefore, entirely of any intention of permitting my men to drown, or even of gross negligence, which would be almost as criminal. It was his *judgment* which was entirely at fault. I had known and sailed with him, in the old service, and knew him *then* to be a humane and Christian gentleman. What the war may have made of him, it is impossible to say. It has turned a great deal of the milk of human kindness to gall and wormwood.

A TRIBUTE TO MAURY

From 'Memoirs of Service Afloat.'

One word before I part with my friend Maury. In common with thousands of mariners all over the world, I owe him a debt of gratitude, for his gigantic labors in the scientific fields of our profession; for the sailor may claim the philosophy of the seas as a part of his profession. A knowledge of the winds and the waves, and the laws which govern their motion is as necessary to the seaman as is the art of handling his ship, and to no man so much as to Maury is he indebted for a knowledge of these laws. Other distinguished co-laborers, as Reid, Redfield, Espy, have contributed to the science, but none in so eminent a degree. They dealt in specialties—as, for instance, the storm—but he has grasped the whole science of meteorology—dealing as well in the meteorology of the water, if I may use the expression, as in that of the atmosphere.

A Tennesseean by birth, he did not hesitate when the hour came "that tried men's souls." Poor, and with a large family, he gave up the comfortable position of Superintendent of the National Observatory, which he held under the Federal Government, and cast his fortunes with the people of his State. He had not the courage to be a traitor, and sell himself for gold. The State of Tennessee gave him birth; she carried him into the Federal Union, and she brought him out

of it. Scarcely any man who withdrew from the old servio has been so vindictively and furiously assailed as Maury. The nationalists of the North—and I mean by nationalists, the whole body of the Northern people, who ignored the rights of the State, and claimed that the Federal Government was paramount—had taken especial pride in Maury and his labors. He, as well as the country at large, belonged to them. They petted and caressed him, and pitted him against the philosophers of the world, with true Yankee conceit. They had the biggest country, and the cleverest men in the world, and Maury was one of these.

But Maury, resisting all these blandishments, showed, to their horror, when the hour of trial came, that he was a Southern gentleman, and not a Puritan. The change of sentiment was instantaneous and ludicrous. Their self-conceit had received an awful blow, and there is no wound so damaging as that which has been given to self-conceit. Almost everything else may be forgiven, but this never can. Maury became at once a "rebel" and a "traitor," and everything else that was vile. He was not even a philosopher any longer, but a hum-bug and a cheat. In science, as in other pursuits, there are rivalries and jealousies. The writer of these pages, having been stationed at the seat of the Federal Government for a year or two preceding the war, was witness of some of the rivalries and jealousies of Maury, on the part of certain small philosophers, who thought the world had not done justice to themselves. These now opened upon the dethroned monarch of the seas, as live asses will kick at dead lions, and there was no end to the partisan abuse that was heaped upon the late Chief of the National Observatory.

Maury had been a Federal naval officer, as well as philosopher, and some of his late *confrères* of the Federal service, who, in former years, had picked up intellectual crumbs from the table of the philosopher, and were content to move in orbits at a very respectful distance from him; now, raised by capricious fortune to *place,* joined in the malignant outcry against him. Philosopher of the Seas! thou mayest afford to smile at these vain attempts to humble thee. Science, which can never be appreciated by small natures, has no nationality. Thou art a citizen of the world, and thy historic

fame does not depend upon the vile traducers of whom I have spoken. These creatures, in the course of a few short years, will rot in unknown graves; thy fame will be immortal! Thou hast revealed to us the secrets of the depths of the ocean, traced its currents, discoursed to us of its storms and its calms, and taught us which of its roads to travel, and which to avoid. Every mariner, for countless ages to come, as he takes down his chart, to shape his course across the seas, will think of thee! He will think of thee as he casts his lead into the deep sea; he will think of thee, as he draws a bucket of water from it, to examine its animalculæ; he will think of thee as he sees the storm gathering thick and ominous; he will think of thee as he approaches the calm-belts, and especially the calm-belt of the equator, with its mysterious cloud-ring; he will think of thee as he is scudding before the "brave west winds" of the Southern hemisphere; in short, there is no phenomenon of the sea that will not recall to him thine image.

LETTER TO SAMUEL SEMMES

Mobile, Ala., August 12, 1865.

My Dear Brother:—The cessation of the war leaves me at liberty to renew my correspondence with you, without subjecting you to suspicion and annoyance; and I need not say to you how grateful to the yearnings of my heart is this long-suspended privilege. You have been frequently in my thoughts during our unfortunate struggle, and I have often felt much solicitude on your account, lest a part of the odium and ill-will which a zealous performance of my duty has called down upon my head from a "mad nation" should attach to you and your family; and operate to your injury. I have never inquired as to your opinions and conduct during the war, being content to leave you the same liberty of choice and action that I claimed for myself. I knew that whatever you did you would do like a man of honor, and I rested satisfied Besides, you had been for some time retired from active life by your want of health. As for myself I have nothing to regret, save only the loss of our independence. My conscience,

which is the only earthly tribunal of which a good man should be afraid, bears me witness of the uprightness of my intention in choosing my course, when, with many regrets, I severed my connection with the old Government and hastened to the defense of my home and section; and now, upon reviewing the whole of my subsequent career, I can see no act with which I have to reproach myself as unbecoming a man of honor and a gentleman. I approved the secession movement of the Southern states, although I had no agency in it. I thought that a separation of those two sections of our Republic, which had been engaged in a deadly moral conflict for thirty years, would ultimately result to the great advantage of them both. The world was wide enough for them to live apart, and peace, I thought, would be the fruit of their mutual independence of each other. Although I cared very little about the institution of slavery, I thought that the subordinate position of the inferior race was its proper position. I believed that the doctrine of State's Rights was the only doctrine which would save our Republic from the fate of all other Republics that had gone before us in the history of the world. I believed that this doctrine had been violated, and that it would never be sufficiently respected by the controlling masses of the Northern section to prevent them from defacing with sacrilegious hands our national bond of union wheresoever its letter was meant to guard the peculiar rights of the South. Believing this, there was but one course which a faithful Southern man could pursue, and maintain his self respect. I pursued that course. When the alternative was presented to me of adhering to the allegiance due to my State or to the United States I chose the former.

Having taken my side, I gave it zealous and earnest support. I spent four years in active service and only ceased to labor for my cause when it was no longer possible. I rendered this service without ever having treated a prisoner otherwise than humanely and I may say, often kindly, and without ever having committed an act of war, at any time, or in any manner, which was not sanctioned by the laws of war, yet my name will probably go down to posterity in the untruthful histories that will be written by bigoted and venal historians as a sort of Blue Beard or Captain Kidd. But I am con-

tent, my brother. My conscience is clear; my self respect has been preserved, and my sense of manhood remains unimpaired. I think, too, the South will be content, notwithstanding her immense losses and sacrifices. If she had yielded to the intolerant exactions of Northern selfishness and fanaticism, without appealing to the arbitrament of war, she would have played a craven and unworthy part. It is better to lose everything than our honor and manhood. I know you will believe me, my brother, when I tell you that I should feel greatly humbled, in my own opinion, were I this day entitled to wear an Admiral's flag in the old navy, and in possession of all the means and appliances of wealth, if I thought my honors and rewards had been gained by a sacrifice of creed. The preservation of my own self-respect is infinitely preferable to all such gains. I have come out of the war poor, but, God willing, I shall make a support for my family. The president treats me as an outlaw, unworthy of amnesty. I have nothing to say. If I am deemed unworthy to be a citizen I can remain in my native land as an alien.

A magnanimous people would have passed an act of general amnesty, it being absurd and ridiculous to talk about Rebels and traitors in connection with such a revolution as has swept over the length and breadth of this land, in which States, and not individuals merely, were the actors. But enough of this subject. I am still in Mobile, but as yet uncertain where I shall go, or what I shall do. If I save five or six thousand dollars out of the wreck of my affairs, it will be fully as much as I expect. I think of retiring into the country, where, upon a small farm, I can live in obscurity and peace the few years that will remain to me. My children are all grown; are well educated, and will be able if "the worst comes by the worst," to take care of themselves. Remember me kindly to your family, my dear brother, and let me hear from you. We have become old men. We have both had our troubles, but the chain of affection which binds me to you remains unaffected by the cares of the world, and is as bright now as when we slept in each other's arms.

Your affectionate brother,

R. Semmes.

HENRY ELLIOTT SHEPHERD

[1844—]

MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS

HENRY ELLIOTT SHEPHERD was born at Fayetteville, North Carolina, January 17, 1844. He was the son of Jesse George Shepherd, a prominent lawyer and jurist of his State. His mother was Catherine Dobbin, a sister of James C. Dobbin, Secretary of the Navy under Pierce at the time when the Japanese were first brought, through their famous treaty with the United States, to an appreciation of the superiority of Western civilization. As a youth in Fayetteville, Henry E. Shepherd had the privilege of tutelage under, and association with, this distinguished uncle, who had been a foremost instrument in the world-policy of introducing to the nations the most remarkable people of the beginning of the Twentieth Century. Through him chiefly, and through others, the boy was imbued with a love of literature that was carried into his camp life as a mere stripling in the Confederate Army, and which burned as ardently through the darker days of reconstruction.

After a period of school life at Heymount and then at Donaldson Academy, the latter an institution following most rigidly the old classical type of instruction, Shepherd entered Davidson College at the age of fourteen. Subsequently, he left the college to go with his favorite teacher, Major D. H. Hill, to the military academy established by him at Charlotte. Here the pupils of the future Confederate leader received remarkable training for the "irrepressible conflict" through the very phraseology of the examples to be found in Major Hill's text-book on algebra.

From the military academy in the Old North State, Shepherd went to the University of Virginia, October 1, 1860, where he pursued literary, classical, and historical courses with distinction under Holmes, Dudley, Gildersleeve, McGuffey, and Schele De Vere, until the outbreak of the war.

When Virginia was invaded, Shepherd, then a youth of seventeen, enlisted under D. H. Hill at Yorktown, in 1861. But, because of his military training, he was soon detailed by the State of North Carolina to the drilling of raw recruits at Raleigh and other places. It has been said that when he was appointed to the First-Lieutenancy in the Forty-third North Carolina troops, he was the youngest com-

missioned officer in the armies of the Confederacy. He served gallantly, and shortly after receiving the special commendation of his command, he was severely wounded and captured at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863. He was held as a prisoner until the close of the war, to go home to the scene of Sherman's desolation, far less embittered by war and the hardships of military prison than by the sight of this carnival of ruin and the mute agony of homeless women and children.

In the dark days that followed, he assiduously studied and taught as circumstances permitted. After teaching at Louisburg he went to Baltimore, Maryland, in 1868. At twenty-four, he was appointed head of the departments of English and history in the City College; and in 1875 he assumed the responsibility of the headship of public education in the city of Baltimore. He continued in office until his resignation, in 1882, to accept the presidency of the College of Charleston, South Carolina, where he accomplished a great work in upbuilding that institution. In 1897 he returned to Baltimore to take up independent work and to engage in original research in the realms of literature and history. He conducted a number of private classes in special work in this latter period, and was also engaged in lecturing in several states. He delivered the dedicatory oration at the unveiling of the monument to Edgar Allan Poe in Westminster Churchyard, Baltimore, in 1875. It should be said, in this connection, that another Southern poet, the immortal author of "Maryland, My Maryland!" had led the way in this earliest movement to honor Poe in American marble; and it was Dr. Shepherd who had the honor of delivering the principal address at the unveiling, thirty-four years later, of the portrait of James Ryder Randall in the State House at Annapolis, in January, 1909, one year after the death of the gifted Southern lyricist.

Dr. Shepherd received the degree of Doctor of Laws from Davidson College and the University of North Carolina in 1883, the degree of Master of Arts having been previously conferred upon him by Davidson and Lafayette. Not the least of his labors in the field of literary achievement are the publications from his active mind and pen, beginning with his 'History of the English Language,' published first in 1878, which ran through several editions in the six years thereafter. This volume, published at an early age, was in the nature of a pioneer work on philological study in America. In the publishing center of the more wealthy and populous North, the critics, curiously brought up in the belief that erudition and literary production were alike improbable in the South, where "slavery had been so long the inhibition of culture," the book seems not to have attained wide repute, however much it may have been

consulted in later works on similar lines. Philological research has gone forward with leaps and bounds since the publication of Dr. Shepherd's 'History of the English Language'; but abroad the volume was given extended and complimentary notice in *The Westminster Review* as late as January, 1886.

Dr. Shepherd is also the author of the following books: 'A Study of Edgar Allan Poe'; Essays in *Modern Language Notes;* 'A Commentary upon Tennyson's "In Memoriam"'; and 'Life of Robert Edward Lee.'

In addition, he has contributed to 'The New English Dictionary,' *The American Journal of Philology,* and many other educational journals.

In all his career, Dr. Shepherd has always been an ever ready source of knowledge and assistance, not only to his numerous pupils, but to strangers as well. In fact, his course in this regard may be open to criticism in the light of advancing his own interests, from the standpoint of a coldly business view. A lawyer, a doctor, or any follower of a learned calling, would scarcely consider the free giving of professional advice to all who sought it. Yet such has ever been the case with Dr. Shepherd—his aid and encouragement may be had by the poorest comer.

Matthew Page Andrews

CRITICAL STUDY OF "IN MEMORIAM"

From 'A Commentary upon Tennyson's "In Memoriam."' Copyright, Neale Publishing Company, and used here by permission.

It is impossible to reveal in adequate form the genius of a great master of either prose or poetry by mere abstract description, however faithful in conception or forceful in presentation that description may be. The concrete study of the poets alone reveals their power—the power of Dante in the *Divine Comedy,* Goethe in *Faust,* Shakespeare in *Hamlet,* Milton in *Lycidas,* Tennyson in *In Memoriam.*

The first edition of *In Memoriam* was published in 1850, the year of Wordsworth's death and of Tennyson's accession to the office of Laureate. While many verbal or phrasal emendations have marked the fastidious revisions of the poet, there have been few additions to the body of the work. The most noteworthy of these is probably the section designated in later editions as No. 39, which was incorporated into the text in 1869. Among the supreme achievements of elegiac English poetry, *In Memoriam* assumes the first place. Those that precede it in point of time and form part of the series of masterpieces to which it belongs are Milton's *Lycidas,* 1638; Dryden's *Ode In Memory of Mrs. Killigrew,* 1686; Shelley's *Adonaïs,* 1821. Matthew Arnold's *Thyrsis,* a poem, inspired by the death of his cherished friend, Arthur Hugh Clough, did not appear until 1866, sixteen years later than *In Memoriam.* Its grace and delicacy of execution, as well as its tenderness and plaintiveness of tone, have won for it an abiding rank among the foremost elegies of our language. The elegies of the Elizabethan age and the age preceding—such as the tribute of the Earl of Surrey to his friend and co-worker, Sir Thomas Wyatt, or the many tributes evoked by the death of Sir Philip Sidney—need not be considered here.

Among the master elegies that have been named, *Lycidas* and *In Memoriam* probably sustain the most intimate relation, their points of affinity being marked, despite the differences of personal and historical surroundings that distinguish them. The circumstances of their composition, the characteristics of the times in which they were produced, and the relations sus-

tained by the two poets to the heroes of the two elegies demand at least a moment's consideration before we pass to the critical and minute study of *In Memoriam.*

Lycidas was written in 1637, and was occasioned by the death of Edward King, who had been a college friend of Milton's at Cambridge. King was lost at sea in August, 1637. The poem was published in 1638 as a contribution to a volume of memorial verses issued by students of the university as an expression of regard for King, which possibly rose above the plane of the merely perfunctory and conventional.

In Memoriam, which appeared more than two centuries later, was occasioned by the death of Arthur Henry Hallam, a young man of twenty-two, of rare promise and a phenomenal range of acquirements, who had been Tennyson's friend at Trinity College, Cambridge, and was betrothed to a sister of the poet. To young Hallam, who was born February 1, 1811, Nature had been prodigal of her gifts. Despite an aversion to the science of mathematics, such as was characteristic of that other renowned pupil of Trinity, Thomas Babington Macaulay, and of Robert Lowe during his student life at Oxford, Hallam's critical, creative and acquisitive power was of an order that ranged him among the dawning lights of his generation. Though educated for the legal profession and admitted to the bar, the strong propensity of nature impelled Hallam to the study of literature and inspired him with a zealous devotion to the masters of Italian and Provençal poetry. His admiration for the Troubadours revealed itself in the affectionate assiduity which appeared in his exegesis of their lays. Of "the world-worn Dante" he was the skilful and scholarly interpreter, a circumstance which elicited the familiar allusion in section 89 of *In Memoriam.* . . .

. . . When we compare the inner life of *Lycidas* and of *In Memoriam,* we find that no such strong bond of friendship existed between John Milton and Edward King as knit the soul of Alfred Tennyson to the soul of Arthur Hallam. It is certain that King was more marked by sweetness of temper and purity of heart than by brilliancy of intellect. In poetic power he stood at an almost infinite distance from Milton. He is a mere accessory in *Lycidas* itself to the general presentation of the picture. The Puritan poet availed himself of

King's death as an eligible occasion for setting forth in allegorical drapery—suggested by Milton's critical acquaintance with ancient and with Italian poetry—the passionate enthusiasm, the intense earnestness pervading the cause of which he was the supreme artistic exponent. In 1637 we are but five years from the beginning of the great Civil War, 1642. The policy of Laud and of Wentworth was rushing to its climax—the one in church, the other in state. All the complex forces embraced in Puritanism were converging to their issue. It is only in a subordinate or secondary sense that *Lycidas* may be regarded as a personal elegy. Religious fervor is tempered by artistic grace to a degree probably never surpassed in the evolution of our literature. It is the supreme achievement of the Puritan genius in the sphere of art and of art consecrated to religion.

In the history of our race and language no such monument has been reared to the memory of any man as Tennyson has erected to perpetuate the name and renown of Hallam.

> Who so sepulchered, in such pomp dost lie,
> That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

Although *In Memoriam* did not see the light until 1850, it is certain that the poet's "shaping spirit of imagination" began its creation not long after Hallam's death in 1833. It was written at various times and in different places in Lincolnshire, Essex, Gloucestershire, Wales—wherever and whenever, to adopt the poet's own expression, "the spirit moved him to the task." A concise review of the tendencies of the age which saw the inception of the poem is requisite to complete, or even to render intelligible, the broad lines of difference that distinguish the crowning work of Milton from the sovereign achievement of Tennyson in the same sphere of poetic art.

The fervor of the great day which had been precluded by the French Revolution was slowly sinking into the decorous and prosaic uniformity of modern and contemporary life. Sir Walter Scott and Goethe had died in 1832, the year of the reform bill—the year preceding Hallam's death; Keats, Shelley, and Byron had passed to their rest; Coleridge had long ago abandoned poetry for philosophy and criticism; a na-

tional appreciation of Wordsworth was beginning to develop; Arnold was in the early years of his Rugby epoch; Macaulay had gained assured fame by his essay on Milton, 1825; Pauline, Browning's first distinctive poem, was published in 1833; in 1834 Thomas Carlyle fixed his permanent abode in London; in July, 1833, Keble preached his sermon on the National Apostasy, which is regarded by discerning and judicious historians as marking definitely the beginning of the Anglo-Catholic movement. The teachings of the age of Laud appeared once more, inculcated by the mellow grace of Newman's style, always suggestive of immense reserve power, always lacking the very suspicion of constraint or effort. As the poetry and romance of Scott fell back upon the mediaeval day for inspiration, so the Oxford school—for Newman was an ardent admirer of Scott—reverted to a vanished Catholic age, such as Laud had endeavored to recall in his strivings after "the beauty of holiness."

GENIUS AND LITERARY CHARACTER OF EDGAR ALLAN POE

From an Address delivered upon the Dedication of the Monument to Poe in Westminster Churchyard, Baltimore, 1875.

Edgar A. Poe was born in 1809, the same year with Alfred Tennyson, the present Poet-laureate, and with Mrs. Browning, the most gifted poetess of any age. The third great era in English literature had then fairly commenced. The glory of the elder day was revived. The delusive splendor that had so long gilded the Augustan age of Anne paled before the comprehensive culture, the marvellous intellectual expansion that distinguished the first thirty years of the present century. The spirit of poesy, no longer circumscribed by the arbitrary and enervating procedures of Dryden's contemplated academy, ranged in unchecked freedom over seas and continents, arousing the buried forms of mediaeval civilisation, the lay of the minstrel, the lyric of the troubadour, the ancient splendor of the Arthurian cycle. One day was as a thousand years in the growth and advancement of the human mind. Edgar was in his childhood when the Georgian era

had attained the full meridian of its greatness. He spent five years at school in England, from 1816 to 1821. During this interval little is known of his personal history, save what he has left us in the story of "William Wilson," in which he depicts, with a power of vivid delineation worthy of the best days of De Quincey, his impressions of the school and its surroundings. We may feel assured, however, that his mind was rapidly unfolding, and with that keen susceptibility characteristic of the dawning intellect of youth, acquiring a permanent coloring from the wonderful drama that was enacting around him. The term of Edgar's school-life in England was a period of intense poetical activity and creative power, heroic emprise, knightly valor and brilliant achievement. The atmosphere was vocal with the strains of songsters, whose notes make as sweet music as when they fell for the first time upon the ears of our youthful poet, and aroused him to the consciousness of poetic power. Alfred Tennyson was seven years of age when Edgar arrived in England, and during the time of Edgar's school-life at Stokes was spending his play-hours with Malory's Morte d'Arthur upon his knees, musing upon the faded splendors of the Table Ronde, and looking forward, with prophetic vision, to the time when Lancelot, Arthur, Percival, and Galahad should regain their ancient sway, with more than their ancient renown as the mythical heroes of the British race. Mrs. Browning and Arthur Hallam, the hero of *In Memoriam,* were in their childhood; Byron, Scott, Shelley and Keats were in the zenith of their fame, and the English tongue had not been illustrated by so brilliant a constellation of poets since "the spacious times of great Elizabeth."

It were difficult to imagine that this constellation did not exert an inspiring influence upon the genius and temperament of our youthful poet—an influence which must have in some degree determined his future career. He must have listened, with that exquisite sympathy of which the poetic temperament alone is capable, to the mournful story of Keats, the "young Lycidas" of our poetic history. A strange resemblance in intellectual constitution may be discerned between these wayward children of genius—the same deep taint of Celtic melancholy; the same enthusiastic worship of supernal beauty; the same relentless struggle with the immutability of fact. The

delicately wrought sensibilities of Keats, who "could feel the daisies growing over him," strikingly recall the memory of our own poet, who imagined that he could "distinctly hear the darkness as it stole over the horizon." "A thing of beauty is a joy forever" was the animating principle of the genius of the one and the art of the other.

In 1822, Edgar, then in his fourteenth year, returned to his native land. He attained to manhood at a time when, by a transition familiar in the history of every literature, the supremacy was reverting from poetry to prose. The Romanic fervor, the Spenserian symphonies of our last great poetic era, were gradually yielding to the steady advance of philological investigation, critical dissertation and scientific analysis. A new reflective era, more brilliant than that of Pope or Bolingbroke, was dawning. The cold generalisations of reason, the relentless inductions of philosophy, chilled the glowing ardor of the preceding era. The publication of Macaulay's essay on Milton in 1825 marked the transition from the sway of the imaginative faculty to the present unsurpassed period in our prose literature. From this desultory outline of nearly contemporary literature you will observe that our poet's intellectual constitution was formed under peculiar conditions. He does not belong chronologically to the Georgian era; his position was, for the most part, one of comparative isolation—like that of Sackville, Wyatt or Collins, in the midst of an unpoetic generation, unsustained by the consolations of poetic association or the tender endearments of poetic sympathy. When Poe attained to the full consciousness of his great powers, none of these quickening influences existed, save as matters of history or poetic tradition. Tennyson, in England, was viewing nature in perspective, and involving his critics in webs as tangled and hopeless as that which enveloped the fated Lady of Shalott. Wordsworth had abjured the teachings of his early manhood. Shelley, Keats and Byron were dead, Morris and Swinburne were yet unborn, and the thrones of the elder gods were principally filled by "the idle singers of an empty day." American poetry had then accomplished little that future ages will not willingly let die. The succession of sweet songsters is never entirely broken. The silver cord that binds in perennial union the spirit of Chaucer and

the muse of Spenser is never severed, however slight and impalpable may be the filaments that bind it together. There are always some who retain the echoes of long-gone melodies, upon whom descends something of the inspiration of those grand epochs around which is concentrated so much of the glory of the English tongue. Such a position is not an anomaly in our literary history; such a relation was sustained by the chivalric Surrey, who introduced into the discordant English of his time that peculiar form of verse which was attuned to the harmonies of Milton, and by means of which Shakespeare, after a long and painful struggle with the "bondage of rhyming," rose to the supreme heights of poetic excellence. A similar relation was sustained by Sackville, the sombre splendor of whose "Induction" proved him the worthy herald of Spenser's dawning greatness; and the gentle Cowper, who marks the transition from the school of Johnson and of Addison to the advent of the Gothic revival. Such was in some essential respects the position that Poe occupies among American poets in the order of poetic succession. Having traced somewhat in detail the conditions of the age during which our poet's intellectual constitution was developed, we are now prepared to appreciate the distinctive characteristics of his genius, as revealed in his prose, but more especially in his poetry. It is known to students of our literary history that in all periods of our literature from the time that our speech was reduced to comparative uniformity by the delicate discrimination and rare philological perception of Chaucer, there have existed two recognized schools of poets, the native and the classical. In some, the classical element is the informing principle, as in Milton, whose pages, sprinkled with the diamond-dust of classic lore—

> Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
> In Vallombrosa,

afford the most conspicuous illustration of its power. A wonderful impulse was communicated to the development of literary poetry by "that morning-star of modern song," the poet Keats, and since his advent our poetry has tended more and more to divest itself of native and domestic sympathies, and to assume an artistic character. Our poetry may have lost

pliancy, but it has gained in elaboration and in verbal minuteness. Genius and imagination are not subdued, but are regulated by the canons of art, and from this harmonious alliance arises the unsurpassed excellence of the poetry of Poe.

ESTIMATE OF JAMES RYDER RANDALL

From an Address delivered in January, 1909, at Annapolis, upon the unveiling of Randall's portrait in the State House.

. . . No man was endowed with rarer charm than Randall. There are traits in his character which recall to memory the mythical as well the historical; and there was ever the image of Hamlet or the suggestion of Sir Philip Sidney, as we drank in his words of wisdom, his escapades of wit, his keen and discerning judgment, or noted the brooding melancholy which at times descended upon him like a cloud veiling the brightness of a central sun. Few subjects more fascinating to the biographer in whom the vital element of finely tempered sympathy exists have been revealed in our time than James R. Randall. Reluctantly we pass from the contemplation of the man to the analysis of the work of the poet. Absolute dualism will prove an impossibility in dealing with the man and his work, for never in all records has Newman's description, we might even say diagnosis, of personality as constituting the vital essence of literature, been more thoroughly illustrated in the concrete, than in the life and work of our Maryland poet. Every phase of his productivity seemed to reveal some special feature of his own many-sided humanity, whether he flitted from grave to gay, or moved with winged celerity from lively to severe. On the heights, or in the deeps, whether pouring out strains in *My Maryland* that thrilled an entire people more than the throb of the war drum, or in the vale of despair as portrayed in *At Arlington,* the same dominating note pervades all, the same vigorous personality confronts us. The theme and the mood may vary, but the same clear selfhood is reflected in all.

Much has been said by recent critics in regard to the inequality of Randall's poetry. Some of those who have arraigned him and decreed judgment against him seem to re-

gard this alleged inequality as one of his distinctive characteristics; next to this, they deplore the crudity of his early creations and point to the lack of wisdom displayed in bringing them into the clear light of day through the medium of publication. Each of these charges is, it seems to us, unsustained by the evidence of the poems, and by that broader range of investigation which the student of literature from the viewpoint of comparison can always summon to his aid. To make good our contention, let us cite the case of Tennyson, whose early ventures in the sphere of poetry were given to the world in 1827, when their author was a lad of eighteen. Many of them, we are assured, had been written years in advance of the date of their appearance. Most of them are marked by the undeveloped form and feebleness of conception that are impressed upon the typical creation in verse, proceeding from the chrysalis or schoolboy stage of intellectual unfolding. To compare the Tennyson of 1827 with the Tennyson of 1830 and 1832 is a suggestive and profitable task to him who delights to trace by concrete illustration the process of literary evolution.

Scarcely less set off from the Randall of boyhood, a student of Georgetown College, is the Randall of April, 1861, who at the age of twenty-two burst out into sudden blaze with *My Maryland,* written at a remote point in the distant South by an unheralded teacher of literature in a school whose renown was circumscribed by narrow and local limits. *The Palace of Art* and *A Dream of Fair Women* were produced at an age almost coincident with that of Randall in 1861, but they rose slowly to fame; appreciation was a gradual and painful growth. Yet some caviller may contend that Randall's song was forced or stimulated into an abnormally precipitate renown by the seething passion, the fervid frenzy, that dominated our life during the earlier phases of our war between the states. The plea is as sophistical as it is shallow and superficial. The great mass of poetry gendered by our national strife, passed speedily into shadow from whatever point of view it proceeded, whether it sprang to life at Boston or in Richmond, on the ramparts of Fort Sumter or along the picket lines which guarded the approach to the federal stronghold that looked down the slopes of the Potomac. Never did the

principle of natural selection apply with greater energy or with more finely tempered discrimination than in the process of rejection and conservation as it relates to the poetry of North and South tracing its origin to the season of our drama of war from the appearance of *My Maryland* in 1861, until the furling of the battle-flags with the coming of *The Conquered Banner* as the logical sequel to the catastrophe of Appomattox. That phase of our war poesy which survived the storm, and it represents but a narrow portion of that actually produced, was charged with an appealing power which swept all before it. The very logic of passion breathes through every strain of *My Maryland*. There is a blending of reason with fervor that is scarcely paralleled in the rarest anthology of ballad or of song. In this, its most striking characteristic, lies, in no small degree, the secret of its prevailing power. It addresses itself to our logical faculty and links, with its appeal to the rational nature, the passion that strikes to the very heart of sensibility. In a measure, this most wonderful of songs ever wrought into form by an American of any period brings into active play the complex elements embraced in the Platonic classification, for intellect, affections, will, are included in its far-ranging and comprehensive ideal. At what a pole of contrast does it stand in this essential regard to national odes in whatever language to the perfunctory creations of poets-laureate or official singers, and above all to the great mass of our own verse cradled into life by the seasons of storm and stress through which this vigorous young nation has passed during the single century of its broadening life. Compared with Randall's song, the *Star Spangled Banner* reveals its flagrant infirmity, metrical, rhythmical, logical, in the boldest and fiercest light. On the other hand, Randall's youthful appeal, produced in the far distant South, circled the land like a girdle of fire, and swept beyond the seas in its expanding and increasing range. Though addressed primarily and almost exclusively to his native State, it burst through all local or sectional limitations, like a tidal wave of melody.

A SKETCH OF DAVID HARVEY HILL

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. . . Our civil war developed an amazing richness and versatility of character, as well as intellectual, strategic, mechanical, social, religious, even literary attainments—as unguarded as the assertion may seem to those who are not versed in it. Yet among all its varied and diverse types it never revealed to the eye of the world a rarer personality than that of my teacher and commander, David Harvey Hill. My record is in large measure linked with his, for I was under his leadership during my Yorktown period—the first six months of the war, again in eastern North Carolina during the winter of 1862-3. He was not associated with the Gettysburg campaign, having been left in command in North Carolina, while the main body of the army advanced into Pennsylvania, June, 1863. There was a morbid, even a misanthropic, strain in his nature, largely to be traced to physical causes—chronic infirmity; but the annals of war have not set before us a more heroic or dauntless soul. Jackson's genius for war, Lee's resistless magnetism, were not vouchsafed to Hill—but in those characteristics in which he excelled, invincible tenacity, absolute unconsciousness of fear, a courage never to submit or yield, no one has risen above him, not even in the annals of the Army of Northern Virginia. He was the very "Ironsides" of the South—Cromwell in some of his essential characteristics coming again in the person and genius of D. H. Hill. The antagonism of South to North assumed its intensest form in him. It ran through all his actions, it was the dominant motive that fashioned his life. Many survivors of the great conflict will recall Hill's Algebra, in which the passionless science of pure mathematics is transformed into a political propaganda—a sort of campaign document to illustrate the cowardice of New England volunteers in the war with Mexico, demonstrating by equations the number of miles, the rate of speed that marked their retreat, as well as the other moral infirmities that nature or the powers of evil had wrought into the soul of the typical Yankee.

The intensest fire of the Southern nature burned in the heart of D. H. Hill. Not less passionate than his hate of the Yankees was the indignation he cherished toward all renegades, recreants, or apostates that marred the fair fame of the South. An exempt, a skulk, or one upon whom rested the faintest suspicion of evading duty or shirking in the critical hour of impending battle, was the special object of his wrath. The seven vials were poured upon him to the last dregs. The comment made by him upon an application for furlough submitted by a member of a brass band, "shooters before tooters," has become historic. It was a common phrase in the Army of Northern Virginia. Not less vehement was his hatred of the political cabals at Richmond, which he claimed were destroying the efficiency of the Confederate service. Intemperance or dissipation in any form was for him the unpardonable sin. Yet with all his tendency toward extremes, D. H. Hill was a man of literary attainments, an assiduous student of Holy Scripture, and as a teacher of mathematics unsurpassed among American teachers. His little volumes of essays—"The Sermon on the Mount" and "The Agony in the Garden"—I preserve with affectionate care as a memory of one who stood to me in the complex relation of teacher, commander, and unswerving friend, until in 1889 he passed to "where beyond these voices there is peace." His absolute unconsciousness of danger was enough to thrill the ordinary brain with a sort of vertigo as it revealed itself in the most phenomenal situations or supreme crises. Upon one occasion, his horse being shot under him, as he was in the act of writing an order, holding the paper in his hand, steed and rider sank to the earth and without the relaxation of a muscle or a movement of the head, he finished the order, handed it to a courier as calm and unconcerned as if reviewing the battalion of cadets in the grounds of the Institute at Charlotte. General Hill's loyal devotion to his friends was in one notable instance, at least, not without its bearing upon the fortunes of the war. During my year as a cadet in the North Carolina Military Institute at Charlotte—1859-60—there was in the corps an amiable and genial lad from the native town of General Hill, Yorkville, South Carolina, whose name was James W. Ratchford. The attachment of General Hill to his native State and

his home rose to the height of adoration, and for Ratchford as his townsman he cherished a regard that displayed itself in every relation, personal as well as official. It was during the first Maryland campaign, 14th September, 1862, that General Hill made his wonderful record at South Mountain Gap, Boonsboro, Maryland, holding at bay the overwhelming force of McClellan until Jackson had accomplished the capture of Harper's Ferry. Then the several detached commands of the army converged upon Sharpsburg on Antietam Creek, at which point the army of Lee, with not more than one-third the effective troops at the disposal of McClellan, achieved the most brilliant single day of the entire war, repelling every assault, and withdrawing leisurely across the Potomac into Virginia. The character of this campaign is in a large measure involved with the history of my old classmate and comrade, Ratchford of Yorkville, South Carolina.

At the beginning of the struggle Ratchford became an aid upon the staff of General Hill, and served in that capacity until its close. At the time that General Lee was arranging his plans for the capture of Harper's Ferry, the official orders explaining every detail of the campaign, sent to General Hill in common with the several heads of the army, were placed in the charge of his trusted aid, Ratchford, and by him were lost at the point where Hill and his staff encamped for the night on the march from Frederick to Boonsboro. The lost orders were picked up by a Federal spy, promptly forwarded to McClellan, and the whole story of Lee's movements was in the hands of the enemy. Immediately McClellan swooped down upon Hill's division with his overwhelming array, like an eagle falling upon his prey. Had not D. H. Hill stood in the imminent deadly breach, it might have been a Thermopylæ for the South. Hardly in the chronicles of war has there been a more heroic resistance or a more perilous escape. The fate of a nation seemed suspended upon the acts or the inadvertence of a single aid, a youthful staff officer whose devotion and fidelity not even malice or envy could impugn or suspect. Such was the commander with whom my fate was linked during the term of my novitiate in the army of the Confederacy. I remained on the Peninsula at Yorktown and Ship Point until the autumn of 1861. My acquaintance with

military tactics stood me in good stead, and I was especially assigned to the sad mechanic exercise of drilling the raw recruits who were coming into Yorktown from North Carolina. I acted in a similar capacity at Raleigh and at High Point during the winter and spring of 1861-'62, and I often recall, while brooding over the irreclaimable past, the faces and the individuality of the men that I trained for Lee's army, when I was a lad of seventeen fresh from academic centers, thrown at a bound from the studious cloister into the very heart of grim-visaged war. I must have drilled five hundred men for active service. Some of them won rank and fame; many are numbered with the unknown dead whose names are written in heaven.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS

[1806—1870]

JAMES A. B. SCHERER

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS is the best misunderstood man in American letters. Some one has written of Cooper that it was his fortune to be depreciated during his lifetime rather than after his death; but of Simms, "the Southern Cooper," it must be said that it has been his misfortune to be neglected—by his own people, at least—during his lifetime, and depreciated after his death. Charleston neglected him then, and now his most competent biographer, who had a rare chance to set him where he belongs, simply damns him with very faint praise. But his robust and heroic figure will some day defy oblivion, as it despised disaster, and he will rank with our pioneer masters.

"The Southern Cooper," a nickname born of kindly but mistaken condescension, is itself a depreciation. Simms's pioneer novels are no more sectional than Cooper's. 'The Yemassee' and 'The Cassique of Kiawah' belong just as much to the country at large as does 'The Last of the Mohicans,' for example; and 'The Partisan' is no less patriotic than 'The Spy.' Besides, Simms has equal ability with Cooper in many respects, and surpasses him in others, just as he shares in his faults. He has, perhaps, an equal story-telling power; he certainly surpasses his predecessor in versatility, culture, and productiveness, but, like Cooper, is frequently diffuse and often lacking in artistic self-restraint. He admired Cooper, and wrote of him in such a way as led William Cullen Bryant to characterize his critical essay as one "of greatest depth and discrimination, to which I am not sure that anything hitherto written on the same subject is fully equal." The two names will some day be linked in our literature just as they were in the minds of contemporary critics. Poe wrote of Simms, in 1844: "He has more vigor, more imagination, more movement, and more general capacity than all our novelists (save Cooper) combined." Dealing in the same material with great virility and massiveness of style; positive, forceful, and carelessly self-assured; grandly indifferent to the Goold-Brown school of grammarians, but with eyes always open to the large and the dramatic, although somewhat too contemptuous of dramatic form—these twin chroniclers of our romantic early history are closer to each other in

character and achievement than any other twain of our letters. It is Cooper's biographer who writes the following sentences, but he might just as well be writing of Simms: "He was as devout an American as ever lived, for he could arraign the shortcomings of his countrymen as stanchly as he could defend and glorify their ideals. He entered fearlessly and passionately into the life around him, seeing intensely, yet sometimes blind; feeling ardently, yet not always aright; acting with might and conviction, yet not seldom amiss. He loved and revered good, scorned and hated evil, and with the strength and straightforwardness of a bull championed the one and gored the other. He published reams of stuff which no one now reads, and which was never worth reading, to enforce his views and prove that he was right and others wrong. Who cares to-day, or how are we the better or the worse, if he was right or wrong in his various convictions? What concerns us is that he wrote delightful stories of the forest and the sea; it is in those stories, and not in his controversial or didactic homilies, that we choose to discover his faith in good and ire against evil. In short, he had his limitations; but with all his errors, we may take him and be thankful."

It is easy to see why Simms has suffered, since the war, with the reading public at large: his star has not yet emerged from the clouds in which the war engulfed it. An intense partisan, a fearless and always ready writer, an orator, a politician, and a strategist, he had much to do with bringing on the struggle. Once he was so bold as to beard the abolitionists in Boston—becoming the apologist for Brooks as against Sumner, and defending the divine rights of slavery! The impression has, therefore, got abroad that he was only a fire-eating rebel, and that everything he wrote was acrid with secession passion. People forget that of his hundred publications the majority not only antedate the war, but are broadly national; that his widest vogue was always in the North; that this vogue extended to England and even to European translations. Simms was so much a part of the war, when it did come, that even his ablest and recent biographer has rather more to say of it than of him, and disparages him by means of it. What wonder that the public has disparaged him?

But it is somewhat more difficult to see why Charleston should have ignored him while he lived.

Charleston, let us remember, is a place peculiar unto itself. It possesses a charm such as no other American city can compass. It is a rare old place, a European city set down by mistake on the cis-Atlantic seaboard, a place that makes one think of Dresden china and fine old lace and snuff-boxes. It is a city of faded water-colors and of the faint aromas of a finery that the Cavaliers brought with them —a fragrance elsewhere forgotten, but here mingled with magnolia

blossoms and Southern sunshine into an atmosphere of sweetness and light. The cavaliers are still here, for that matter, and aristocracy makes the atmosphere of Charleston. This aristocracy will welcome you if you please it, and load you with hospitalities as only Charleston can, provided you be an outsider; but that native is eternally isolate from the "charmed circle" who is so unfortunate as to be born north of Tradd Street or baptized north of Cumberland. Simms was blighted with this disgrace, although he had a grandfather, and "Charleston"—which is a small and sacred precinct in the city of that name—never forgave him.

Not only so, but Simms was undoubtedly robustious. He was a great vital bull of a man, and the china-shop shivered at his presence. One nice, silver-voiced old Charleston gentleman would remark on a summer morning to another nice old Charleston gentleman at the corner of Broad and Meeting Streets: "Mr. Simms, I fancy, must have been in the neighborhood last evening." "Yes," the other would smilingly reply, "he was visiting two blocks from my residence, and I could catch every word of his preachment." Charleston contains no Boswells, and Simms was too proud to cool his big heels on Lord Chesterfield's door-steps; so he always remained an outsider until he died, when Charleston forgave him, and admitted him to that garden of the gods which is called Magnolia Cemetery. There is also a fine bust of him on the Battery, where, with Sargeant Jasper, he ranks as a Charleston immortal. Some day his wish will be realized, and the old city will plant a broken shaft over his grave in Magnolia, with his chosen epitaph: "Here lies one who, after a reasonably long life, distinguished chiefly by unceasing labors, has left all his better works undone."

A sample of Simms's robustiousness which Charleston never forgot occurred during Nullification days. As editor of the Charleston *Gazette,* Simms opposed the doctrines of Calhoun and his numerous followers, standing stanch for the Union. But the Calhounites, triumphant in a local election, in September, 1831, organized a torchlight procession which marched tumultuously past the *Gazette* office on Broad Street. There stood Simms in his doorway, the massive, careless figure strongly outlined against the brightly lighted interior, as he smiled quizzically upon the uproarious troops of his foes. Some of them, offended by his attitude, hissed and otherwise insulted him, whereupon Simms taunted them as cowards. A rush was made upon the single unarmed man, but his perfect, cool bravery overawed the crowd, which shrank back to its torchlights and hooted. Although Simms afterward upheld the cause of secession with equal fortitude and boldness, matched only by his masterful ability, this

incident never was "closed," but must always be taken into consideration when reckoning his relations with Charleston.

While excluded from the inner sacred circle, Simms nevertheless had his faithful following. Charleston possessed an aristocracy of letters, as well as its aristocracy of birth, and so we find Paul Hayne and Henry Timrod the central figures in a cultured coterie whom Simms, "like a literary Nestor, gathered about him in his hospitable home." His country house in Barnwell County was no less noted for a magnetism that drew great hearts and great minds to its always open hearthstone. In the sad days that succeeded the war Simms neglected himself to look after Timrod, who, to use his own phrase, was "literally dying by inches." It was to Hayne, about this time, that he wrote with infinite pathos: "I am weary, Paul, and, having much to say, I must say no more; but, with love to all, God be with you in mercy." And Hayne has truly said of him, "The man was greater than his works."

He was great in the opulence of his versatility. A partial list of his pursuits—and he did all these things with a certain distinction and ability beyond the average—shows that Simms was at one time and another not only novelist, historian, and poet, but also playwright and essayist, lecturer, statesman, and critic, botanist and military engineer, besides being planter and man-of-affairs. He was the most prolific of American writers, as a glance at his bibliography will show. Yet his chief greatness lay in the way he dealt with life, using his powers especially in his later days with a bravery that shamed despair and a courage that quailed before no disaster. From "Woodlands," his country home, in ruins, the old man wrote: "I mean to die with harness on my back." Overwhelmed with a deluge of bereavements and with disaster well-nigh insupportable, extracts from his letters about a year before his death prove how well he kept to the harness: "I do not now write for fame or notoriety or the love of it, but simply to procure the wherewithal of life for my children; and this is a toil requiring constant labor. My recent illness is simply the consequence of a continued strain upon the brain for four months, without the interval of a single day. . . . I have been literally *hors de combat* from overwork of the brain—brain sweat, as Ben Jonson called it—and no body sweat, no physical exercise. . . . The sense of obligation pressing upon me, I went rigidly to work, concentrating myself at the desk from 20th October, 1868, to the 1st of July, 1869, nearly nine months, without walking a mile in a week, riding but twice, and absent from work but half a day on each of these occasions. The consequence was that I finished two of the books and broke down on the third, having written during this period some three thousand pages."

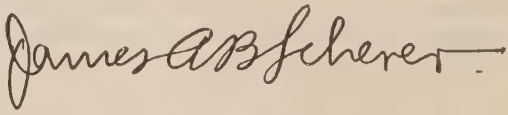
A man so pressed to be prolific, and so naturally ready with his pen, must necessarily have turned off many shavings. But let the reader take up Simms's trilogy of the Revolution—'The Partisan,' 'Mellichampe,' and 'Katherine Walton'; let him even read a single novel, 'Woodcraft,' or 'The Yemassee'; or, if he be pressed for time, let him choose 'Grayling,' or that marvelous description of the burning of Columbia which appeared in the *Columbia Phœnix*—and he may see for himself that in William Gilmore Simms the country possessed a writer of power who was also that "noblest work of God," a brave and honest man, of rugged mold but tender heart and wise sincerity. The man lives in his style.

He wrote much verse, and a few real poems. Of these, "The Lost Pleiad" is the best known, but "The Burden of the Desert" is superior. "The Edge of the Swamp," "The Grapevine Swing," and "Wonders of the Sea," together with several ballads in 'Areytos,' certainly deserve a place in any well-considered American anthology. But it is as a novelist of our pioneer days that Simms will loom large and larger in American literature as those days recede, until at last, together with Cooper, he will claim his place as an indispensable interpreter of history.

William Gilmore Simms was born in Charleston, April 17, 1806, and died there June 11, 1870. The early influences of his life proceeded chiefly from his father and his grandmother, the mother having died when the child was but two years old. The elder Simms—a native Irishman who had come to Charleston shortly after the Revolution—became a wanderer in the wilderness among the Indians after the death of his wife; and the motherless boy at his grandmother's knee wondered wide-eyed about the wild wood and the Indians, the aged lady herself telling him many a story of heroic doings and hairbreadth adventurings, including the weird tale which Simms afterward turned into 'Grayling.' After an absence of eight years or so, the father came back to see his boy; and subsequently—when about eighteen years old—Simms traveled with this forest-ranging father through the tangled glades of the South. Here he not only learned at first hand from the Indians those tales and singular traits that were afterward recorded in his books, but also became familiarly acquainted with such pioneer types as he there delineates from the life. But this young man came back to settle in Charleston, where in 1826 he married Miss Anna Giles. His second wife was Miss Chevallette Roach of "Woodlands," in Barnwell County, whom he married in 1836.

He had received but little actual schooling, having assisted in the support of his grandmother and himself by serving as clerk in an apothecary's shop at a very early age. But his natural bent toward

story-telling and verse-writing had made way for his talents even then, and when he sought a permanent vocation, he turned first to the law, but soon—irresistibly, as it would seem—to journalism and literature. Beginning with *The Tablet, or Southern Monthly Literary Gazette,* in 1828, and ending with editorials written for *The Courier* only a few days before his death, Simms devoted himself to his predestined calling with an assiduity unsurpassed by any American writer, in spite of his activity in many other directions, and the distractions of an unusually checkered career. A detailed but unsympathetic account of his life may be found in Professor Trent's biography ('American Men of Letters' series), to which this sketch is indebted. Invaluable assistance was also received from Mrs. Chevallette Simms Rowe, of Charleston, a daughter of the novelist, and from his eldest son, William Gilmore Simms, Esq., of Barnwell, South Carolina. Simms is not only a notable American novelist, but his name is carved deep in the history of his native State. Let it be repeated, however, after all is said, that the noblest thing about him is the way he lived his life. Like that "Hero Worker" of whom he loved to sing, he fought his way through the fierce facts of life to the unfailing Truth that ever lies beyond them, and to this he clung with a fixedness of faith in the verities that grief or pain or ingratitude never could loosen; so that when you stand to-day in the White Point Gardens at Charleston and look up toward the glorious placid brow that dominates the deeply furrowed face of this heroic sufferer as if with a certain god-like fearlessness of pain, you think how fitting it would be if the gifted sculptor had traced, underneath, that simple and fine line from "The Hero Worker," "Grief in the heart, while grandeur ruled the brain."



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FASCINATED BY A RATTLESNAKE

From 'The Yemassee.'

Thus nature, with an attribute most strange,
Clothes even the reptile, working in our thoughts,
Until they weave themselves into a spell,
That wins us to it.

THE afternoon of that day was one of those clear, sweet, balmy afternoons, such as make of the spring season in the south, a holiday term of nature. All was animated life and freshness. The month of April, in that region, is, indeed,

the time,
When the merry birds do chime
Airy wood-notes wild and free,
In secluded bower and tree,
Season of fantastic change,
Sweet, familiar, wild, and strange—
Time of promise, when the leaf
Has a tear of pleasant grief—
When the winds, by nature coy,
Do both cold and heat alloy,
Nor to either will dispense
Their delighting preference.

The day had been gratefully warm; and, promising an early summer, there was a prolific show of foliage throughout the forest. The twittering of a thousand various birds, and the occasional warble of that Puck of the American forests, the mocker—the Coonelatee, or Trick-tongue of the Yemassees—together with the gleesome murmur of zephyr and brook, gave to the scene an aspect of wooing and seductive repose, that could not fail to win the sense into a most happy unconsciousness. The old oaken grove which Bess Matthews, in compliance with the prayer of her lover, now approached, was delightfully conceived for such an occasion. All things within it seemed to breathe of love. The murmur of the brooklet, the song of the bird, the hum of the zephyr in the tree-top, had each a corresponding burden. The Providence surely has its purpose in associating only with the woods those

gentle and beautiful influences which are without use or object to the obtuse sense, and can only be felt and valued by a spirit of corresponding gentleness and beauty. The scene itself, to the eye, was of character to correspond harmoniously with the song of birds and the playful sport of zephyrs. The rich green of the leaves—the deep crimson of the wild flower—the gemmed and floral-knotted long grass that carpeted the path—the deep, solemn shadows of evening, and the trees through which the now declining sun was enabled only here and there to sprinkle a few drops from his golden censer—all gave power to that spell of quiet, which, by divesting the mind of its associations of every-day and busy life, throws it back upon its early and unsophisticated nature—restoring that time, in the elder and better condition of humanity, when, unchanged by conventional influences, the whole business of life seems to have been the worship of high spirits, and the exercise of living, holy, and generous affections.

The scene and time had a strong influence over the maiden, as she slowly took her way to the place where she was to meet her lover. Bess Matthews, indeed, was singularly susceptible of such influences. She was a girl of heart, but a wild heart —a thing of the forest—gentle as its most innocent flowers, quite as lovely, and if, unlike them, the creature of a less fleeting life, one, at least, whose youth and freshness might almost persuade us to regard her as never having been in existence for a longer season. She was also a girl of thought and intellect—something, too, of a dreamer:—one to whom a song brought a sentiment—the sentiment an emotion, and that in turn sought for an altar on which to lay all the worship of her spirit. She had in her own heart a far sweeter song than that which she occasionally murmured from her lips. She felt all the poetry, all the truth of the scene—its passion, its inspiration; and, with a holy sympathy for all of nature's beautiful, the associated feeling of admiration for all that was noble, also, awakened in her mind a sentiment, and in her heart an emotion, that led her, not less to the most careful forbearance to tread upon the humblest flower, than to a feeling little short of reverence in the contemplation of the gigantic tree. It was her faith, with one of the greatest of modern poets, that the daisy enjoyed its existence; and that, too, in a degree

of exquisite perception, duly according with its loveliness of look and delicacy of structure. This innate principle of regard for the beautiful forest idiots, as we may call its leaves and flowers, was duly heightened, we may add, by the soft passion of love then prevailing in her bosom for Gabriel Harrison. She loved him, as she found in him the strength of the tree well combined with the softness of the flower. Her heart and fancy at once united in the recognition of his claims upon her affections; and, however unknown in other respects she loved him deeply and devotedly for what she knew. Beyond what she saw—beyond the knowledge gathered from his uttered sentiments, and the free grace of his manner—his manliness, and playful frankness—he was scarcely less a mystery to her than to her father, to whom mystery had far less of recommendation. But the secret—and he freely admitted that there was a secret—he promised her should soon be revealed; and it was pleasant to her to confide in the assurance. She certainly longed for the time to come; and we shall be doing no discredit to her sense of maidenly delicacy when we say, that she wished for the development not so much because she desired the satisfaction of her curiosity, as because the objections of her sire, so Harrison had assured her, would then certainly be removed, and their union would immediately follow.

"He is not come," she murmured, half disappointed, as the old grove of oaks with all its religious solemnity of shadow lay before her. She took her seat at the foot of a tree, the growth of a century, whose thick and knotted roots, started from their sheltering earth, shot even above the long grass around them, and ran in irregular sweeps for a considerable distance upon the surface. Here she sat not long, for her mind grew impatient and confused with the various thoughts crowding upon it—sweet thoughts it may be, for she thought of him whom she loved—of him almost only; and of the long hours of happy enjoyment which the future had in store. Then came the fears, following fast upon the hopes, as the shadows follow the sunlight. The doubts of existence—the brevity and the fluctuations of life; these are the contemplations even of happy love, and these beset and saddened her; till, starting up in that dreamy confusion which the scene not

less than the subject of her musings had inspired, she glided among the old trees, scarce conscious of her movement.

"He does not come—he does not come," she murmured, as she stood contemplating the thick copse spreading before her, and forming the barrier which terminated the beautiful range of oaks which constituted the grove. How beautiful was the green and garniture of that little copse of wood. The leaves were thick, and the grass around lay folded over and over in bunches, with here and there a wild flower, gleaming from its green, and making of it a beautiful carpet of the richest and most various texture. A small tree rose from the centre of a clump around which a wild grape gadded luxuriantly; and with an incoherent sense of what she saw, she lingered before the little cluster, seeming to survey that which, though it seemed to fix her eye, yet failed to fill her thought. Her mind wandered—her soul was far away; and the objects in her vision were far other than those which occupied her imagination. Things grew indistinct beneath her eye. The eye rather slept than saw. The musing spirit had given holiday to the ordinary senses, and took no heed of the forms that rose, and floated, or glided away, before them. In this way, the leaf detached made no impression upon the sight that was yet bent upon it; she saw not the bird, though it whirled, untroubled by a fear, in wanton circles around her head—and the black-snake, with the rapidity of an arrow, darted over her path without arousing a single terror in the form that otherwise would have shivered at its mere appearance. And yet, though thus indistinct were all things around her to the musing mind of the maiden, her eye was yet singularly fixed—fastened, as it were, to a single spot—gathered and controlled by a single object, and glazed, apparently, beneath a curious fascination. Before the maiden rose a little clump of bushes, bright tangled leaves flaunting wide in glossiest green with vines trailing over them, thickly decked with blue and crimson flowers. Her eye communed vacantly with these; fastened by a star-like shining glance—a subtle ray, that shot out from the circle of green leaves—seeming to be their very eye—and sending out a fluid lustre that seemed to stream across the space between, and find its way into her own eyes. Very piercing and beautiful was that subtle brightness, of the

sweetest, strangest power. And now the leaves quivered and seemed to float away, only to return, and the vines waved and swung around in fantastic mazes, unfolding ever-changing varieties of form and color to her gaze; but the star-like eye was ever steadfast, bright and gorgeous gleaming in their midst, and still fastened, with strange fondness, upon her own. How beautiful, with wondrous intensity, did it gleam, and dilate, growing large and more lustrous with every ray which it sent forth. And her own glance became intense, fixed also; but with a dreaming sense that conjured up the wildest fancies, terribly beautiful, that took her soul away from her and wrapt it about as with a spell. She would have fled, she would have flown; but she had not power to move. The will was wanting to her flight. She felt that she could have bent forward to pluck the gem-like thing from the bosom of the leaf in which it seemed to grow, and which it irradiated with its bright white gleam; but ever as she aimed to stretch forth her hand, and bend forward, she heard a rush of wings, and a shrill scream from the tree above her—such a scream as the mock-bird makes, when angrily, it raises its dusky crest, and flaps its wings furiously against its slender sides. Such a scream seemed like a warning, and though yet unawakened to full consciousness, it startled her and forbade her effort. More than once, in her survey of this strange object, had she heard that shrill note, and still had it carried to her ear the same note of warning, and to her mind the same vague consciousness of an evil presence. But the star-like eye was yet upon her own—a small, bright eye, quick like that of a bird, now steady in its place and observant seemingly only of hers, now darting forward with all the clustering leaves about it, and shooting up towards her, as if wooing her to seize. At another moment riveted to the vine which lay around it, it would whirl round and round, dazzlingly bright and beautiful, even as a torch, waving hurriedly by night in the hands of some playful boy;—but, in all this time, the glance was never taken from her own—there it grew, fixed—a very principle of light—and such a light—a subtle, burning, piercing, fascinating gleam, such as gathers in vapour above the old grave, and binds us as we look—shooting, darting directly into her eye, dazzling her gaze, defeating its sense of discrimination and

confusing strangely that of perception. She felt dizzy, for as she looked a cloud of colors, bright, gay, various colors, floated and hung like so much drapery around the single object that had so secured her attention and spell-bound her feet. Her limbs felt momently more and more insecure—her blood grew cold, and she seemed to feel the gradual freeze of vein by vein, throughout her person. At that moment a rustling was heard in the branches of the tree beside her, and the bird, which had repeatedly uttered a single cry above her, as it were of warning, flew away from his station, with a scream more piercing than ever. This movement had the effect, for which it really seemed intended, of bringing back to her a portion of the consciousness she seemed so totally to have been deprived of before. She strove to move from before the beautiful but terrible presence, but for a while she strove in vain. The rich, star-like glance still riveted her own, and the subtle fascination kept her bound. The mental energies, however, with the moment of their greatest trial, now gathered suddenly to her aid; and, with a desperate effort, but with a feeling still of most annoying uncertainty and dread, she succeeded partially in the attempt, and threw her arms backwards, her hands grasping the neighboring tree, feeble, tottering, and depending upon it for that support which her own limbs almost entirely denied her. With her movement, however, came the full development of the powerful spell and dreadful mystery before her. As her feet receded, though but a single pace, to the tree against which she now rested, the audibly articulated ring, like that of a watch when wound up with the verge broken, announced the nature of that splendid yet dangerous presence, in the form of the monstrous rattlesnake, now but a few feet before her, lying coiled at the bottom of a beautiful shrub, with which, to her dreaming eye, many of its own glorious hues had become associated. She was, at length, conscious enough to perceive and to feel all her danger, but terror had denied her the strength necessary to fly from her dreadful enemy. There still the eye glared beautifully bright and piercing upon her own; and, seemingly in a spirit of sport, the insidious reptile slowly unwound himself from his coil, but only to gather himself up again into his muscular rings, his great flat head rising in the midst, and slowly nodding, as it

were, towards her, the eye still peering deeply into her own—the rattle still slightly ringing at intervals, and giving forth that paralyzing sound, which, once heard, is remembered for ever. The reptile all this while appeared to be conscious of, and to sport with, while seeking to excite her terrors. Now, with its flat head, distended mouth, and curving neck, would it dart forward its long form towards her—its fatal teeth, unfolding on either side of its upper jaws, seeming to threaten her with instantaneous death, while its powerful eye shot forth glances of that fatal power of fascination, malignantly bright, which, by paralyzing, with a novel form of terror and beauty, may readily account for the spell it possesses of binding the feet of the timid, and denying to fear even the privilege of flight. Could she have fled! She felt the necessity; but the power of her limbs was gone! and there still it lay, coiling and uncoiling, its arching neck glittering like a ring of brazed copper, bright and lurid; and the dreadful beauty of its eye still fastened, eagerly contemplating the victim, while the pendulous rattle still rang the death note, as if to prepare the conscious mind for the fate which is momently approaching to the blow. Meanwhile the stillness became death-like with all surrounding objects. The bird had gone with its scream and rush. The breeze was silent. The vines ceased to wave. The leaves faintly quivered on their stems. The serpent once more lay still; but the eye was never once turned away from the victim. Its corded muscles are all in coil. They have but to unclasp suddenly, and the dreadful folds will be upon her, its full length, and the fatal teeth will strike, and the deadly venom which they secrete will mingle with the life blood in her veins.

The terrified damsel, her full consciousness restored, but not her strength, feels all the danger. She sees that the sport of the terrible reptile is at an end. She cannot now mistake the horrid expression of its eye. She strives to scream, but the voice dies away, a feeble gurgling in her throat. Her tongue is paralyzed; her lips are sealed—once more she strives for flight, but her limbs refuse their office. She has nothing left of life but its fearful consciousness. It is in her despair, that, a last effort, she succeeds to scream, a single wild cry, forced from her by the accumulated agony; she sinks down

upon the grass before her enemy—her eyes however, still open, and still looking upon those which he directs for ever upon them. She sees him approach—now advancing, now receding—now swelling in every part with something of anger, while his neck is arched beautifully like that of a wild horse under the curb; until, at length, tired as it were of play, like the cat with its victim, she sees the neck growing larger and becoming completely bronzed as about to strike—the huge jaws unclosing almost directly above her, the long tubulated fang, charged with venom, protruding from the cavernous mouth—and she sees no more! Insensibility came to her aid, and she lay almost lifeless under the very folds of the monster.

In that moment the copse parted—and an arrow, piercing the monster through and through the neck, bore his head forward to the ground, alongside of the maiden, while his spiral extremities, now unfolding in his own agony, were actually, in part, writhing upon her person. The arrow came from the fugitive Occonestoga, who had fortunately reached the spot, in season, on his way to the Block House. He rushed from the copse, as the snake fell, and, with a stick fearlessly approached him where he lay tossing in agony upon the grass. Seeing him advance, the courageous reptile made an effort to regain his coil, shaking the fearful rattle violently at every evolution which he took for that purpose; but the arrow, completely passing through his neck opposed an unyielding obstacle to the endeavor; and finding it hopeless, and seeing the new enemy about to assault him, with something of the spirit of the white man under like circumstance, he turned desperately round, and striking his charged fangs so that they were riveted in the wound they made, into a susceptible part of his own body, he threw himself over with a single convulsion, and, a moment after lay dead beside the utterly unconscious maiden.*

*The power of the rattlesnake to fascinate is a frequent faith among the superstitious of the Southern country people. Of this capacity in reference to birds and insects, frogs, and the smaller reptiles, there is indeed little question. Its power over persons is not so well authenticated, although numberless instances of this sort are given by persons of very excellent veracity. The above is almost literally worded after a verbal narrative furnished the author by an old lady, who never dreamed, herself, of doubting the narration. It is more than probable, indeed, that the mind of a timid person, coming suddenly upon a reptile so highly venomous, would for a time be paralyzed by its consciousness of danger, sufficiently so to defeat exertion for a while and deny escape. The authorities for this superstition are, however, quite sufficient for the romancer, and in a work like the present we need no other. [Simms's note.]

DR. OAKENBURG AND LIEUTENANT PORGY

From 'The Partisan.'

Leaving them to amuse themselves as they may, let us now return to the Cypress Swamp, where we left the wounded Clough under the charge of the dragoon and negro. The injury he had received, though not, perhaps, a fatal one, was yet serious enough to render immediate attention highly important to his safety; but in that precarious time surgeons were not readily to be found, and the Americans, who were without money, were not often indulged with their services. The several corps of the leading partisans, such as Marion, and Sumter, Pickens, Horry, &c., fought daily in the swamps and along the highways, with the painful conviction that, save by some lucky chance, their wounds must depend entirely upon nature to be healed. In this way, simply through want of tendance, hundreds perished in that warfare of privation, whom, with a few simple specifics, medical care would have sent again into the combat, after a few weeks' nursing, hearty and unimpaired. The present circumstances of Clough's condition were not of a character to lead him to hope for a better fortune, and he gave himself up despondingly to his fate, after having made a brief effort to bribe his keeper to assist in his escape. But attendance was at hand, if we may so call it, and after a few hours' suffering, the approach of Dr. Oakenburg was announced to the patient.

The doctor was a mere culler of simples, a stuffer of birds and reptiles, a digger of roots, a bark and poultice doctor—in other words, a mere pretender. He was wretchedly ignorant of everything like medical art, but he had learned to physic. He made beverages, which, if not always wholesome, were, at least, sometimes far from disagreeable to the country housewives, who frequently took the nostrum for the sake of the stimulant. Dr. Oakenburg knew perfectly the want, if he cared little for the need, of his neighbours; and duly heedful of those around him who indulged in pipe and tobacco, he provided the bark and the brandy. A few bitter roots and herbs constituted his entire stock of medicines; and with these, well armed at all points and never unprovided, he had worked out

for himself no small reputation in that section of country. But this good fortune lasted only for a season. Some of his patients took their departure after the established fashion; some more inveterate, with that prejudice which distinguishes the bad subject, turned their eyes on rival remedies; many were scattered abroad and beyond the reach of our doctor by the chances of war; and, with a declining reputation and wofully diminished practice, Oakenburg was fain, though a timid creature, to link his own with the equally doubtful fortunes of the partisan militia. This decision, after some earnest argument, and the influence of a more earnest necessity, Humphries at length, persuaded him to adopt, after having first assured him of the perfect security and unharming character of the warfare in which he was required to engage.

With a dress studiously disposed in order, a head well plastered with pomatum, and sprinkled with the powder so freely worn at the time, a ragged frill carefully adjusted upon his bosom to conceal the injuries of time, and an ostentatious exhibition of the shrunken shank, garnished at the foot with monstrous buckles that once might have passed for silver, Oakenburg still persisted in exhibiting as many of the evidences of the reduced gentleman as he possibly could preserve. His manner was tidy, like his dress. His snuff-box twinkled for ever between his fingers, one of which seemed swollen by the monstrous paste ring which enriched it; and his gait was dancing and elastic, as if his toes had volunteered to do all the duty of his feet. His mode of speech, too, was excessively finical and delicate—the words passing through his lips with difficulty; for he dreaded to open them too wide, lest certain deficiencies in his jaws should become too conspicuously notorious. These deficiencies had the farther effect of giving him a lisping accent, which not a little added to the pretty delicacies of his other features.

He passed through the swamp with infinite difficulty, and greatly to the detriment of his shoes and stockings. Riding a small tackey (a little, inconsiderate animal, that loves the swamp, and is usually born and bred in it), he was compelled continually to be on the lookout for, and defence against, the overhanging branches and vines clustering about the trees, through which his horse, in its own desire to clamber over the

roots, continually and most annoyingly bore him. In this toil he was compelled to pay far less attention to his legs than was due to their well-being, and it was not until they were well drenched in the various bogs through which he had gone, that he was enabled to see how dreadfully he had neglected their even elevation to the saddle skirts—a precaution absolutely necessary at all times in such places, but more particularly when the rider is tall, and mounted upon a short, squat animal, such as our worthy doctor bestrode.

Dr. Oakenburg was in the company—under the guidance in fact—of a person whose appearance was in admirable contrast with his own. This was no other than the Lieutenant Porgy, of whom Humphries has already given us an account. If Oakenburg was as lean as the Knight of La Mancha, Porgy was quite as stout as Sancho—a shade stouter perhaps, as his own height was not inconsiderable, yet showed him corpulent still. At a glance you saw that he was a jovial philosopher—one who enjoyed his bottle with his humours, and did not suffer the one to be soured by the other. It was clear that he loved all the good things of this life, and some possibly that we may not call good with sufficient reason. His abdomen and brains seemed to work together. He thought of eating perpetually, and, while he ate, still thought. But he was not a mere eater. He rather amused himself with a hobby when he made food his topic, as Falstaff discoursed of his own cowardice without feeling it. He was a wag, and exercised his wit with whomsoever he travelled; Dr. Oakenburg, on the present occasion, offering himself as an admirable subject for victimization. To quiz the doctor was Porgy's recipe against the tedium of a swamp progress, and the furtive humours of the wag perpetually furnished him occasions for the exercise of his faculty. But we shall hear more of him in future pages, and prefer that he shall speak on most occasions for himself. He was attended by a negro body servant—a fellow named Tom, and of humours almost as keen and lively as his own. Tom was a famous cook, after the fashion of the southern planters, who could win his way to your affections through his soups, and need no other argument. He was one of that class of faithful, half-spoiled negroes, who will never suffer any liberties with his master, except such as he takes himself.

He, too, is a person who will need to occupy a considerable place in our regards, particularly as, in his instance, as well as that of his master—to say nothing of other persons—we draw our portraits from actual life.

Porgy was a good looking fellow, spite of his mammoth dimensions. He had a fine fresh manly face, clear complexion, and light blue eyes, the archness of which was greatly heightened by its comparative littleness. It was a sight to provoke a smile on the face of Mentor, to see those little blue eyes twinkling with treacherous light as he watched Dr. Oakenburg plunging from pool to pool under his false guidance, and condoling with him after. The doctor, in fact, in his present situation and imperfect experience, could not have been spared his disasters. He was too little of an equestrian not to feel the necessity, while battling with his brute for their mutual guidance, of keeping his pendulous members carefully balanced on each side, to prevent any undue preponderance of one over the other—a predicament of which he had much seeming apprehension. In the mean time, the lively great-bodied and great-bellied man who rode beside him chuckled incontinently, though in secret. He pretended great care of his companion, and advised him to sundry changes of direction, all for the worse, which the worthy doctor in his tribulation did not scruple to adopt.

"Ah! Lieutenant Porgy," said he, complaining, though in his most mincing manner, as they reached a spot of dry land, upon which they stopped for a moment's rest—"ah! Lieutenant Porgy, this is but unclean traveling, and full too of various peril. At one moment I did hear a plunging, dashing sound in the pond beside me, which it came to my thought was an alligator—one of those monstrous reptiles that are hurtful to children, and even to men."

"Ay, doctor, and make no bones of whipping off a thigh-bone, or at least a leg: and you have been in danger more than once to-day."

The doctor looked down most wofully at his besmeared pedestals; and the shudder which went over his whole frame was perceptible to his companion, whose chuckle it increased proportionably.

"And yet, Lieutenant Porgy," said he, looking around him

with a most wo-begone apprehension—"yet did our friend Humphries assure me that our new occupation was one of perfect security. 'Perfect security' were the precise words he used when he counselled me to this undertaking."

"Perfect security!" said Porgy, and the man laughed out aloud. "Why, doctor, look there at the snake winding over the bank before you—look at that, and then talk of perfect security."

The doctor turned his eyes to the designated point, and beheld the long and beautiful volumes of the beaded snake, as slowly crossing their path with his pack of linked jewels full in their view, he wound his way from one bush into another, and gradually folded himself up out of sight. The doctor, however, was not to be alarmed by this survey. He had a passion for snakes; and admiration suspended all his fear, as he gazed upon the beautiful and not dangerous reptile.

"How would I rejoice, Lieutenant Porgy, were yon serpent in my poor cabinet at Dorchester. He would greatly beautify my collection." And as the man of simples spoke, he gazed on the retiring snake with envying eye.

"Well, doctor, get down and chunk it. If it's worth having, it's worth killing."

"True, Lieutenant Porgy; but it would be greatly detrimental to my shoes to alight in such a place as this, for the thick mud would adhere—"

"Ay, and so would you, doctor—you'd stick—but not the snake. But come, don't stand looking after the bush, if you won't go into it. You can get snakes enough in the swamp—ay, and without much seeking. The place is full of them."

"This of a certainty, Lieutenant Porgy? know you this?"

"Ay, I know it of my own knowledge. You can see them here almost any hour in the day, huddled up like a coil of rope on the edge of the tussock, and looking down at their own pretty figures in the water."

"And you think the serpent has vanity of his person?" inquired the doctor, gravely.

"Think—I don't think about it, doctor—I know it," replied the other, confidently. "And it stands to reason, you see, that where there is beauty and brightness there must be

self-love and vanity. It's a poor fool that don't know his own possessions."

"There is truly some reason, Lieutenant Porgy, in what you have said touching this matter; and the instinct is a correct one which teaches the serpent, such as that which we have just seen, to look into the stream as one of the other sex into a mirror, to see that its jewels are not displaced, and that its motion may not be awry, but graceful. There is reason in it."

"And truth. But we are nigh our quarters, and here is a soldier waiting us."

"A soldier squire!—he is friendly, perhaps?"

The manner of the phrase was interrogatory, and Porgy replied with his usual chuckle:

"Ay, ay, friendly enough, though dangerous, if vexed. See what a sword he carries—and those pistols! I would not risk much, doctor, to say, there are no less than sixteen buckshot in each of those barkers."

"My! you don't say so, lieutenant. Yet did William Humphries say to me that the duty was to be done in perfect security."

The last sentence fell from the doctor's lips in a sort of comment to himself, but his companion replied:

"Ay, security as perfect, doctor, as war will admit of. You talk of perfect security: there is no such thing—no perfect security anywhere—and but little security of any kind until dinner's well over. I feel the uncertainty of life until then. Then, indeed, we may know as much security as life knows. We have, at least, secured what secures life. We may laugh at danger then; and if we must meet it, why, at least we shall not be compelled to meet it in that worst condition of all—an empty stomach. I am a true Englishman in that, though they do call me a rebel. I feel my origin only when eating; and am never so well disposed towards the enemy as when I'm engaged, tooth and nail, in that savoury occupation, and with roast beef. Would that we had some of it now!"

The glance of Oakenburg, who was wretchedly spare and lank, looked something of disgust as he heard this speech of the gourmand, and listened to the smack of his lips with which he concluded it.

He had no taste for corpulence, and probably this was one

of the silent impulses which taught him to admire the gaunt and attenuated form of the snake. Porgy did not heed his expression of countenance, but looking up overhead where the sun stood just above them peering down imperfectly through the close umbrage, he exclaimed to the soldier, while pushing his horse through the creek which separated them:

"Hark you, Wilkins, boy, is it not high time to feed? Horse and man—man and horse, boy, all hungry and athirst."

"We shall find a bite for you, lieutenant, before long—but here's a sick man the doctor must see to at once; he's in a mighty bad way, I tell you."

"A sick man, indeed!" and the doctor, thrusting his hands into his pocket, drew forth a bottle filled with a dark thick liquid, which he shook violently until it gathered into a foam upon the surface. Armed with this, he approached the little bark shanty under which reposed the form of the wounded Clough.

"You are hurt, worthy sir?" said the mediciner, inquiringly; "you have not been in a condition of perfect security—such as life requires. But lie quiet, I pray you; be at ease, while I look into your injuries," said the doctor, condolingly, and proceeded to the outstretched person of the wounded man with great deliberation.

"You need not look very far—here they are," cried Clough, faintly, but peevishly, in reply, as he pointed to the wound in his side.

The doctor looked at the spot, shook his head, clapped on a plaster of pine gum, and administered a dose of his nostrum, which the patient gulped at prodigiously, and then telling him that he would do well, repeated his order to lie quiet and say nothing. Hurrying away to his saddle-bags after this had been done, with the utmost dispatch he drew forth a pair of monstrous leggings, which he bandaged carefully around his shrunken shanks. In a moment after he was upon his tackey, armed with a stick, and hastening back upon the route he had just passed over.

Porgy, who was busy urging the negro cook in the preparation of his dinner, cried out to the dealer of simples, but received no answer. The doctor had no thought but of the snake he had seen, for whose conquest and capture he had

now set forth, with all the appetite of a boy after adventures, and all the anxiety of an inveterate naturalist, to get at the properties of the object he pursued. Meanwhile the new comer, Porgy, had considerably diverted the thought of the trooper from attention to his charge; and laying down his sabre between them, the sentinel threw himself along the ground where Porgy had already stretched himself, and a little lively chat and good company banished from his mind, for a season, the consideration of his prisoner.

His neglect furnished an opportunity long watched and waited for by another. The shanty in which Clough lay stood on the edge of the island, and was one of those simple structures which the Indian makes in his huntings. A stick rested at either end between the crotch of a tree, and small saplings, leaning against it on one side, were covered with broad flakes of the pine bark. A few bushes, piled up partially in front, completed the structure, which formed no bad sample of the mode of hutting it, winter and summer, in the swamps and forests of the South, by the partisan warriors. In the rear of the fabric stood a huge cypress, from the hollow of which at the moment when the sentinel and Porgy seemed most diverted, a man might have been seen approaching. He cautiously wound along on all-fours, keeping as much out of sight as possible, until he reached the back of the hut; then lifting from the saplings a couple of the largest pieces of bark which covered them, he introduced his body without noise into the tenement of the wounded man.

Clough was in a stupor—a half dozy consciousness was upon him—and he muttered something to the intruder, though without any fixed object. The man replied not, but approaching closely, put his hand upon the bandagings of the wound, drawing them gently aside. The first distinct perception which the prisoner had of his situation was the agonizing sense of a new wound, as of some sharp weapon driven directly into the passage made by the old one. He writhes under the instrument as it slanted deeper and deeper into his vitals; but he had not strength to resist, and but little to cry out. He would have done so; but the sound had scarcely risen to his lips, when the murderer thrust a tuft of grass into his mouth and stifled all complaint. The knife went deeper—the whole

frame of the assailant was upon it, and all motion ceased on the part of the sufferer with the single groan and distorted writhing which followed the last agony. In a moment after, the stranger had departed by the way he came; and it was not till he had reached the thick swamp around, that the fearful laugh of the maniac, Frampton—for it was he—announced the success of his new effort at revenge.

The laugh reached Porgy and the dragoon—they heard the groan also, but that was natural enough. Nothing short of absolute necessity could have moved either of them at that moment—the former being busied with a rasher of bacon and a hoe-cake hot from the fire, and the latter indulging in an extra swig of brandy from a canteen which Porgy, with characteristic providence, had brought well filled along with him.

THE LOST PLEIAD

I

Not in the sky—no longer in the sky,
Where, beautiful as high,
She swayed serene,
The centre of her circle, and its Queen—
Most bright of all her happy sisterhood,
And by all bright ones woo'd!—
Secure of homage from fond eyes, that brood,
Nightly, in spheres below;
Who, looking with deep longing, feel their wings
With each pulsation grow;
Feel with the yearning for immortal things,
The strength for heavenward flight;
And travel far, with fancy, to delight,
Still upward drawn by the sweet welcoming eyes
That showed them, first, the skies!

II

Gone from the skies! In vain
We seek her beauty through the ethereal plain,
And the far blue of its mysterious deep!

No more—no more
Shall Ocean, in the mirror of her sleep,
Give back the beauteous image to our gaze!
And, in our sad amaze,
We turn from sky to sea, from sea to shore,
And, as the white caps of the glistering wave
Flash, as with gems cast up from Ocean's cave,
We start, with joyful cry:
We dream the beautiful Queen once more on high,
The bright one of the sky!
Alas! the fond illusion! It is o'er!—
Not even the sovereign Fancy may restore
Our sovereign to her throne! We must go weep,
That the Bright Watcher may no longer keep
Her sphere, at summons of the adoring eye!

III

Gone!—gone!
From sky and earth, from mount and sea!
There is a void of Beauty! Never more
Shall rise the chaunt from forest home or shore;
The sweet fond homage of most worshipping eyes,
That swim in sorrow, gazing on the skies,
Where vacancy makes eminent the void!
How lone!—how lone!—how lone!
The bright'st of all the brightest ones destroyed!
The lesser loveliness that still is left,
But shows the greater glory in the Lost!
Of this, the ONE, bereft,
We are as men at sea, by tempest tost,
Looking out vainly for the one true star,
Worth all the host, to teach us where we are!

IV

Men need their beacons all!
Their stars and guiding lights, to save from thrall;
And, something dearer, shining from above,
To teach them where to look, and how to love!

For we all rove!
We are but children in the Desert! Some
Never reach home!
Others, for yet a thousand years will roam,
Lacking some starry pilot of the sky;
And so they droop along the path, and die
Of a drear blindness, never opening eye!
Thou wast the Eye to many—dear to most;
As central, and the fairest of Heaven's host,
Thou wast their boast!
Oh! did'st thou grow thine own?
Thou wast their thing of worship and of pride—
By their devotion fed and deified!
Did'st thou forget? and had'st thou to atone?
We know that thou art gone;
Hast left thy sapphire throne;
And, never again to cheer
The Mariner, who holds his course alone
On the Atlantic, through the weary night.
When common stars turn watchers, and do sleep,
Shalt thou appear,
Over all others bright,
With the sweet, loving certainty of light,
Down-shining on the shut eyes of the Deep?

V

Shall the sky lose
Her glory, and the ungrateful Earth refuse
Her lamentation? Shall the Beauty part
From Nature, and the great void of the heart
Have never a ministry of Love, whose tear
Shall soothe the suffering, and subdue the fear;
Bring precious nurture to the Hope that lies,
Buried and perishing fast, beneath our eyes?
Shall no responsive wail
From the defrauded elements prevail,
When Night is shorn of Beauty, and the Day,
Palsied goes staggering on his sullen way?

VI

It is not so permitted—so decreed!
At each great loss, the world's great heart must bleed,
Must feel the throes of anguish, and deplore
The vacancy it feels forever more,
And can not, by its prayer,
Or passionate plaint restore:
For the first time, aware
Of that wan spectre, whom we call Despair!
Thus Sorrow broods along the lonely hills,
And wilder griefs go surging through the floods.
How vexed the chiding of the little rills!
How dread the murmur in the mighty woods!
In night and silence each sad fountain fills
Her cistern, and a Spectral Presence broods,
Blackening their waters! Through the unhallowed
Steals a stark, shuddering Fear,
That cowers and crouches ever as it goes,
As dreading ambushed foes,
Without the feet to fly,
The heart to cry!

VII

See, as the day is spent,
The Arab leaves his tent;
Well hath he conn'd, of stars, the mystic lore:
His studies teach
A mortal Fate in each,
Pledged, at each several birth,
To some lone pilgrim of the benighted earth,
That shows the path and guides him evermore!
So, too, the shepherd on Chaldea's hills,
At evening, home returning with his flocks,
Looks, from his perilous heights, along the rocks,
For the one star whose smiling preference fills
His soul with faith and rapture; glads his gaze
With promise of protection, sweet as sure!
But now, no beauties blaze,
No smile comes sudden with a sweet surprise!

Vainly he strains his eyes
For the soft glory that made clear his ways!
Much doth he marvel, in the saddest maze,
While through the sorrowful vault the Dark distils
Her dews that blight;
Lingers in longing, dreaming yet that Night
Will surely bring the expected and sweet light
So natural to his sight.

VIII

Nor earth alone,
Nor man! The sorrow broods
Above the rocks, the plains, the rills, the floods.
Afar! Afar!
In realms of Sun and Star!
There, glorious Beings, each upon his throne,
Join in the common moan!
There, where at first she shone,
Radiant among the sisterhood, the wail
Streams nightly on the gale!
Well may they chaunt, in melancholy tone!
How should they dream, until HER fate was known,
That such as they are confiscate to Death?
That Fate and dark Oblivion should prevail,
The Perfect and the Beautiful to mar?
That, like the creature of far lowlier spheres—
The common blooms of earth—
Beings of mortal breath,
As mortal birth—
The seraphs should be blasted, doom'd to fears;
Lose all their rich effulgence, sink in years;
Sudden extinguish'd in some fatal hour;
Flash even in falling, and with meteor rush,
Sweep down their summits, all one glorious gush;
Then the dread Darkness, and the horrid Hush!
And this without one omen to prepare;
Even while the song floats free in pride and power,
And liquid echoes linger in the air,
That shows all peaceful on the eternal heights!
Oh! in the very midst of dear delights,

And dreaming never of such dread mischance,
The heavens aflush with congregate forms and wings
That swim together in twirling maze and dance,
While some superior seraph sits and sings—
Even then, the wild deep wail! From whence? Oh!
where?
There! there!
Over the precipice!
Far down the black abyss!
A flash! a glory, shed from golden plumes,
The Stygian depth illumes—
A moment, and but one!
The gulph's black willows o'er a sister roll,
And a dread shudder shakes each kindred soul,
Down-gazing, in their horror, as they see!
All their concerted springs of harmony
Snapt rudely—all the generous music gone,
And dread and terror now, where joy alone
Made all felicity!
And shall there be no moan?

IX

Oh! still the strain,
As of fresh sorrows, wailing through the sky,
Repeats the sad refrain—
Soul-chaunting, and soul-wakening melody!
The sister stars, lamenting in their pain,
That one of the selectest ones should die:
Torn from the rest,
When loveliest, happiest, best—
Blessing and blest;
When her own song was sweetest, and her eye
Brightest of all on high!
That such as she should fall
Headlong, in all the beauty of her bright,
From the empyreal grandeur of her height,
Over such precipice,
Down to such drear abyss—
The depths of fathomless night!—
May well be life-long terror to them all!

X

Alas! the Destiny
Clogs over the possession with a Fear!
That haunting sense of Insecurity
Makes every treasure of the heart a care!
Even as we cry
"Eureka! Soul, be joyful! It is here!"
The bitter, mocking echo makes reply,
"Where? Where? Oh! where?"
And the storm sweeps our starbeam from the sky!
Thus, fastened to the bosom of the Bliss,
Clings ever a sad caprice!
We snatch the flower above the precipice,
And fall in snatching. Our free footsteps miss,
While our hands clutch, and, with the treasure won,
We are undone!
In very Rapture, a sharp terror abides;
Her song-burst carries anguish in its tone—
Like the deep murmur of the swelling tides,
Though full and bright,
No cloud in sight,
The glorious Moon, in smiles, o'er ocean glides!
The Hope most precious is the soonest lost!
The flow'r of Love is first to feel the frost!
Methinks, all beautiful, of earthly things,
First die; and little doth it then console,
To know that it hath put on heavenly wings,
And is already shining in its goal!
We only feel 'tis gone—forever gone,
The blessed things we've known,
And we are lone! How lone! How very lone!
Ah! like the bright star shooting down the sky,
Was it not loveliest as it fell from high,
And, darkling, left the sphere,
Now cold and drear,
It ever made so beautiful and dear?

THE GRAPEVINE SWING

Lithe and long as the serpent train,
  Springing and clinging from tree to tree,
Now darting upward, now down again,
  With a twist and a twirl, that are strange to see:
Never took serpent a deadlier hold,
  Never the cougar a wilder spring,
Strangling the oak with the boa's fold,
  Spanning the beech with the condor's wing.

Yet no foe that we fear to seek—
  The boy leaps wild to thy rude embrace;
Thy bulging arms bear as soft a cheek
  As ever on lover's breast found place:
On thy waving train is a playful hold
  Thou shalt never to lighter grasp persuade;
While a maiden sits in thy drooping fold,
  And swings and sings in the noonday shade!

Oh! giant strange of our southern woods,
  I dream of thee still in the well-known spot,
Though our vessel strains o'er the ocean floods,
  And the northern forest beholds thee not;
I think of thee still with a sweet regret,
  As the cordage yields to my playful grasp—
Dost thou spring and cling in our woodlands yet?
  Does the maiden still swing in thy giant clasp?

THE BURDEN OF THE DESERT

I

The burden of the desert,
The desert like the deep,
That from the south in whirlwinds
Comes rushing up the steep;—
I see the spoiler spoiling,
I hear the strife of blows;
Up, watchman, to thy heights, and say
How the dread conflict goes!

II

What hear'st thou from the desert?—
"A sound, as if a world
Were from its axle lifted up
And to an ocean hurl'd;
The roaring as of waters,
The rushing as of hills,
And lo! the tempest-smoke and cloud,
That all the desert fills."

III

What seest thou on the desert?—
"A chariot comes," he cried,
"With camels and with horsemen,
That travel by its side;
And now a lion darteth
From out the cloud, and he
Looks backward ever as he flies,
As fearing still to see!"

IV

What, watchman, of the horsemen?—
"They come, and as they ride,
Their horses crouch and tremble,
Nor toss their manes in pride;

The camels wander scatter'd,
The horsemen heed them naught,
But speed, as if they dreaded still
The foe with whom they fought."

V

What foe is this, thou watchman?—
"Hark! Hark! the horsemen come;
Still looking on the backward path,
As if they fear'd a doom;
Their locks are white with terror,
Their very shout's a groan;
'Babylon,' they cry, 'has fallen,
And all her gods are gone!' "

THE EDGE OF THE SWAMP

'Tis a wild spot, and even in summer hours,
With wondrous wealth of beauty and a charm
For the sad fancy, hath the gloomiest look,
That awes with strange repulsion. There, the bird
Sings never merrily in the sombre trees,
That seem to have never known a term of youth,
Their young leaves all being blighted. A rank growth
Spreads venomously round, with power to taint;
And blistering dews await the thoughtless hand
That rudely parts the thicket. Cypresses,
Each a great ghastly giant, eld and gray,
Stride o'er the dusk, dank tract—with buttresses
Spread round, apart, not seeming to sustain,
Yet link'd by secret twines, that, underneath,
Blend with each arching trunk. Fantastic vines,
That swing like monstrous serpents in the sun,
Bind top to top, until the encircling trees
Group all in close embrace. Vast skeletons
Of forests, that have perish'd ages gone,
Moulder, in mighty masses, on the plain;
Now buried in some dark and mystic tarn,
Or sprawl'd above it, resting on great arms,

And making, for the opossum and the fox,
Bridges, that help them as they roam by night.
Alternate stream and lake, between the banks,
Glimmer in doubtful light: smooth, silent, dark,
They tell not what they harbor; but, beware!
Lest, rising to the tree on which you stand,
You sudden see the moccasin snake heave up
His yellow shining belly and flat head
Of burnish'd copper. Stretch'd at length, behold
Where yonder Cayman, in his natural home,
The mammoth lizard, all his armor on,
Slumbers half-buried in the sedgy grass,
Beside the green ooze where he shelters him,
The place, so like the gloomiest realm of death,
Is yet the abode of thousand forms of life—
The terrible, the beautiful, the strange—
Wingèd and creeping creatures, such as make
The instinctive flesh with apprehension crawl,
When sudden we behold. Hark! at our voice
The whooping crane, gaunt fisher in these realms,
Erects his skeleton form and shrieks in flight,
On great white wings. A pair of summer ducks,
Most princely in their plumage, as they hear
His cry, with senses quickening all to fear,
Dash up from the lagoon with marvellous haste,
Following his guidance. See! aroused by these,
And startled by our progress o'er the stream,
The steel-jaw'd Cayman, from his grassy slope,
Slides silent to the slimy green abode,
Which is his province. You behold him now,
His bristling back uprising as he speeds
To safety, in the centre of the lake,
Whence his head peers alone—a shapeless knot,
That shows no sign of life; the hooded eye,
Nathless, being ever vigilant and sharp,
Measuring the victim. See! a butterfly,
That, travelling all the day, has counted climes
Only by flowers, to rest himself a while,
And, as a wanderer in a foreign land,
To pause and look around him ere he goes,

Lights on the monster's brow. The surly mute
Straightway goes down; so suddenly, that he,
The dandy of the summer flowers and woods,
Dips his light wings, and soils his golden coat,
With the rank waters of the turbid lake.
Wondering and vex'd, the plumèd citizen
Flies with an eager terror to the banks,
Seeking more genial natures—but in vain.
Here are no gardens such as he desires,
No innocent flowers of beauty, no delights
Of sweetness free from taint. The genial growth
He loves, finds here no harbor. Fetid shrubs,
That scent the gloomy atmosphere, offend
His pure patrician fancies. On the trees,
That look like felon spectres, he beholds
No blossoming beauties; and for smiling heavens,
That flutter his wings with breezes of pure balm,
He nothing sees but sadness—aspects dread,
That gather frowning, cloud and fiend in one,
As if in combat, fiercely to defend
Their empire from the intrusive wing and beam.
The example of the butterfly be ours.
He spreads his lacquer'd wings above the trees,
And speeds with free flight, warning us to seek
For a more genial home, and couch more sweet
Than these drear borders offer us to-night.

WONDERS OF THE SEA

What I have brought thee is a mystery,
Framed by a wondrous artist—of the sea—
Of the green mansions, and the sparry caves,
The shells, the sea-maids, and the warring waves;
And stirring dangers;—of the fearful things,
Monstrous and savage, that, from secret springs,
Course, in pursuit of prey; and, all night long,
Keep wakeful but to hear the tempest's song,
And join in terrible chorus! Would you hear?
Then let your breath be hush'd, and bend your ear,

For he that made it hath the wizard's power,
To call up images that shriek and lower,
From hidden caves, and graves, and dens afar;
His sovereign art commands them, and they are!

THE SWAMP FOX

We follow where the Swamp Fox* guides,
His friends and merry men are we;
And when the troop of Tarleton rides,
We burrow in the cypress tree.
The turfy hammock is our bed,
Our home is in the red deer's den,
Our roof, the tree-top overhead,
For we are wild and hunted men.

We fly by day and shun its light,
But prompt to strike the sudden blow,
We mount and start with early night,
And through the forest track our foe,
And soon he hears our chargers leap,
The flashing saber blinds his eyes,
And ere he drives away his sleep,
And rushes from his camp, he dies.

Free bridle bit, good gallant steed,
That will not ask a kind caress
To swim the Santee at our need,
When on his heels the foemen press—
The true heart and the ready hand,
The spirit stubborn to be free,
The twisted bore, the smiting brand—
And we are Marion's men, you see.

Now light the fire and cook the meal,
The last, perhaps, that we shall taste;
I hear the Swamp Fox round us steal,
And that's a sign we move in haste.

*General Francis Marion.

He whistles to the scouts, and hark!
You hear his order calm and low.
Come, wave your torch across the dark,
And let us see the boys that go.

We may not see their forms again,
God help 'em, should they find the strife!
For they are strong and fearless men,
And make no coward terms for life;
They'll fight as long as Marion bids,
And when he speaks the word to shy,
Then, not till then, they turn their steeds,
Through thickening shade and swamp to fly.

Now stir the fire and lie at ease—
The scouts are gone, and on the brush
I see the Colonel bend his knees,
To take his slumbers too. But hush!
He's praying, comrades; 'tis not strange;
The man that's fighting day by day
May well, when night comes, take a change,
And down upon his knees to pray.

Break up that hoecake, boys, and hand
The sly and silent jug that's there;
I love not it should idly stand
When Marion's men have need of cheer.
'Tis seldom that our luck affords
A stuff like this we just have quaffed,
And dry potatoes on our boards
May always call for such a draught.

Now pile the brush and roll the log;
Hard pillow, but a soldier's head
That's half the time in brake and bog
Must never think of softer bed.
The owl is hooting to the night,
The cooter crawling o'er the bank,
And in that pond the flashing light
Tells where the alligator sank.

What! 'tis the signal! start so soon,
And through the Santee swamp so deep,
Without the aid of friendly moon,
And we, Heaven help us! half asleep!
But courage, comrades! Marion leads,
The Swamp Fox take us out to-night;
So clear your swords and spur your steeds,
There's goodly chance, I think, of fight.

We follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
We leave the swamp and cypress tree,
Our spurs are in our coursers' sides,
And ready for the strife are we.
The Tory camp is now in sight,
And there he cowers within his den;
He hears our shouts, he dreads the fight,
He fears, and flies from Marion's men.

OH, THE SWEET SOUTH!

I

Oh, the sweet South! the sunny, sunny South!
Land of true feeling, land forever mine!
I drink the kisses of her rosy mouth,
And my heart swells as with a draught of wine;
She brings me blessings of maternal love;
I have her smile which hallows all my toil;
Her voice persuades, her generous smiles approve,
She sings me from the sky and from the soil!
Oh! by her lonely pines, that wave and sigh—
Oh! by her myriad flowers, that bloom and fade—
By all the thousand beauties of her sky,
And the sweet solace of her forest shade,
She's mine—she's ever mine—
Nor will I aught resign
Of what she gives me, mortal or divine:
Will sooner part
With life, hope, heart—
Will die—before I fly!

II

Oh! love is hers—such love as ever glows
  In souls where leaps affection's living tide;
She is all fondness to her friends—to foes
  She glows a thing of passion, strength, and pride;
She feels no tremors when the danger's nigh,
  But the fight over, and the victory won,
How, with strange fondness, turns her loving eye,
  In tearful welcome, on each gallant son!
Oh! by her virtues of the cherish'd past—
  By all her hopes of what the future brings—
I glory that my lot with her is cast;
  And my soul flushes, and exultant sings:
    She's mine—she's ever mine—
    For her will I resign
All precious things—all placed upon her shrine;
    Will freely part
    With life, hope, heart—
Will die—do aught but fly!

COO! COO! TE WEET TU WHU!

The birds that sing in the leafy spring,
With the light of love on each glancing wing,
  Have lessons to last you the whole year through;
For what is, "Coo! coo! te weet tu whu!"
But, properly rendered, "The wit to woo!"
A wit that brings worship and wisdom too!
  Coo! coo! te weet tu whu—
  The wit to woo—te weet tu whu!

The verb "to love," in the tongue of the dove,
Heard noon and night in the cedar grove,
  Is very soon taught where the heart is true:
For the wit to woo, and the wisdom too,
Lie in the one sweet syllable, "Coo!"
But echo me well, and you learn to woo—
  Coo! coo! te weet tu whu—
  The wit to woo—te weet tu whu!

In every zone is the language known,
But in spring it takes ever the sweetest tone,
A something betwixt a carol and moan;
And if you have only the wit to woo,
You will do it in song as the young birds do,
And maidens will listen the whole year through—
  Coo! coo! te weet tu whu—
  The wit to woo—te weet tu whu!

And never was word, of the forest bird,
Sweeter than that of the maiden heard,
When once to the depths her heart is stirred;
For she hath the proper wit to woo,
And the gift of song to sweeten it, too!
She hath but to coo, and she teaches to woo,
  The whole sweet lesson, te weet tu whu—
  Coo! coo! the wit to woo—te weet tu whu!

JOHN P. SJOLANDER

[1851—]

HILTON R. GREER

SOUTHERN literature is indebted to the intolerance of quondam Swedish authorities for one of the truest poets of this day. Forty years ago a Lapland peasant boy wrote a cutting political pasquinade which so offended certain public officials of his time that he was driven out of the country. This boy was John P. Sjolander who, for more than a quarter of a century, from the seclusion of a southeast Texas farm, has given to the world songs of rare artistic finish and melodious meaning. Sjolander was born in the little seaport town of Hudiksvall, in northern Sweden, on March 25, 1851. Compelled to take advantage of such meager opportunities for acquiring an education as circumstances offered, he stimulated his inborn promptings toward literary expression by reading such books as were obtainable, and, as poets of all times have done, began to write in early youth. At the age of fourteen years he wrote "A Winter's Night," a sort of Swedish cotter's tale, in which the life and lore of northland peasant folk found place. This first effort was well received, and has since become one of the popular folk-songs of Sweden. It never has been translated into English, an intimate knowledge of the place and people that inspired it being necessary to a sympathetic understanding of the poem. Yet it should prove rarely interesting, marking as it does the first flowering of wonderful dreams that came to the peasant boy during the long white winters, while he basked before a blazing hearth, and drew inspiration from the busy whirring of his mother's spinning-wheel. At sixteen years his mental precocity was evidenced in the political satire which expatriated him, and which played such an important part in deciding his destiny. Driven with his family out of the kingdom, young Sjolander began to cast about for some immediate means of earning a livelihood. Necessity and the urgings of his Norse blood drove him to the sea, which he loved, and still loves, with all a poet-sailor's unfaltering devotion. Under the British flag the exile served an apprenticeship of several years, first as common seaman, later as mate, and finally as master, authoritative papers having been granted him by the English Board of Trade. During these years he cruised in many seas, touching at innumerable ports, until his adventuring brought him to Texas,

where, in 1871, he settled on a farm near Cedar Bayou, about sixty miles from the city of Galveston. In this sparsely settled region, far from the din and clamor of the market-place, on a tract of 110 acres, he has since resided, with his brother and the latter's sons who constituted the last representatives of his race. His home is a plain, box-like structure, hidden a half-mile back from the bayou amid cloistering trees. Here, since 1871, he has tilled the soil, harvested his crops, chopped wood, worked in brick-yards, built ships, sailed vessels on the Texas coast—and written exquisite poetry. Stranger though he was to the mystifying intricacies of English, his genius for expression could not long remain dormant. Availing himself of such leisure as respite from exacting manual labor granted, he set himself seriously at work to master the language, and to such purpose that in 1885 we find him writing steadily for the American press, his earliest efforts appearing in New York papers and periodicals under various pen-names. Among the first discriminating critics to recognize the value of the new poet's work was the editor of the old *Peterson's Magazine,* at that time one of the most prominent and popular in the United States. This editor not only published much of Sjolander's work, but gave the young poet every encouragement. Since that time the poems of Sjolander have found place in many of the leading journals of this country and Europe, and his circle of appreciative readers has steadily widened with the years. The felicity with which he employs a language mastered after reaching manhood's estate provokes an admiration akin to wonder, which is further enhanced by the knowledge that this unobtrusive Texan is one of the few poets of the century who writes with equal ease in English, Spanish, Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, Italian, French, and German. Doubtless much of the strength and beauty of his work in English is attributable to such rare linguistic attainments.

The student of Sjolander's poetry is impressed, first of all, with its unsurpassed lucidity. Wordsworthian in simplicity of diction, the poems leave not a momentary doubt as to their author's intended meaning. Little use is made of those fanciful and impressionistic touches which the present-day poet so studiously affects. Sjolander, apparently, scorns such tyro tricks of embellishment. His poems are the products of maturity. They are plain, unpretentious, and often ruggedly simple, like his daily existence. They convey the impression that the author has something to say, and says it in the fewest, strongest words possible. His thought is deep and deliberate; his message direct and convincing. There is, too, a finality of treatment that denotes the true artist, who fashions his poems to suit himself, without regard to the popular demands of the time. A scholarly repression is notable in his treatment of classic themes.

Such poems as "The Cry of Tantalus" and "To Daphne, Dead" are suggestive of sculptured beauty. But it is not upon these that Sjolander's achievement rests. It is as a poet of the soil that he is entitled to fellowship with the heart-singers of all times. His songs of the furrow and fireside ring true, and, in common with such songs from time immemorial, find surest haven in the great, warm heart of humanity. For Sjolander sings best of the things he knows most intimately. To him, as to that other poet-plowman, Robert Burns, the common wayside things are dearest, and hold at their hearts truths as old and new and unchanging as the universe. Loving most the things of earth, he has taken spiritual root in the soil and drawn sustenance therefrom. His poems are redolent of the new-turned mold, the wild-rose hedge, and the shadowy summer woods. In them are echoed the eloquent and myriad voices of nature, and always a deep and abiding faith in the humaneness of God and the God-likeness of humanity. Excellent examples of his truest work are to be found in "The Rain Frog," "The Husbandman," "To a Firefly," and "A Clod." It would be idle to assert that any of these are flawless. For they are human, vitally human, and hence fall short of perfection. Little of that cloying quality termed passion is to be found in them. Yet at their core throbs always a warmth of feeling and catholicity of sympathy that quicken them with enduring vitality. Not often does the reader find greater depth and delicacy of sentiment than are to be felt in the incomparable little love-poem, "Eileen and I," or thrill to more sonorous organ-tones than the "Song of Moloch" outrolls. Strange songs, these two, to come from a peasant-poet: the one of a dream-realm of romance; the other of a warring world of greed with which the singer has little in common. Yet they are striking examples of a remarkable versatility.

As might be expected, Sjolander never has taken himself seriously. He declares himself a farmer, not a poet. Always he has written through sheer love of creating, and never has sought to turn his gift into fame or profit. Of late years he has written little, such work as he has produced being contributed freely to Texas newspapers and widely-scattered publications throughout the United States. His work, for the most part, has been fugitive, and never has been collected in a volume. But the time seems near at hand when such a volume will be demanded. Just how lofty a place will be accorded this unobtrusive yet genuine singer cannot be foretold. Certainly it will be a secure and honorable one. For that he will surely come into his own, while many of the widely-acclaimed pretenders of this time are buried in charitable oblivion, is a prophecy that shall not lack fulfilment.

Hilton R. Greer.

THE DREAM CREED

God bless the one who makes our hearts believe
That in some special way our lives are blest.
What does it matter that his words deceive,
If so he soothes the smallest care to rest?
God bless his creed, we say, for it is sweet
To be made happy—even by deceit.

God bless the one, we say, who has the power
To shake our shackles off, and break the bars,
And loose us, earth-bound, for one little hour
To soar, as in a dream, among the stars.
God bless his creed, we say, though counterfeit,
For that it makes the earth-bound soul forget.

God bless the one, who, when the sky is gray,
By sweet persuadings proves it bright and blue;
And says mankind grows better every day,
And we believe it, and grow better, too.
God bless his creed, we say, although it seems
That its philosophy is built on dreams.

EILEEN AND I

Eileen and I (ah! we had just been wed)
Sat hand in hand beside the summer sea.
Eileen's Leon had two long years been dead,
And Marjory was more than dead to me.
But we, Eileen and I, had just been wed,
And had no thought of dead or more than dead.

Had we not planned that day a pleasant way
Wherein our feet should tread—a way of bliss?
Each waiting what the other's lips would say,
To whisper "yes" and seal it with a kiss?
Yes, we had planned that day a pleasant way,
Where death and more than death should never stray.

We sat, Eileen and I, beside the sea,
'Yond which the hornèd moon was slipping down.
It seemed the waters shivered—or did we?
But well I know the wide sea wore a frown.
And there we clung, beside the frowning sea,
I to Eileen, and she more close to me.

And so close-clasp'd we sat, Eileen and I,
And watched the evening star sink low the while;
Until at last we saw it fade and die
Beyond a little silvery cloudland isle.
And we were lovers there, Eileen and I,
But oh! so timorous, and knew not why.

Besides the stars to watch us there were none,
And they were peeping in the rippled sea;
And so, by stealth (as in a dream 'twas done)
I kissed Eileen and thought her Marjory;
And she sweet-blushing, dreaming, sighed, Leon!—
Besides the stars to watch us there were none.

THE SILENCE

The silence comes from God,
As song goes out from man.
It is the benediction after praise and prayer;
It fills the soul with peace sweeter than loving words;
And rests the weary heart
Beyond the power of sleep.
'Tis softer than the hush that flows from mother-eyes
When on the trembling lip love's tender crooning dies.

Silence is not afar,
Except to those afar
From Nature, Song, and God. Silence is Nature's God,
Deep and mysterious. The God-part of the song
Is its sweet silences;
The words between are ours.
Nature, and Song, and God. Thrice blest is he who dwells
Where God in these works out His wondrous miracles.

The silence is not mute;
It speaks the love divine.
The silence is not still. Wide worlds are wrought in it;
It is the strength that folds and holds them in deep space;
It is the power that swings
Them up, and down, and up;
It is the God in us that comes when murmurings cease,
And blesses heart and soul with trust, and rest, and peace.

THE CRY OF TANTALUS

The Phrygian marble in the palace wall
Grows lusterless, and shows each morning dimmer;
The Sheban gold, that lines the spacious hall,
Has lost the rosy light and merry glimmer;
The ringing laughters turn to mocking jeers,
Smiles to grimaces, and the joys to tears.

Fit for fastidious gods the feast is spread,
And though desire is keen it lies untasted;
Brimful the golden bowl glows warm and red,
And, though athirst, it stales untouched and wasted;
The mildest jest leaves blisters on the tongue,
The sweetest song turns to discord when sung.

The cymbals sound, inviting to the dance,
The maidens smile, their eyes for favors pleading;
And though most warily the feet advance,
Pleasure, as wary, ever keeps receding;
The glad hand lifted meets no outstretched hand,
The good it holds slips out of it like sand.

The splendid gardens are a lure and snare,
The silver fountains flow, but flow denying;
For once, ahunger, Pelops pleaded there
And was denied, and hungered until dying;
The crystal cup from longing lips is thrust,
The rose decays, the apple turns to dust.

The gnomes from field and forest, mart and mine,
  Have piled the red gold up from vault to steeple;
To keep is human, and to give divine—
  The overflow shall go to bless the People;
The red gold gleams like fire in baleful eyes,
The mellow tinkling turns to human cries.

The gods may not forgive, as mortals may,
  The scoff from even him they long befriended;
A thousand deaths cannot their wrath allay—
  They must be just, and most when most offended;
So Tantalus, whom heav'n and earth deny,
Is cursed with life, and doomed to never die.

BABEL

Oh! the heart is sad in the Babel of song,
  And sighs for the solitudes,
Where the silences dwell, and the vistas are long,
  Through glimmering bayous and woods;
And where, when the day and its duties are done,
Its sigh, and the song of the stars, are one.

Oh! the heart is sad within Babel bowers,
  Which Art made to blossom and bloom;
And it longs for the home of the God-made flowers,
  For their fragrance and wild perfume,
Which ever ascends through the pure, sweet air,
A pæan of praise, and a breath of prayer.

Oh! the heart is sad in the Babel of pride,
  And sad at its temple door,
And cries to be where the fields are wide
  And the big blue sky bends o'er;
To walk near God, and to say its prayers,
And not be denied for the garb it wears.

INTRA MUROS

O distances immense!
  Vast is the world and wide,
Yet ye must hold me back,
  And press from every side.
'Tis narrow here and close;
  I call but none respond,
Open, O distances,
  A way to the beyond.

Ye push your level lengths
  Against steep skies afar—
Long lengths that brightly gleam,
  Only the more to bar;
And I am kept apart
  From where the joyous are,
That smile within the dawn,
  And sing 'neath evening's star.

O distances that bind!
  Like ye there are no walls;
Across your shining deeps
  In vain the captive calls.
'Tis human to cry out,
  Even when none is near,
For in the human heart
  Hope is more strong than fear.

And so I shall not cease,
  But conquer fear with hope,
And cry 'neath sun and star
  Until the wide deeps ope—
Until some vision come,
  Until some voice respond
Across the distances,
  And bid me come Beyond.

BURNS

Blood binds us close in kinship, man to man,
Through prejudice and pride, a narrow clan;
But there's a kinship runs through all mankind
That knows nor time nor place—that of the mind;
There chance of birth, and ancestries severe,
Can not keep one afar, and one more near
And so the world of mind as one mind turns,
And claims close kinship with the Scotch through Burns.

For he that sang of love beside the Ayr
Still sings of love as it is everywhere;
He knew its meaning, and he told the spell
In magic numbers like none else can tell;
He felt its pleasure, and he felt its pain
And sang the songs that sing themselves again;
And so the world of love a lover turns,
And claims close kinship with the Scotch through Burns.

He sang of toil, and through his gift of song
Has made it high and holy, pure and strong;
He sang the "riches" that the poor are lent,
And turned them into jewels of content;
And showed the world that there is more of worth
In sturdy manhood than in blood or birth;
And so a world of workers heartened turns,
And claims close kinship with the Scotch through Burns.

He had his frailties, and so have we;
We know what is resisted, so did he;
Perhaps he erred because of his keen wit,
But who that have it muchly cares who's hit?
He sinned, maybe, but One will take his part,
As He will ours, when He ransacks the heart.
And so a world of hearts as one heart turns,
And claims close kinship with the Scotch through Burns.

THE SONG OF MOLOCH

The man-made god of God-made man I sit and sing elate;
A million feet the pedals press—the organ sings their fate;
For men that come to where I dwell, drawn by the power I sway,
Must press the pedals as they pass—must tread them every day.

My temples top the vernal hills, and weight the fruitful plain,
And where their towering spires are reared, supreme I rule and reign;
For men may own the living God with lips that idly part,
But in my keeping is the soul, my law is in the heart.

My fame is gone all through the earth, my temples loom afar;
My praise is sung in harvest-fields where peace and plenty are;
For eyes have seen my altar fires across the heavens flare,
And followed where their smoke rose up like pillars in the air.

By fires at night, by clouds at day, my worshipers are led,
And louder does the organ roar as they the pedals tread;
For silence is the attribute of God and Love divine,
But the unholy sound of strife—the song of death—is mine.

And how I glory in my sway, from which none dares to swerve,
'Tis death to them that turn away, and death to them that serve.
For I am the ingratitude of man personified,
And as his Maker he denies, so, too, is he denied.

There is no love behind my law, no mercy in my creed;
The tender thoughts that blossom here bear bitter fruit and seed,
For man-made gods more cruel are than ever man dared be,
And Moloch never yet revoked what once he did decree.

And yet it seems beyond my song, beyond the organ's blare,
There is a place, a paradise, a land of dreams, somewhere,
Whence comes a song a mother sings, a gleam of one who smiles,
Stealing its way into the heart o'er unremembered miles.

But ho! press on ye million feet, and make the organ roar;
Heap up the sacrificial fires, and bring more victims—more!
For Moloch hungers for the feast, his high priest swings the knife,
Come, fee the god that ye have made! More life, more life, more life!

TO DAPHNE, DEAD

In Tempe's vale how sweet it is to dream!
There are no dreams like those in Tempe's vale!
The coming joys on lips rose-wreathèd gleam,
White brows are bared unto the kiss-soft gale,
And splendid gods amid their high delights
Seem not uncaring, for their glances go,
Flashing with love, from far Olympian heights
Down to the dreamer in the vale below.

O Tempe! Tempe! Tempe! Nor dreams nor visions waken;
Olympus looms up darkly, cloud-swept and god-forsaken.

'Tis good to meet on Ossa's sunny slope
The glance of Daphne, when the day is young,
For she is fairer than the fairest hope,
A song's delight more sweet than ever sung;
Her tresses, wind-blown, are more bright than day,
Her feet white glimmer in the sparkling dew;
Wooed, but unwon, she darts away, away,
A thing of beauty that gods might pursue.

O Ossa! Ossa! Ossa! Places nor prospects gladden;
The morning light has faded, and wakening memories sadden.

In Thessaly the golden, fountain-sprayed,
The air is arduous and tense with strength,
The foot is swift. the heart is undismayed,
Through winding wavs, unfolding length to length;
And Daphne, fleeing, shows her rosy heel,
And sweet perfume flows from her wind-blown hair;
The gods have felt the rapture mortals feel
When Daphne's glory fills the morning air.

O Thessaly! O Thessaly! No fountains flow to bursting;
The way winds gray and dusty through fields and meadows
thirsting.

From high Olympus, down through Tempe's vale,
Past Ossa's slope with dawn and day agleam,
And through Thessalian meadow, field and dale,
Life-giving flows Peneios' sun-flecked stream;
Its voice is luring, and its tide is swift,
Its way is the one way from Thessaly,
And gods and men, by Daphne left adrift,
Look down its reaches, longing to be free.

O Daphne! Daphne! Daphne! The land is song-forsaken;
The stream runs slow and shallow 'mong reeds that break,
wind-shaken.

SONG OF THE CORN

I was dry and dusty,
I was weak and weary;
Now I'm glad and lusty,
And the earth looks cheery.
O! the soaking,
Mirth-provoking,
Laughter-loving rain;
Soft and silky,
Mild and milky,
Grows my golden grain.

Listen to the laughter
That my leaves are making,
When the wind comes after
Kisses, softly shaking.
O! health-giving,
Breathing, living,
Heaven-pouring rain;
Come, caress me,
Kiss me, bless me,
Once, and once again.

Let your hearts be singing;
Peal your pæans, peoples;
Set the joy-bells ringing
In the lofty steeples.
Praises render
To the sender
Of the joyous rain;
Of the living,
The life-giving,
Of the precious rain.

SONNETS FROM THE FARM

A CLOD

Ah, brother mine, we are uncouth, we two,
Crude accidents, perhaps, 'neath winter skies,
In bare brown fields wherein the kildee cries
Unto the east wind that bites through and through.
And, brother mine, there is the cold rain, too,
And long dark nights when heaven hides its eyes,
And days to which the sun his face denies—
Perhaps 'tis best for me as 'tis for you.

O brother mine, teach me your patience rare
Through dreary days and nights, and rain and cold;
Show me the way to trust the will divine,
That I, like you, some day may upward bear,
To gladden earth, a flower with heart of gold—
A little flower from some small grace of mine.

A SCARECROW

Some sticks, some strings, a hat, some rags and straw;
Yes, laugh, old crow, you know now how 'twas made.
But in your heart own up you were afraid,
And fearing kept yourself within the law.
But say, old crow, forget what you just saw:
There is a live thing keeping in the shade
For which that scarecrow stood in masquerade—
It nearly caught you when you shouted "Caw."

Fly, fly! old crow. That ever living thing
Has heard your mocking laugh, and flung its dart;
Fly swifter, swifter, to your sheltering wood,
And there all humbly fold your swarthy wing,
And say unto your wildly beating heart:
"Lord send us scarecrows—fool us to be good."

A FENCE POST

By ax and wedge and maul, and many blows
From cunning hands and strong, it came apart,
Splintered and rough, out of the strong oak's heart;
And even yet the bruise upon it shows.
The gray-green moss that thickly on it grows,
The veiling weeds that all around it start,
The creeping vines that from its top out-dart—
Its gnarls and ruggedness help to disclose.

I laid my hand upon this post to-day,
As it had lain before upon the rest,
And found it 'mong them all the most secure,
And with a soft far voice it seemed to say:
"Fate with the strong was ne'er the tenderest,
But only to the strong it says 'Endure.'"

A SPARROW

Ha! there you are. You do not seem to know,
Or if you know it, do not seem to care
How cold the wind is or the earth how bare,
But keep on scratching, scratching, heel and toe.
You must find something good there, down below
The dead weeds and the grass to keep you there.
Ho! coming out, and singing. I declare!
And all the earth so bare, and cold winds blow.

O little friend, you are about—so long,
And just about—yes, just about—so high.
Oh! with a trust like yours in heart so true,
And with the faith you have, so great and strong,
Were you as big—nay, half as big—as I,
What wondrous things were possible for you.

THE RAIN FROG

All day long a little frog
  Sat and blinked with beady eyes
On an old and moss-grown log.

All day long within the deep,
  Brazen, and unruffled sea,
Lay the wind in death-like sleep.

All day long upon the brink
  Of the fading, dying stream,
Sighed the flowers for one small drink.

All day long the birds sang not,
  But sat piping in the trees,
For their throats were dry and hot.

But at eve, with voice so shrill,
  Cried the frog to God for rain,
And his voice would not be still.

To his cry the answer came:
  God spake from the moving cloud,
Thunder-voiced, with tongue of flame.

And the rain fell full and free,
  And the flowers drank their fill,
And the birds sang in the tree.

And the sun sank out of sight,
  And the wind came in from sea,
'Neath God's bow with glory bright.

And that night a little frog
  Sat—and mused the grace of God—
On an old and moss-grown log.

IN AUGUST WOODS

There is a peace no sounding words can tell,
And there is rest beyond the gift of sleep;
And silence, Nature's music-miracle,
With song expectant fills the shadows deep,
In August woods.

There is fulfilment of the spring-time's dream,
And hope's fruition rich beyond compute,
For hands may touch, and eyes behold the gleam
Of buds turned into leaves and blooms to fruit,
In August woods.

What though the song of nesting-time be hushed?
There is a time when Love lays down its cares.
The heart of things as with sweet wine is flushed—
A full completeness takes it unawares,
In August woods.

And then the gold the molten sunshine sifts!
Its glint and glory smoothes out every frown;
And by some magic all the earth it lifts—
Or does it make the sky lean lower down?—
In August woods.

THE DUSK OF THE SOUTH

The dusk of the South is tender
As the touch of a soft, soft hand;
It comes between splendor and splendor,
The sweetest of service to render,
And gathers the cares of the land.

Above it the soft sky blushes
And pales like an April rose;
Within it the South wind hushes,
And the Jessamine's heart outgushes,
And earth like an emerald glows.

The dusk of the South comes fleetly,
And fleetly it takes its flight;
But it comes like a song so sweetly,
And gathers our cares completely,
For God to keep through the night.

AFTER CARE IN AUTUMN

Awake! for care is over,
The year leans to the west,
And every bird's a rover,
Far from the mother breast.

The south wind softly hushes
His voice that was so strong;
And no more come sweet rushes
Of bird pipes tuned to song.

The dust that came in broadsides
With every vagrant breeze,
Lies gray on weed-grown roadsides,
On bushes, and on trees.

Amid the vine and briar,
Silent the redbird clings,
Fluffing his breast of fire,
Preening his blazing wings.

And in far fields and meadows,
And through deep woods and old,
The white clouds build of shadows
Cool isles in seas of gold.

And fancy like a rover
Fares through a region blest,
For now earth's care is over,
And God has sent it rest.

BENJAMIN SLEDD

(1864--)

JOSEPH QUINCY ADAMS, JR.

BENJAMIN SLEDD, the son of William and Arabella Sledd, was born in Bedford County, Virginia, August 24, 1864. His forefathers were planter folk, distinguished chiefly for good living, land-holding, and ruling everything for ten miles around. On his father's side he is descended from Davis Douglass, a Scotch Covenanter's son and soldier of 1812, and Thomas Sledd, a soldier of the Revolution. In the slave quarters long survived a tradition of "Uncl' Bartley" who "blowed de fife wid Mars' Tom in General Washington's war." On his mother's side he is descended from the Hobsons, who originally settled near Petersburg, and who, it is interesting to note, furnished an illustrious representative to the late war with Spain.

Mr. Sledd's early years were spent in the constant companionship of his mother, a woman of strong personality. Though not an invalid, she was never known to enter a neighbor's house, and for more than twenty years she never went beyond the gate of her own lawn. To the influence of this strong yet lovable woman Mr. Sledd owes the deepest and most abiding influences of his life. He has paid a beautiful tribute to her in one of his early poems. Next after the influence of his mother comes that of the nightly story-tellings, when children and servants gathered before the big kitchen fireplace; for, indeed, some of the customs of slavery days on the old plantations did not really pass away until late in the seventies. The picture of the old slave Isaac, which Mr. Sledd draws in one of his most characteristic poems, well reflects this childhood plantation life.

Mr. Sledd received his first instruction in the little "brown schoolhouse," the memory of which is preserved in "The Truants" and in "Alice." And from a family of German tenants he learned at an early age to read and love Heine, Uhland, Goethe, and Schiller; to this, perhaps, is due the German mysticism which critics have discovered in his verse. Among the best of his boyhood teachers, however, must be reckoned "old Otter's lonely peak," which, like a tutelary deity, figures in so many of his poems.

In 1881 Mr. Sledd entered Washington and Lee University, from which, in 1886, he was graduated as Master of Arts. In the autumn

of the same year he entered Johns Hopkins University, but at the end of the session, because of failing eyesight, was compelled to give up his studies. For a year he taught at Charlotte Hall, in southern Maryland. Of his life here he has given us a glimpse in one of the best of his early poems, "Beside the Chesapeake."

In the autumn of 1888 Mr. Sledd was called to Wake Forest College, North Carolina, as professor of modern languages. In 1894, at his own request, he was transferred to the department of English, and this position he still holds. As a teacher he has exercised upon the students of the college a profound influence. Himself afire with enthusiasm for good literature, he has succeeded in kindling a like fire in the hearts of his pupils. Every year a little band of enthusiasts leaves his class-room for the larger universities of the North, to pursue there the study of English literature.

In 1889 Mr. Sledd was married to Miss Neda Purefoy, granddaughter of J. S. Purefoy, one of the founders of Wake Forest College. Close by the campus Mr. Sledd lives, in an old-fashioned, big-roomed Southern house, filled, as he says, "with books and babies." The love of children, indeed, is his most striking characteristic. He seems never more happy than when bound for the fields and woods with a small army of the village children around him. One can understand, therefore, why he has written so much of children, and why the deaths of three of his own brood have exerted so deep an influence on his poetry.

In 1897 Mr. Sledd issued from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons his first volume of verse, entitled 'From Cliff and Scaur.' In spirit and in form the volume reflects the strong influence of Tennyson, an influence confessed both in the title, and in the beautiful dedicatory "Prelude." Among the poems is some of Mr. Sledd's best verse—"The Mother," "In the Valley of the Shadow," "The Mystery of the Woods," "Beside the Chesapeake;" and yet the volume is interesting chiefly as promising better things to come. The kindly welcome it received from the critics encouraged Mr. Sledd to publish, in 1902, a second collection of verse, 'The Watchers of the Hearth.' This collection revealed a sure advance both in material and in craftsmanship. Most of the poems are strong and beautiful; they display a rare command of the poet's art, and a wide range of theme—witness the exquisite sonnets "To Sappho," "Innominata," "The Quest," and the poem which gives a name to the collection, "The Watchers of the Hearth." The volume, though small, forms a distinct contribution to our literature. In 1908 Mr. Sledd published his third volume, 'Margaret and Miriam, a Book of Verse for All Who Love Little Children.' This is a collection of elegies, inspired by the deaths of two of his children, who during their brief

lives had been his constant companions in wood and field. Most of the poems take the form of the sonnet, a form admirably suited to the poet's genius and also to the theme in hand, for the several sonnets, as small units, are made to reflect the varying moods of the grief-stricken mind.

Mr. Sledd's genius is essentially lyric—when he undertakes the narrative he is not nearly so good—and he has made the sonnet his most effective vehicle. By no means, however, has he confined himself to the sonnet, for he has tried with success many verse forms. His poems, as I have already indicated, show a mastery of the "versesmith's" art: they possess, in a high measure, felicity of diction, beauty of imagery, and charm of melody. Moreover, permeating the poems from beginning to end are certain elements which render them especially pleasing to the "gentle reader"—a delicate refinement, a sympathy with nature, a well restrained mysticism, a tempered melancholy, and, above all, an elusive something—perhaps the poet's spirit—which because of its very elusiveness charms the mind. It is worthy of note that in each successive volume Mr. Sledd has made distinct progress. Already, without a doubt, he has won for himself a high and enduring place in American literature.

Joseph Quincy Adams, Jr.

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PRELUDE

From 'Cliff and Scaur.' Published, G. P. Putnam's Sons, and used here by permission of the publishers.
October 6, 1892.

All night I moved about the silent house,
In grief for one whom I had never known—
Dying beyond the sea. And in the dawn
Methought I heard far off a phantom bell
Ring out one startled, broken peal of woe;
And, linking voice in voice, bell after bell
Bore on the wailing through the darkened land,
And many a heart that watched and grieved with mine,
Made answer: "He is gone—the last, the best!"

THE COCOON

From 'Cliff and Scaur.'

We found it in the autumn woods
And bore it home, the strange cocoon,
To keep it with the secret hope
That when the hidden life should ope,
Dear God would grant the one sweet boon
Which each in voiceless prayer would name—
Nor name aloud for blissful shame.

We placed it in a hidden nook,
And guarded it with jealous care,
And thought that winter did us wrong
To keep us from our own so long.
We were a foolish, loving pair
Who still would blush in blissful shame
To speak of joys we soon might claim.

A startling shape of golden light
Burst from the strange cocoon one night,
And fluttered through the open door,
Just ere the dark-winged angel bore
God's gift to God's own hand again.

Oh, little life not lived in vain!
Thy one sweet day my soul counts gain
Above these after-years of pain.
And still with silent lips we name
The boon we nevermore may claim.

THE MOTHER

From 'Cliff and Scaur.'

Will they not leave me in peace?—Yes, dear, I am coming soon.
What need of winter's presence at rose-crowned rites of June?

He brings her home in triumph, the sweet young life he has won;
And I could rejoice in a daughter, had I not lost a son.

Long since God took my others, and now I am left alone;
For, though I am still his mother, the wife will claim her own.

How cold to-night was his greeting! He called me simply "mother";
Those old sweet names of endearment so soon he gives to another.

Oh, for one hour of the nights when he sat by the hearth and read,
And 't was to his voice I listened, and not what the dull books said.

And often I'd fall to weeping—and yet I knew not why;
But then we older children must have our meaningless cry.

A moment of silence and weeping, and then my tears have done:
May I, who have wept for nothing, not weep for the loss of a son?

But why is my loss so bitter? 'Tis what all mothers have known;
For, though we still are mothers, we may not claim our own.

INSOMNIA

From 'Cliff and Scaur.'

Wouldst know the saddest of sad things?
It is with sleepless eyes to lie
Watching the weary hours go by;
Till weariness impatient waits—
Beside day's grim unopened gates—
For all the untried morrow brings.

THE WATCHERS OF THE HEARTH

From 'The Watchers of the Hearth.' Published by Richard G. Badger, and used here by permission of the publisher.

Beside my hearthstone watching late,
I mark the quivering words of fate
Which over the dying embers run.
  Oh fearful heart, what may they mean?—
"That thou thy dearest wish hast won
And gained what thou hast never known,
A something thou canst call thy own:
A love thou shalt not need to woo,
Or question whether false or true:
A tender life which thou canst shape
  To all thy nobler self had been."
But, lo, the embers fall agape:
The wavering, flame-wrought words are fled
With half their meaning still unread.
And all my soul is hushed in dread,
To see beyond the threshold wait,
Like wolves before the sheepfold gate,
A thousand lurking shapes of sin
To claim the new-born life within:
And round its bed a shadowy throng,
Like those grim gossips which of old
With woven pace and fateful song,
Their revels at each childbirth held.
Too well I know each mated pair
Of boding spirits gathered there:

Wan Sorrow leaning hard on Care,
And Shame that clutched the skirts of Fame,
And One there was that bore no name.
A dreary voice the silence broke,
And slowly, darkly Sorrow spoke:
"May not the Mother have her own?—
Whatever in thee is divine,
Whatever of beauty thou hast known,
Or rapture felt, is it not mine?
And mine this little life of thine!"
Then spoke the spirit without name:
"The evil angel of thy race,
This latest-born I wholly claim,
And nought may save from my embrace."

"Oh God, is there no help?" I cried.
"Is all to my sweet babe refused
Save that harsh way my feet have used?"
A sad voice murmured at my side:
"This being then to me confide!"
I turned and, lo, the Shining One,
Whose work is ne'er in gladness done—
But gladly through that grim array,
Still following to the gates of day,
I saw him bear my babe away.

THE DEATH OF BALDER

From 'The Watchers of the Hearth.'

The sun went down to-night
  A quivering heart,
Pierced to its core of light
  With a rayless, rugged dart
Flung from the Titan hands
Of a shape which stands
Darkening all the summer lands.

THE CHILDREN

From 'The Watchers of the Hearth.'

No more of work! Yet ere I seek my bed,
Noiseless into the children's room I go,
With its four little couches all a-row,
And bend a moment over each dear head.

Those soft, round arms upon the pillow spread,
These dreaming lips babbling more than we know,
One tearful, smothered sigh of baby woe—
Fond words of chiding, would they were unsaid!

And while on each moist brow a kiss I lay,
With tremulous rapture grown almost to pain,
Close to my side I hear a whispered name:—
Our long-lost babe, who with the dawning came,
And in the midnight went from us again.
And with bowed head, one good-night more I say.

THE WRAITH OF ROANOKE

From 'The Watchers of the Hearth.'

Like a mist of the sea at morn it comes,
Gliding among the fisher-homes—
The vision of a woman fair;
And every eve beholds her there
Above the topmost dune,
With fluttering robe and streaming hair,
Seaward gazing in dumb despair,
Like one who begs of the waves a boon.

Lone ghost of the daring few who came
And, passing, left but a tree-carved name
And the mystery of Croatan:
And out of our country's dawning years
I hear the weeping of woman's tears:
With a woman's eyes I dimly scan

Day after day the far blue verge,
And pray of the loud unpitying surge,
And every wind of heaven, to urge
The sails that alone can succor her fate—
The wigwam dark and the savage mate,
The love more cruel than cruelest hate—
Still burns on her cheek that fierce, hot breath—
And the shame too bitter to hide in death.

TO SAPPHO

From 'The Watchers of the Hearth.'

Might each but claim of Time's unfeeling hand
  Some treasure reft of man so long ago
  That fancy's utmost can but dimly show
The glory of the gifts we would demand—
What gift were mine?—In that far Lesbian land
  To pluck from some forgotten tomb a scroll
  Writ with those songs of woe and passion—whole,
In characters of Sappho's own sweet hand.

Or yet to lie one hour upon the shore,
While far off come and go the long-prowed ships,
And watch that hand divine flash o'er the lyre,
And hear the numbers flow from her wild lips—
To drink of her dark, regal eyes the fire,
And, passing, feel no meaner rapture more.

THE QUEST

From 'The Watchers of the Hearth.'

I sought it summer-long, and sought in vain—
  A presence foiling still the senses' hold;
  As Pan too ardent for the nymph of old
Clasped but the reeds chiding in mournful strain.
A voice it seemed, heard by the moon-lit main,
  A secret left by the midnight woods half told,
  A vision glimpsed athwart the sunset's gold,
Or fancied in the footsteps of the rain.

And would the autumn too leave me unblest?
As in a gloomy glen at eve I lay,
Watching the wind and flying leaves at play,
Beside me, lo, the being of my quest!
Strange lips a moment to my own she prest,
Murmuring, "Follow still!" and passed away.

INNOMINATA

From 'The Watchers of the Hearth.'

Do you remember now the autumn day
When at the stile we silent took farewell?—
For in our hearts was that no words could tell.
Long time we stood, and watched the twilight gray
Wrapping the land, hill after hill, away,
And close and closer round the shadows fell,
As if some power enmeshed us in its spell,
And still the saving word we might not say.

Then with one look at your mute, hopeless face—
For passion in such parting must not be—
Without one kiss—our separate ways we went.
Would you not call me back? your heart relent?
I turned and looked once more—only to see
The cold white moonrays, ghostlike, in your place.

THE SOUTH-SEA WATCH

From 'The Watchers of the Hearth.'
"The horror of a night watch on the beach!"—From a letter from the Philippines.

Is this the end of his dreams?—pacing this lonely shore,
With the strange, dark land behind, and the unknown sea before;
And the land so still in its sorrow, and the sea so loud in its grief,
The myriad moan of the sands, and the long, deep roar of the reef:
And somewhere far in the darkness, for ever high over it all—
Like the voice of one forsaken—the buoy's lone, wailing call.

Is this the end of his dreams?—the longings of the boy
For the pomp of drum and cannon, and battle's fiery joy:
To strike one blow for the right, for a people long oppressed,
And to lie, if need be, at last, with the flag upon his breast.
For the battle is not with men, but a foe of mightier hand—
The unshorn strength of the sun, and the riotous life of the land;
Where nature, knowing no master, foregoes her kindly way,
And a sense of the hopeless struggle is stronger by night than by day;
For unknown, and larger and closer, the stars burn overhead,
And the moon, out of dark waters breaking, is grown a thing of dread.

And, lo, across the moonlight the phantom caravels go,
Bearing the white man's lust, and the long, long years of woe—
The years of rapine and slaughter, the patient land has known,
Till the hands that have sown the whirlwind must reap of the seed they have sown.
And all around in the darkness, voices lament and weep—
The mighty shades of heroes swarming up from their unknown sleep
In the gloom of the primal forest, in the vasty holds of the deep—
The dauntless spirits who followed those quests of glory and gain,
Lighting in blood-stained splendour the deathless name of Spain.

But the midnight vision passes, and the sea breaks forth in its grief—
The myriad moan of the sands and the long, deep roar of the reef,
And somewhere far in the darkness, forever high over it all—
Like the voice of one forsaken—the buoy's lone, wailing call.

SUSAN DABNEY SMEDES

[1840—1913]

EMILIE W. McVEA

SUSAN DABNEY SMEDES, the second daughter and eighth child of Thomas Smith Dabney and of Sophia Hill, inherited from a long line of vigorous and cultured forebears the personal characteristics and race traditions which eminently fitted her to be the exponent of that life of the past which she has sympathetically portrayed in 'A Southern Planter.' Her grandfather, Benjamin Dabney, was the son of John Dabney, descended from a Huguenot refugee, who settled on the Pamunkey River and became the progenitor of the large families of Dabneys well known in the life of King William and Gloucester counties, Virginia. The Dabney men have been characterized by administrative ability, ardent enthusiasm, and loyalty to family and friends. Many of them have held positions of honor in State or Nation, and several have shown marked literary ability. Thomas Smith Dabney, Mrs. Smedes's father, was related to the Marshalls, Carys, Lees, Nelsons, Carters, and Beverleys, and passed his youth and early manhood in the hospitable and cultured surroundings of Virginia country life. Moving to Mississippi in 1835, in an exodus of Virginia planters to the rich cotton-fields of the far South, he carried with him the traditions of his old home. So his household became representative of the more active pioneer spirit of the younger colonies, as well as of the older, dignified life of Virginia.

The events of Susan Dabney Smedes's life are few, and are important only as they formed her character and literary taste and enabled her to understand and to interpret, through the medium of one man and of one family, the conditions in the South during the decade preceding the Civil War and during the reconstruction period, from 1865 to 1885. She was born August 10, 1840, at the home of her grandmother, Mrs. Charles Hill, in Raymond, Mississippi, ten miles from her father's extensive plantation at Burleigh, Hinds County. She was one of eighteen children, and grew to young womanhood in Burleigh, an old-time southern country home. There she was carefully educated by governesses and by private tutors, in the branches then considered necessary for womanly culture, and was taught by her mother the no less important housewifely duties

belonging to an older daughter, upon whom would necessarily devolve much of the management and of the social entertainment of a plantation home. When but a child, her religious sense was so strongly developed that her father was obliged to ask the clergymen who frequently visited the house not to mention the subject of missions before her, "because that child was bent on becoming a missionary." This spirit later found expression in the establishment of the Bishop Green training-school at Dry Grove, Mississippi, and in work among the Indians in Dakota.

As Susan Dabney grew older, and realized the meaning and responsibility of the slave system to Southerners of high purpose and strong feeling, like her father and mother, she naturally adopted their attitude toward slaves. The kindness and consideration of the children of the household for their servants, and their love and respect for such trusted negro friends as Mammy Harriet and Mammy Maria, were among the most charming features of the life at Burleigh. The story of these early days, filled with home duties, but also enlivened by holiday jollifications, by the long visits of relatives, and by delightful intercourse with friends of her father, such as S. S. Prentiss, Henry S. Foote, and General Zachary Taylor, is a pleasant contrast to the later times of poverty and sorrow.

The summers at Burleigh, so Mrs. Smedes tells us in the Memorials, were especially gay. "The house was nearly always crowded with guests. Friends from towns and cities found it the pleasant time to visit the country, and there were other reasons for their coming, too. It was safe from the yellow fever. In yellow fever summers entire households, including, of course, servants and children of all ages, were entertained. Sometimes for weeks, and even months, the white family numbered from twenty to twenty-five persons, and sometimes more. Music and dancing, charades and games, cards, riding on horseback, and wagon- and carriage-driving were the diversions. . . . One summer we got up a history class, and everybody had every morning to sit in a long line in the hall and answer in his or her turn a question or two in English history. . . . One winter we young people and our guests took up English poetry. It became a rage to study the best English poetry and recite it to each other on long walks. . . Anyone who excelled in anything that could entertain the company was called on to do it. There were few who did not catch the spirit of the house, and join in whatever was on foot." To a person of cultivated tastes reading was naturally a chief form of entertainment. Happily for Mrs. Smedes, the library at Burleigh was unusually large and well selected, even for those days of excellent private libraries in the South. Her reading of English classics formed not only her tastes but her

style—a style in no wise original, but simple and dignified, and entirely lacking in theatric effects.

In 1860 Susan Dabney married Lyell Smedes, the oldest son of Dr. Albert Smedes, one of the foremost educators of the South. During her brief married life of only eleven weeks, she lived in Vicksburg, Mississippi. At the end of that time her young husband died, and she returned to her father's home. After the death of her husband and of her mother in 1860, the happy home life was at an end. During the war the family lived at Burleigh, until residence in so lonely a place became impossible, when they took refuge for a year in Macon, Georgia. On their return, the condition of the plantation became deplorable, as the money for its running expenses could not be obtained. Thomas Dabney had gone security for a friend, and in 1866 his property was seized for the debt. The family united in their efforts to buy back the place, and struggled in the midst of poverty to keep their home. During this time Mrs. Smedes was the constant companion and confidential friend of her father. She grew to know him in adversity as she had never known him in prosperity. Before his trouble came he was dominant, rash, generous to a fault, a man of large plans and able in execution, one who did not easily brook contradiction, and who did not readily show affection; in the days of his poverty and sorrow he grew tender, gentle, unvarying in patience and in humility. The debts were paid, but the plantation at last had to be given up.

In 1882 the family moved to Baltimore, where Thomas Dabney died in 1885. In 1887, Mrs. Smedes, being obliged to choose some work as a means of support, went with her sister as United States teacher to the Sioux Indians at Rosebud Reservation, Dakota. Here for fourteen months she labored earnestly to civilize the Indians by her tender sympathy as well as by her instruction. Her health, however, rapidly gave way under the rigorous climate of the prairies, where she and her sister lived on the coarsest food in an isolated Indian camp. Compelled by weakness and suffering to give up her work, in April, 1888, she went to Helena, Montana, where she found employment as clerk in the Surveyor-general's office. In 1892 she moved to Washington City, having received an appointment as clerk in the Census Bureau. For the past fifteen years, however, she has lived in the congenial atmosphere of Sewanee, Tennessee, where her home, Gladstone Cottage, named in honor of the great statesman, who highly valued her work, is a center for the delightful but modest society of the University of the South.

Mrs. Smedes has contributed some articles of general interest to newspapers and magazines, but as an author she must be judged by one book. That book, however, is of so fine a quality, both as a

biography and as an interpretation of Southern life, that it gives her a high rank among Southern writers. She undertook to tell simply and sympathetically the life of a revered father; she has succeeded in giving the portrait of a man of strongly marked individuality and innate nobility—a man typical of the best product of a bygone time and a bygone social condition. With delicate taste, Mrs. Smedes has suppressed her own personality and has let the story tell itself. From the naïve talk of the negroes, from letters to his wife and children, from the management of household and plantation, the traits of Thomas Dabney's character reveal themselves until he lives before the reader as distinct a personality as Colonel Newcome—forever a faithful representative of the Old South. The story is written without regard to strict chronological order, but the material is grouped in chapters concerning themselves largely with subjects of permanent interest, such as the patriarchal moving of a large household of family and slaves from Virginia to Mississippi; plantation management, and the management of household servants; Christmas festivities at Burleigh; the delightful summer months at Pass Christian; the darker days of the war, and the struggle for adjustment to new conditions. This all contains, of course, much personal detail, but it is also typical of the life of hundreds of high-minded men all over the South. The style is simple but vivid, the narrative profusely illustrated with pointed anecdote. That Mrs. Smedes should have been able to make generally interesting the biography of a private person, not widely known beyond the circle of his family and friends, shows literary skill of a high order. She succeeds in doing this because she understands Thomas Dabney, not only as a man, but also as a typical figure in his relations to his time and to his surroundings.

The 'Memorials of a Southern Planter' has, moreover, historical as well as literary value. As Joel Chandler Harris says of it: "No better, fairer, or more absolutely trustworthy picture of Southern life has been printed." By centralizing her story in the relation of the good master to his slaves, Mrs. Smedes has made a considerable contribution to the history of Southern civilization. She says in her preface: "The younger generation will hear much of the wickedness of slavery and slave owners—I wish them to learn of a good master; of one who cared for his servants affectionately, and yet with a firm hand when there was need, and with a full sense of his responsibility. There were many like him." The book has been introduced into the history course of several schools in the United States, both North and South, and is quoted as authoritative by James Bryce in 'The American Constitution,' by Albert Hart in 'Slavery and Abolition,' and by J. T. Rhodes in 'The History of the United

States from the Compromise of 1850.' Undoubtedly, as years go by, it will become a reference book for the period. It has given to the North a better understanding of the normal Southern attitude toward slavery, and to England, where it was warmly welcomed and appreciated, a new view of the South and of its people. The work of Susan Dabney Smedes, though limited in quantity, will endure, because it is an illuminating interpretation of an interesting period in the development of American society.

Emilie W. McVea

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MASTER AND SLAVES

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I. Early Days in Mississippi.

His plantation was considered a model one, and was visited by planters anxious to learn his methods. He was asked how he made his negroes do good work. His answer was that a laboring man could do more work and better work in five and a half days than in six. He used to give the half of Saturdays to his negroes, unless there was a great press of work; but a system of rewards was more efficacious than any other method. He distributed prizes of money among his cotton-pickers every week during the season, which lasted four or five months. One dollar was the first prize, a Mexican coin valued at eighty-seven and a half cents the second, seventy-five cents the third,

and so on, down to the smallest prize, a small Mexican coin called picayune, which was valued at six and a quarter cents. The decimal nomenclature was not in use there. The coins were spoken of as "bits." Eighty-seven and a half cents were seven bits, fifty cents four bits, twenty-five cents two bits. The master gave money to all who worked well for the prizes, whether they won them or not. When one person picked six hundred pounds in a day, a five-dollar gold-piece was the reward. On most other plantations four hundred pounds or three hundred and fifty or three hundred was considered a good day's work, but on the Burleigh place many picked five hundred pounds. All had to be picked free of trash. No one could do this who had not been trained in childhood. To get five hundred pounds a picker had to use both hands at once. Those who went into the cotton-fields after they were grown only knew how to pull out cotton by holding on to the stalk with one hand and picking it out with the other. Two hundred pounds a day would be a liberal estimate of what the most industrious could do in this manner. A very tall and lithe young woman, one of mammy's "brer Billy's" children, was the best cotton-picker at Burleigh. She picked two rows at a time, going down the middle with both arms extended and grasping the cotton-bolls with each hand. Some of the younger generation learned to imitate this. At Christmas Nelly's share of the prize-money was something over seventeen dollars. Her pride in going up to the master's desk to receive it, in the presence of the assembled negroes, as the acknowledged leader of the cotton-pickers, was a matter of as great interest to the white family as to her own race.

The negroes were helped in every way to gather the cotton, not being interrupted or broken down by any other work. Some of the men were detailed to carry the cotton-hampers to the wagons that the pickers might lift no weights. Water-carriers, with buckets of fresh water, went up and down the rows handing water to the pickers. They would get so interested and excited over the work that they had to be made to leave the fields at night, some of the very ambitious ones wishing to sleep at the end of their rows, that they might be up and at work in the morning earlier than their rivals. The cotton was weighed three times a day, and the number of

pounds picked by each servant set down opposite to his or her name on a slate. Quite a remarkable feat of memory was exhibited by one of the negro men one day in connection with this. His duty was to help the overseer to weigh the cotton. One day the slate was caught in a rain and the figures were obliterated. This man came that night to the master's desk and gave from memory every record on the slate, the morning, mid-day, and evening weights of each picker. The negroes stood near enough to hear if he had made a mistake in any man's figures. It was the more remarkable as he could not have expected to be called on to do this. In addition to the cotton crop, corn was raised in such abundance that it was not an unusual thing to sell a surplus of a thousand or two bushels or more. A maxim with the master was that no animal grew fat on bought corn. In putting in his corn crop he made full allowance for a bad season, hence there was never a scarcity. A lock on a corn-crib was not known. After the mules and horses were fed in the evening the negroes carried home all that they cared to have. They raised chickens by the hundred. One of the chicken-raisers, old Uncle Isaac, estimated that he raised five hundred, unless the season was bad. Uncle Isaac's boast was that he was a child of the same year as the master, and that the master's mother had given to him in her own arms some of the baby Thomas's milk, as there was more of it than he wanted. He would draw himself up as he added, "I called marster brother till I was a right big boy, an' I called his mother ma till I was old enough to know better an' to stop it myself. She never tole me to stop."

The negroes sold all the chickens they did not eat. They were taken to Raymond or Cooper's Well in a four-mule wagon, provided by the master. As he paid the market price, and as there was some risk of their getting less than he gave, there was not often a desire to send them off if he would take them. And he had need to buy all he used after the death of our faithful Granny Harriet. Different servants were given the care of the poultry, and all failed so signally that Aunt Kitty, who was renowned for success in her own poultry-yard, was placed in charge. She was given all the conveniences and facilities she asked for—chicken-houses, coops, and separate enclosures for young chickens. The result of all this outlay

was not a chicken the first year, and only one the second. The history of that one deserves to be recorded. It was hatched out in the hedge and raised by its mother hen without the aid of our accomplished hen-hussy.

The thrifty negroes made so much on their chickens, peanuts, popcorn, molasses-cakes, baskets, mats, brooms, taking in sewing, and in other little ways, that they were able to buy luxuries. Some of the women bought silk dresses; many had their Sunday dresses made by white mantua-makers. Of course they had the clothes of the master and mistress in addition; and in later years, as the house grew full of young masters and young mistresses, theirs were added. As the family knew that the servants liked nothing so well as the well-made clothes that they laid aside, they wore their clothes but little. They justly considered that those who had labored for them had rights to them while still fresh. Under these circumstances it did not seem wasteful for a daughter of the house to distribute, at the end of a season, as many as a dozen or more dresses that had been made up but a few months before. It was quite funny to see among the gallants three or four swallow-tail coats of the master's come in at the gate for the grand promenade on Sunday evenings, escorting the colored belles in all their bravery of hoop-skirts, and ruffles, and ribbons, and flowers. Mammy Harriet gives me this account of the management at Burleigh:

"De men had twelve pounds o' meat ebery two weeks an' de women ten pounds. Viney, my brer Billy's daughter, had as much as a man. You see she was a hearty eater. An' dey had 'lasses too 'cordin' to dey famblys—a water-bucketful. Den some on 'em let dey meat gin out an' come for mo'. Marster git 'em mo meat out o' de house, an' den he go out to de smoke-house an' cut mo'. I hab see marster out in de fiel' after breakfast an' Headman Charles say to him, 'Marster, some o' dese people ain't got nothin' to eat.' Den he ride back an' hab a bushel o' meal sifted, an' git a piece o' meat, an' tie up de salt, an' ride back an' say, 'Charles, let those fellows get a plenty of oak bark and cook these things. Here is a plenty of meat and meal and salt.' Den dey sot on sometimes a dozen pots an' bile water to make up all dat bread.

"Dyar warn't no chile born on dat place widdout no clo'es

to put on. Missis had 'em made in de house. I know I myself mik' clo'es for Nelly chile, eben to de bonnet. I mik' de bonnet out o' a piece o' missis dress. She gib five pieces to ebery chile at a time. She had two made in de house, de udder three she say, 'Make yourself. You ought to know how to sew for yourself.'

"Ebey udder Sunday was draw day. Dey draw de meat an' missis lay aside all her clo'es an' her chillun clo'es to gib 'way—a pile on 'em. She say, 'Maria, send the servants to me in the house,' an' she gib de clo'es to 'em. I heard her say to marster one day, 'There is a beggar-woman here.' 'Well, have you something to give her?' 'No; I have too many servants to give my clothes to beggars. Give her some money.' He say, 'Very well.' An' he gib de 'oman money. She nebber 'fused her people nuthin'; nobody warn't 'fear'd to ask her for anything."

One day a great lubberly, stupid negro woman stalked into her room and said, "Missis, gib me a dress." The woman was uncouth and rude. The little girl sitting with her mother saw her get up at once and hand a pretty woollen dress to the woman. "She did not even thank you," the child objected, when the negro had gone out. "And don't it teach her to beg to give her the dress when she asks for it?" Time has not obliterated the memory of the gentle rebuke. "Poor thing, she has no one to teach her manners, and she has so little sense, and no one to ask for anything but me. I was very glad, indeed, that she came and asked me for something."

For some years the master accompanied every wagon loaded with cotton that went to market from his plantation. He slept on these journeys under the wagons, and sometimes on awakening in the morning he found that his great-coat, in which he was wrapped, was frozen hard to the ground. His negro drivers were more heavily clad than himself, each one being provided with a thick woollen great-coat that reached to his heel, home-knit woollen socks and gloves, and an enormous comforter for the neck. No illness resulted from the exposure. In the morning a hot meal, cooked by one of the negroes—and all the race are admirable cooks—was shared by the master and his men.

Until over seventy years old, he was singularly indifferent

to cold or heat, or to discomforts of any sort. But he felt compassion for his negroes. He knew that the warm African blood in their veins was not fitted to endure what he could stand. He never regarded the weather for himself, but was very careful about sending them out in bad weather, and never did it unless it seemed a necessity. On such occasions he wore an anxious look, and said that he could not go to bed until his servants had gotten home safely. They were always sure of finding a hot fire and a warm drink ready for them on their return.

Every other year he distributed blankets on the plantation, giving one apiece to each individual. Many of the families were large, and as the fathers would move off under a load of twelve or fourteen blankets, some, whose quivers were less full, would be heard to exclaim over the good fortune of the lucky ones. There were usually a dozen or so left over in these distributions, and they were thrown in for good measure to those who had the large families. "Poor things, they have so many children," seemed to my dear mother a sufficient explanation for special favors that she often bestowed on those who had no other claim. Some of the negro men with the big families of children had a funny little affectation of feigning not to know either the names or the number of their boys and girls. "I disremember, missis, dyar's so many on 'em," with a little pleased laugh, was considered a sufficient answer to inquiries on the subject on every-day occasions. But not so on the days when blankets were to be given out. Then their memories were fresh. Then the babies that had not been in their cradles more than a few days, mayhap hours, were remembered and mentioned in due turn, with no danger of being forgotten or overlooked because there were "so many on 'em."

In addition to the blankets, comforts were quilted in the house by the seamstresses for every woman who had a young baby. The every-day clothes of all the negroes were cut out and made in the house; two complete woollen suits for winter and two cotton ones for summer. For Sundays, a bright calico dress was given to each woman. The thrifty ones, and, with scarcely an exception, these negroes were thrifty, had more than they needed, and the clothes were in their chests

year before they were put on. The woollen socks and stockings for both men and women were knit in the cabins by old women, and in the "great house" by young girls. These last were set a task by the mistress, with the privilege of holiday the rest of the day when it was done. This had the desired effect of making them quick and industrious, and so interested that they would be at their work betimes in the morning. The clever ones sometimes got through with the allotted task before breakfast.

On rainy days all the plantation women were brought into the house. Then Mammy Maria, who was in her way a field-marshal on such occasions, gave out the work and taught them to sew. By word and action she stimulated and urged them on, until there was not on the Burleigh plantation a woman who could not make and mend neatly her own and her husband's and children's clothes.

Poor mammy! She dreaded these days of teaching and worrying over her big scholars. It gave her the headache, she said: some seemed so hopelessly dull and stupid and lazy—so unlike herself. Hers was a case both of greatness thrust upon one and of greatness achieved. She had grown up at my mother's feet, having been about her ever since she could remember, and had come to love the white family better than her own blood and race. She resented their being deceived and imposed on by her fellow-servants, and did not fail to inform them when such was the case. This confidence was considered as sacred, but of course it grew to be known that Mammy Maria was a "white folks' servant."

She was far more severe in her judgment of misdemeanors than the master and mistress. The place that she had made for herself was one that would, in a character less true and strong, have brought on herself the hatred and the distrust of her race. But they knew her to be just, one who never assailed the innocent, and with so warm and compassionate a heart in real trouble that none were afraid to come to her. From being a confidential servant she grew into being a kind of prime minister, and it was well known that if she espoused a cause and took it to the master it was sure to be attended to at once, and according to her advice.

Her independence and fearlessness in the discharge of her

duty, both to the master and to her fellow-servants, won for her the affection and esteem of both. In consequence of her popularity with her own color, her namesakes became so numerous that the master had to forbid any further increase of them, on account of the confusion to which it gave rise. This her admirers evaded by having the babies christened Maria, and another name adopted for every-day use.

My brave good mammy! Who that knew thee in these days, when thy heart was gay and bold as a young soldier's, could think that the time would come when that faithful heart would break for the love of thy old master!

II. Plantation Management.

With negro slaves it seemed impossible for one of them to do a thing, it mattered not how insignificant, without the assistance of one or two others. It was often said with a laugh by their owners that it took two to help one to do nothing. It required a whole afernoon for Joe, the aspirant for historical knowledge, and another able-bodied man like himself, to butcher a sheep. On a plantation the work of the women and children, and of some of the men also, amounted to so little that but small effort was made to utilize it. Of course, some kind of occupation had to be devised to keep them employed a part of the time. But it was very laborious to find easy work for a large body of inefficient and lazy people, and at Burleigh the struggle was given up in many cases. The different departments would have been more easily and better managed if there had been fewer to work. Sometimes a friend would say to the master that he made smaller crops than his negroes ought to make. His reply was that he did not desire them to do all that they could.

The cook at Burleigh had always a scullion or two to help her, besides a man to cut her wood and put it on the huge andirons.* The scullions brought the water and prepared the vegetables, and made themselves generally useful. The vegetables were gathered and brought from the garden by the gardener,

*The cook's husband, who for years had looked on himself as nearly blind, and therefore unable to do more than work about her, and put her wood on the fire, sometimes cutting a stick or two, made no less than eighteen good crops for himself when the war was over. He was one of the best farmers in the country. S. D. S.

or by one of the half-dozen women whom he frequently had to help him. A second cook made the desserts, sweetmeats, etc. As children, we thought that the main business of the head cook was to scold the scullion and ourselves, and to pin a dish-rag to us if we ventured into her kitchen. Four women and a boy were in charge of the dairy. As the cows sometimes wandered to pastures several miles away, this number did not seem excessive. The boy brought the cows up, sometimes with one of the women to help him. Two of the women milked; the third held the semi-sinecure office, taking charge of the milk; and the fourth churned.

There were no blooded cattle on the plantation for many years, but thirty cows in the cowpen gave all the milk and butter that was needed for the house and plantation, and a good deal of butter was sold. The pastures were so good that the cattle increased rapidly and were sold, a hundred at a time. Southdown sheep were imported from Kentucky and pigs from England. Everything looked well and fat at Burleigh. The master was amused on being asked by a neighboring farmer if he would let him have some of his curly-tailed breed of pigs. The man innocently added that he noticed they were always fat, not knowing, as Thomas used to say, in repeating this, that corn would make the straightest tail curl. His beeves were fattened two years, after they had worked two years as oxen to make the flesh firm. One year they ran in the corn-field before the corn was gathered, and the next they were stalled. As all the oxen were fattened for beeves after two years of work, no old ox was on the place. He killed every winter eight or ten of these stalled oxen. The stalled sheep were so fat that they sometimes died of suffocation.

One day, on the occasion of a large dinner, the master was hastily summoned to the kitchen, to see there a huge saddle of Southdown mutton that had by its own weight torn itself from the big kitchen spit, and was lying in the basting-pan.

During the spring and summer lambs were butchered twice a week; or oftener if required. That did not keep down the flock sufficiently, and a great many were sold. The hides from the beeves almost supplied the plantation with shoes. Two of the negro men were tanners and shoemakers. A Southern plantation, well managed, had nearly everything necessary to

life done within its bounds. At Burleigh there were two carpenters in the carpenter-shop, two blacksmiths in the blacksmith-shop, two millers in the mill, and usually five seamstresses in the house. In the laundry there were two of the strongest and most capable women on the plantation, and they were perhaps the busiest of the corps of house-servants. Boys were kept about, ready to ride for the mail or to take notes around the neighborhood. There was no lack of numbers to fill every place; the trouble was rather to find work for supernumeraries, as already intimated.

One of the overseers, who was ambitious to put in a large crop, begged to have some of these hangers-on sent to the field. There were twenty-seven servants in the service of the house, he said.

The land in cultivation looked like a lady's garden, scarcely a blade of grass to be seen in hundreds of acres. The rows and hills and furrows were laid off so carefully as to be a pleasure to the eye. The fences and bridges, gates and roads, were in good order. His wagons never broke down. All these details may seem quite out of place and superfluous. But they show the character of the man in a country where many such things were neglected for the one important consideration —the cotton crop.

He never kept a slow mule; all must be fast and strong. They were sold as soon as they failed to come up to these requirements. Thomas bred all his own mules and nearly all his own horses—his thorough-bred riding-horses always—and frequently he had more than he needed of both. The great droves of mules and horses brought annually from Tennessee and Kentucky to less thrifty planters found no sale at Burleigh unless the master happened to need a pair of carriage-horses. Two teams of six mules each carried off his cotton crop, going to the station every working day for months. It was only ten miles off, but the eight bales of cotton, that weighed nearly five hundred pounds apiece, and the heavy, deeply cut-up roads, made it a day's journey. As the returning wagon-drivers came up in the evenings they were met by other men, who took the mules out and cared for them, and loaded up the wagons for the next day. It was not considered right by the master that those who occupied the responsible

position of drivers should have these labors to perform. They had nothing to do but to go to the house to deliver the cotton receipts, get a drink of whiskey, and some tobacco too, if the regular allowance issued had run short, and then home to supper and to rest, ready for a fresh start in the morning.

Hog-killing time was a high carnival on the plantation. There were usually about a hundred and fifty or a hundred and seventy-five hogs, sometimes more. They supplied the house all the year round, and the negroes for six months. He had taken out to Mississippi the Virginia art of curing bacon. His hams were famous among his friends and guests, as were the chops and saddles of Southdown mutton, the legs of venison, wild or from his park, the great rounds and sirloins of beef, and the steaks cut with the grain.

It was no waste or useless lavishness that these great roasts of beef or mutton were seldom put on the table a second time, or that the number of chickens in the fattening coops were in the season not allowed to fall below sixty, or that during the winter and spring turkeys were on the table twice a week. Not only the house-servants, but usually several sick and favorite ones, were fed from the table. In addition to these, there were almost always the servants of guests and neighbors in the house.

III. Holiday Times on the Plantation.

A life of Thomas Dabney could not be written without some reference to the Christmas at Burleigh. It was looked forward to not only by the family and by friends in the neighborhood and at a distance, but by the house and plantation servants. The house was crowded with guests, young people and older ones too. During the holiday season Thomas and his guests were ready to accept invitations to parties in other houses, but no one in the neighborhood invited company for Christmas-Day, as, for years, everybody was expected at Burleigh on that day. On one of the nights during the holidays it was his custom to invite his former overseers and other plain neighbors to an eggnog-party. In the concoction of this beverage he took a hand himself, and the freedom and ease of the company, as they saw the master of the house beating his half

of the eggs in the great china bowl, made it a pleasant scene for those who cared nothing for the eggnog.

During the holidays there were refreshments, in the old Virginia style, of more sorts than one. The oysters were roasted on the coals on the dining-room hearth, under the eyes of the guests.

Great bunches of holly and magnolia, of pine and mistletoe, were suspended from the ceiling of hall and dining-room and drawing-room.

Sometimes, not often, there was a Christmas-tree—on one occasion one for the colored Sunday-school. One Christmas everybody hung up a sock or stocking; a long line, on the hall staircase. There were twenty-two of them, white silk stockings, black silk stockings, thread and cotton and woollen socks and stockings. And at the end of the line was, side by side with the old-fashioned home-spun and home-knit sock of the head of the house, the dainty pink sock of the three-weeks-old baby.

Who of that company does not remember the morning scramble over the stockings and the notes in prose and poetry that tumbled out!

The children's nurses modestly hung their stockings up by the nursery fireplace.

Music and dancing and cards and games of all sorts filled up a large share of the days and half the nights. The plantation was as gay as the house. The negroes in their holiday clothes were enjoying themselves in their own houses and in the "great house" too. A visit of a day to one of the neighboring towns was considered by them necessary to the complete enjoyment of the holidays.

They had their music and dancing too. The sound of the fiddles and banjos, and the steady rhythm of their dancing feet, floated on the air by day and night to the Burleigh house. But a time came when this was to cease. The whole plantation joined the Baptist church. Henceforth not a musical note nor the joyful motion of a negro's foot was ever again heard on the plantation. "I done buss' my fiddle an' my banjo, an' done fling 'em 'way," the most music-loving fellow on the place said to the preacher, when asked for his religious experience. It was surely the greatest sacrifice of feeling that such a race

could make. Although it was a sin to have music and dancing of their own, it was none to enjoy that at the "great house." They filled the porches and doors, and in serried ranks stood men, women, and children, gazing as long as the music and dancing went on. Frequently they stood there till the night was more than half gone. In the crowd of faces could be recognized the venerable ones of the aged preachers, surrounded by their flocks.

Christmas was incomplete until the master of the house had sung his songs. He was full of action and gesture. His family used to say that although he was in character and general bearing an Englishman, his French blood asserted itself in his manner. In his motions he was quick, and at times, when he chose to make them so, very amusing, yet too full of grace to be undignified. He was fond of dancing, and put fresh interest in it, as he did in everything that he joined in.

On Christmas mornings the servants delighted in catching the family with "Christmas giff!" "Christmas giff!" betimes in the morning. They would spring out of unexpected corners and from behind doors on the young masters and mistresses. At such times there was an affectionate throwing off of the reserve and decorum of every-day life.

"Hi! ain't dis Chris'mus?" one of the quietest and most low-voiced of the maid-servants asked, in a voice as loud as a sea-captain's. One of the ladies of the house had heard an unfamiliar and astonishingly loud laugh under her window, and had ventured to put an inquiring head out.

In times of sorrow, when no Christmas or other festivities gladdened the Mississippi home, the negroes felt it sensibly. "It 'pears so lonesome; it mak' me feel bad not to see no comp'ny comin'," our faithful Aunt Abby said on one of these occasions. Her post as the head maid rendered her duties onerous when the house was full of guests. We had thought that she would be glad to have a quiet Christmas, which she could spend by her own fireside, instead of attending to the wants of a houseful of young people.

In the presence of the guests, unless they were old friends, the dignity of the family required that no light behavior should be indulged in, even though it were Christmas. In no hands was the dignity of the family so safe as with negro slaves.

A negro was as proud of the "blood" of his master and mistress as if it had been his own. Indeed, they greatly magnified the importance of their owners, and were readily affronted if aspersion of any sort were cast on their master's family. It was very humiliating to them, for they are all aristocrats by nature, to belong to what they call "poor white trash."

Our steady Lewis was often sent to take us to evening entertainments, on account of his being so quiet and nice in his ways. On one of these occasions he became so incensed that he refused to set his foot on that plantation again. Mammy Maria informed us of the cause of Lewis's anger. One of the maids in the house in which we were spending the evening had insulted him by saying that her mistress wore more trimming on her clothes than his young ladies did!

Hog-killing was one of the plantation frolics. It began at daybreak. Every man, woman, and child seemed to take a part. Even the one or two or three or four fat dogs that came along with each family seemed to know that the early bustle was the presage of boundless enjoyment, such as could only be brought about by unlimited fresh pork.

The servants made fires in every direction all over the frozen ground, and round each fire was a merry group. They made more jokes and laughed more gayly than on other days; for not only did they fry great pans of liver, and bake hoe-cake after ash-cake, and ash-cake after hoe-cake, and eat them the livelong day, but when the day was over there was the great bag for each man's shoulder, filled with tenderloin and liver, heads, and lights, and spare-ribs; and all these good things were not counted in the " 'lowance," either.

IV. The Crown of Poverty.

And now a great blow fell on Thomas Dabney. Shortly before the war he had been asked by a trusted friend to put his name as security on some papers for a good many thousand dollars. At the time he was assured that his name would only be wanted to tide over a crisis of two weeks, and that he would never hear of the papers again. It was a trap set, and his unsuspicious nature saw no danger, and he put his name to the papers. Loving this man, and confiding in his honor as in a son's, he thought no more of the transaction.

It was now the autumn of 1866. One night he walked upstairs to the room where his children were sitting with a paper in his hand. "My children," he said, "I am a ruined man. The sheriff is down-stairs. He has served this writ on me. It is for a security debt. I do not even know how many more such papers have my name to them." His face was white as he said these words. He was sixty-eight years of age, with a large and helpless family on his hands, and the country in such a condition that young men scarcely knew how to make a livelihood.

The sheriff came with more writs. Thomas roused himself to meet them all. He determined to pay every dollar.

But to do this he must have time. The sale of everything that he owned would not pay all these claims. He put the business in the hands of his lawyer, Mr. John Shelton, of Raymond, who was also his intimate friend. Mr. Shelton contested the claims, and this delayed things till Thomas could decide on some way of paying the debts.

A gentleman to whom he owed personally several thousand dollars courteously forbore to send in his claim. Thomas was determined that he should not on this account fail to get his money, and wrote urging him to bring a friendly suit, that, if the worst came, he should at least get his proportion. Thus urged, the friendly suit was brought, the man deprecating the proceeding, as looking like pressing a gentleman.

And now the judgments, as he knew they would, went against him one by one. On the 27th of November, 1866, the Burleigh plantation was put up at auction and sold, but the privilege of buying it in a certain time reserved to Thomas. At this time incendiary fires were common. There was not much law in the land. We heard of the gin-houses and cotton-houses that were burned in all directions. One day as Thomas came back from a business journey the smouldering ruins of his gin-house met his eye. The building was itself valuable and necessary. All the cotton that he owned was consumed in it. He had not a dollar. He had to borrow the money to buy a postage stamp, not only during this year, but during many years to come. It was a time of deepest gloom. Thomas had been wounded to the bottom of his affectionate heart by the perfidy of the man who had brought this on his

house. In the midst of the grinding poverty that now fell in full force on him, he heard of the reckless extravagance of this man on the money that should have been used to meet these debts.

Many honorable men in the South were taking the benefit of the bankrupt law. Thomas's relations and friends urged him to take the law. It was madness, they said, for a man of his age, in the condition the country was then in, to talk of settling the immense debts that were against him. He refused with scorn to listen to such proposals. But his heart was well-nigh broken. He called his children around him, as he lay in bed, not eating and scarcely sleeping.

"My children," he said, "I shall have nothing to leave you but a fair name. But you may depend that I shall leave you that. I shall, if I live, pay every dollar that I owe. If I die, I leave these debts to you to discharge. Do not let my name be dishonored. Some men would kill themselves for this. I shall not do that. But I shall die."

The grief of betrayed trust was the bitterest drop in his cup of suffering. But he soon roused himself from this depression and set about arranging to raise the money needed to buy in the plantation. It could only be done by giving up all the money brought in by the cotton crop for many years. This meant rigid self-denial for himself and his children. He could not bear the thought of seeing his daughters deprived of comforts. He was ready to stand unflinchingly any fate that might be in store for him. But his tenderest feelings were stirred for them. His chivalrous nature had always revolted from the sight of a woman doing hard work. He determined to spare his daughters all such labor as he could perform. General Sherman had said that he would like to bring every Southern woman to the wash-tub.* "He shall never bring my daughters to the wash-tub," Thomas Dabney said. "I will do the washing myself." And he did it for two years. He was in his seventieth year when he began to do it.†

This may give some idea of the labors, the privations, the

*Thomas had read this in one of the papers published during the famous march to the sea. Whether General Sherman was correctly reported I know not.—S. D. S.

†His daughters did all the menial work of the house except the washing. An attempt to do this resulted in serious illness, and was henceforth sternly forbidden by the father.

hardships, of those terrible years. The most intimate friends of Thomas, nay, his own children, who were not in the daily life at Burleigh, have never known the unprecedented self-denial, carried to the extent of acutest bodily sufferings, which he practised during this time. A curtain must be drawn over this part of the life of my lion-hearted father!

When he grew white and thin, and his frightened daughters prepared a special dish for him, he refused to eat the delicacy. It would choke him, he said, to eat better food than they had, and he yielded only to their earnest solicitations. He would have died rather than ask for it. When the living was so coarse and so ill-prepared that he could scarcely eat it, he never failed, on rising from the table, to say earnestly and reverently, as he stood by his chair, "Thank the Lord for this much."

During a period of eighteen months no light in summer, and none but a fire in winter, except in some case of necessity, was seen in the house. He was fourteen years in paying these debts that fell on him in his sixty-ninth year. He lived but three years after the last dollar was paid.

When he was seventy years of age he determined to learn to cultivate a garden. He had never performed manual labor, but he now applied himself to learn to hoe as a means of supplying his family with vegetables. With the labor of those aged hands he made a garden that was the best ordered that we had ever seen at Burleigh. He made his garden, as he did everything that he undertook, in the most painstaking manner, neglecting nothing that could insure success. The beds and rows and walks in that garden were models of exactness and neatness. It was a quarter of a mile from the house and from water, on the top of a long, high hill, and three-quarters of an acre in extent. In a time of drought, or if he had set out anything that needed watering, he toiled up that long precipitous hill with bucket after bucket of water. "I never look at the clouds" had been a saying of his in cultivating his plantation, and he carried it out now. That garden supplied the daily food of his family nearly all the year round. He planted vegetables in such quantities that it was impossible to consume all on the table, and he sold barrels of vegetables of different kinds in New Orleans.

Oftentimes he was so exhausted when he came in to dinner that he could not eat for a while. He had his old bright way of making every one take an interest in his pursuits—sympathy was as necessary and sweet to him as to a child—and he showed with pride what he had done by his personal labor in gardening and in washing. He placed the clothes on the line as carefully as if they were meant to hang there always, and they must be admired, too! He said, and truly, that he had never seen snowier ones.

Oh, thou heroic old man! Thou hast a right to thy pride in those exact strokes of the hoe and in those superb potatoes, "the best ever seen in the New Orleans market," and in those long lines of snowy drapery! But those to whom thou art showing these things are looking beyond them, at the man! They are gazing reverently, and with scarce suppressed tears, on the hands that have been in this world for three-score and ten years, and are beginning to-day to support a houseful of children!

CHARLES HENRY SMITH ("BILL ARP")

[1826—1903]

JOHN MORRIS

CHARLES HENRY SMITH ("Bill Arp"), the son of Asahel Reid Smith, of Massachusetts, and Caroline Maguire, of Charleston, South Carolina, was born at Lawrenceville, Gwinnett County, Georgia, June 15, 1826. His liberal education was obtained at the University of Georgia, which he entered in 1845; but the serious illness of his father summoned him home in his senior year. The same year (1849) he married Mary Octavia Hutchins, the seventeen-year-old daughter of Judge Nathan Lewis Hutchins, of Lawrenceville. Shortly thereafter beginning the study of law in Judge Hutchins's office, he was admitted to the Bar in three months, on the promise of continuing his studies, which promise he kept. In 1851 he took the Western fever, and moved to Rome to grow up with the town and country. Here he practiced law in partnership with Judge J. W. H. Underwood until 1861. From July, 1861, to 1862 he served on the staff of General Francis Bartow. His health failing in 1862, he received from President Davis the appointment to special judiciary duty in Macon, Georgia, where he remained until his return to Rome in 1865. After serving as State Senator in the Legislature which inaugurated Governor Jenkins in December, 1865, he resumed the practice of law, being associated with Judge Joel Branham until the election of the latter to the Bench.

In October, 1877, the family removed to "Fontainebleau," a farm about five miles from Cartersville, Georgia. After eleven years spent here in the congenial pursuit of farming, Mr. Smith moved to the town of Cartersville, where he spent the last years of his life, honored and loved by troops of friends. He died August 24, 1903, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

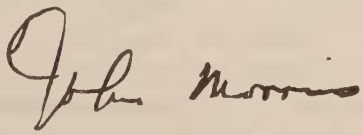
His first published work was one of the four letters addressed to "Mr. Linkhorn: Sur:" and appeared in the *Southern Confederacy* in April, 1861. In the character of a loyal Northern sympathizer, he addresses a remonstrance to the President against the very short "notis he'd put him on" in his proclamation commanding him to "disperse and retire" within twenty days. He tells the President how hot "the boys round here" are—"so hot that they fairly siz when you pour water on em"—begs the loan of "the Skotch

cap and cloak you traveled to Washington in," with other allusions to current burning topics, and closes with: "Give my respects to Bill Seward and the other members of the kangaroo. What's Hannibal doin? I don't hear anything of him nowadays. Yours, with care, BILL ARP."

Its timeliness, together with its racy satire, caused this letter to make an extraordinary hit. It was followed by three others in similar vein, which but confirmed the impression first made, and from that time "Bill Arp," the son of the down-Easter, became the accepted mouthpiece of the Southern people on all questions touching the relations of the two antagonists in the Civil War. His work falls naturally into two quite dissimilar parts: his letters of war and reconstruction and his farm and fireside sketches. The former group is chiefly controversial, frequently personal, and quite bitter in tone. The latter is mellower, patriarchal, humorously philosophical.

"Bill Arp" is one of the long line of American humorists from John Phœnix to Mr. Dooley, whose work consists of occasional contributions to the press, of letters and sketches, anecdotes, comment on current events, reminiscences and philosophical reflections on daily life and experience. The dominant characteristic of his style is absolute veracity. Nowhere is his humor strained or a mere grimace, but it is the expression of his personality in its unaffected, unforced sincerity. His art is most realistic. One feels that nothing that he wrote is in the least exaggerated or distorted for effect, but that all is authentic and genuine in the smallest details. We may, therefore, claim for this body of essays the character of a true historical document, for in a very real way they reflect the spirit and temper of the Southern people from the war-time down to the present day. Moreover, his portrayal of life and conditions, his anecdotes of local worthies, and his reminiscences of the past, all written in his convincing, immediately and fully visualized presentment, give a fillip to the imagination, and enable us to realize those times as no mere history can do. For the student of linguistic phenomena, also, his writings are highly important; for his dialect is of a piece with the rest of his art—completely trustworthy as the transcript of the current speech of his locality. Indeed, his style is in admirable keeping with his assumed role of bucolic philosopher; seemingly somewhat rambling and inconsequential, careless and loose-jointed, it is the consummately fit vehicle of his reminiscences, anecdotes, and philosophizings. He who doubts that "Bill Arp" could have written differently, if he had chosen to do so, should read his letter, "To the Publisher," in his first collection of sketches, entitled 'Bill Arp, So Called, A Side Show of the Southern Side of the

War.' Few writers have gained such a strong hold upon the affection of their readers. They loved him for his original humor, for his artless confidences, for his prattle about wife and children, for the genuine quality of both the man and his work. All classes felt his death as a personal loss. An unlettered countrywoman said: "Don't Bill Arp tell things the plainest! I've laughed till I cried over some of his letters; for the same things had happened in our own family, and it seemed that he must have been right here in the house when he wrote it."



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BILL ARP ADDRESSES ARTEMUS WARD

From 'The Scrap Book.'

Rome, Ga., September 1, 1865.

Mr. Artemus Ward, *Showman*—

Sir:—The reason I write to you in perticler, is because you are about the only man I know in all "God's country" *so-called*. For some several weeks I have been wantin to say sumthin. For some several years we rebs, *so-called,* but now late of said country deceased, have been tryin mighty hard to do somethin. We didn't quite do it, and now it's very painful,

I assure you, to dry up all of a sudden, and make out like we wasn't there.

My friend, I want to say somethin. I suppose there is no law agin thinkin, but thinkin don't help me. It don't let down my thermometer. I must explode myself generally so as to feel better. You see, I'm tryin to harmonize. I'm tryin to soften down my feelin's. I'm endeavoring to subjugate myself to the level of surroundin circumstances, *so-called.* But I can't do it until I am allowed to say somethin. I want to quarrel with somebody and then make friends. I ain't no giant-killer. I ain't no Norwegian bar. I ain't no boar--constrikter, but I'll be hornswaggled if the talkin and writin and slanderin has got to be all done on one side any longer. Sum of your folks have got to dry up or turn our folks loose. It's a blamed outrage, *so-called.* Ain't you editors got nothin else to do but peck at us, and squib at us, and crow over us? Is every man what can write a paragraph to consider us bars in a cage, and be always a-jobbin at us to hear us growl? Now you see, my friend, that's what's disharmonious, and do you jest tell 'em, one and all, e pluribus unum, *so-called,* that if they don't stop it at once or turn us loose to say what we please, why we rebs, *so-called,* have unanimously and jointly and severally resolved to—to—to—think very hard of it—if not harder.

That's the way to talk it. I ain't agoin to commit myself. I know when to put on the breaks. I ain't going to say all I think, like Mr. Etheridge, or Mr. Adderring *so-called.* Nary time. No, sir. But I'll jest tell you, Artemus, and you may tell it to your show. If we ain't allowed to express our sentiments, we can take it out in *hatin;* and hatin runs heavy in my family, sure. I hated a man once so bad that all the hair cum off my head, and the man drowned himself in a hog-waller that night. I could do it agin, but you see, I'm tryin to harmonize, to acquiess, to becum calm and sereen.

Now, I suppose that, poetically speakin,

> In Dixie's fall,
> We sinned all.

But talkin the way I see it, a big feller and a little feller *so-called,* got into a fite, and they fout and fout a long time,

and everybody all round kept hollerin, "hands off," but helpin the big feller, until finally the little feller caved in and hollered enuf. He made a bully fite, I tell you, Selah. Well, what did the big feller do? Take him by the hand and help him up, and brush dirt off his clothes? Nary time! No sur! But he kicked him arter he was down, and throwed mud on him, and drugged him about and rubbed sand in his eyes, and now he's gwine about huntin up his poor little property. Wants to confiscate it, *so-called*. Blame my jacket if it ain't enuf to make your head swim.

But *I'm* a good Union man, *so-called*. I ain't agwine to fight no more. *I* shan't vote for the next war. I ain't no gurrilla. I've done tuk the oath, and I'm gwine to keep it, but as for my bein subjugated, and humilyated, and amalgamated, and enervated, as Mr. Chase says, it ain't so—nary time. I ain't ashamed of nuthin neither—ain't repentin—ain't axin for no one-horse, short-winded pardon. Nobody needn't be playin priest around me. I ain't got no twenty thousand dollars. Wish I had; I'd give it to these poor widders and orfins. I'd fatten my own numerous and interestin offspring in about two minutes and a half. They shouldn't eat roots and drink branch-water no longer. Poor unfortunate things! to cum into this subloonary world at sich a time. There's four or five of them that never saw a sirkis or a monky-show —never had a pocket-knife, nor a piece of chees, nor a reesin. There's Bull Run Arp, and Harper's Ferry Arp, and Chicahominy Arp, that never saw the pikters in a spellin book. I tell you, my friend, we are the poorest people on the face of the earth—but we are poor and proud. We made a bully fite, Selah, and the whole American nation ought to feel proud of it. It shows what Americans can do when they think they are imposed upon—"*so-called*." Didn't our four fathers fight, bleed and die about a little tax on tea, when not one in a thousand drunk it? Bekaus they succeeded, wasn't it glory? But if they hadn't, I suppose it would have been treason, and they would have been bowin and scrapin round King George for pardon. So it goes, Artemus, and to my mind, if the whole thing was stewed down it would make about half pint of humbug. We had good men, great men, Christian men who thought we was right, and many of 'em have gone to the un-

discovered country, and have got a pardon as is a pardon. When I die I am mighty willing to risk myself under the shadow of their wings, whether the climate be hot or cold. So mote it be. Selah!

Well, maybe I'v said enough. But I don't feel easy yet. I'm a good Union man, certain and sure. I've had my breeches died *blue,* and I've bot a *blue* bucket, and I very often feel *blue,* and about twice in a while I go to the doggery and git *blue,* and then I look up at the *blue* serulean heavens and sing the melancholy chorus of the *Blue*tailed Fly. I'm doin my durndest to harmonize, and think I could succeed if it wasn't for sum things. When I see a blackguard goin around the streets with a gun on his shoulder, why right then, for a few minutes, I hate the whole Yankee nation. Jerusalem! how my blood biles! The institution what was handed down to us by the heavenly kingdom of Massachusetts, now put over us with powder and ball! Harmonize the devil! Ain't we human beings? Ain't we got eyes and ears and feelin and thinkin? Why, the whole of Africa has cum to town, women and children and babies and baboons and all. A man can tell how fur it is to the city by the smell better than the milepost. They won't work for us, and they won't work for themselves, and they'll perish to death this winter as sure as the devil is a hog, *so-called.* They are now basking in the summer's sun, livin on rosting ears and freedom, with nary idee that the winter will come agin, or that castor-oil and salts cost money. Sum of 'em over a hundred years old, are whining around about going to kawlidge. The truth is, my friend, sombody's badly fooled about this bizness. Sombody has drawd the elefant in the lottery, and don't know what to do with him. He's just throwing his snout loose, and by and by he'll hurt somebody. These niggers will have to go back to the plantations and work. I ain't agoin to support nary one of 'em, and when you heer any one say so you tell him "it's a lie," *so-called.* I golly, I ain't got nuthin to support myself on. We fought ourselves out of everything exceptin children and land, and I suppose the land is to be turned over to the niggers for graveyards.

Well, my friend, I don't want much. I ain't ambitious, as I used to was. You all have got your shows and monkeys

and sircusses and brass band and organs, and can play on the patrolyum and the harp of a thousand strings, and so on, but I've only got one favor to ax you. I want enough powder to kill a big yaller stumptail dog that prowls around my premises at night. Pon my honor, I won't shoot at anything blue or black or mulatter. Will you send it? Are you and your folks so skeered of me and my folks that you won't let us have any ammunition? Are the squirrels and crows and black racoons to eat up our poor little corn-patches? Are the wild turkeys to gobble all round us with impunity? If a mad dog takes the hiderphoby, is the whole community to run itself to death to get out of the way? I golly! it looks like your people had all took the rebelfoby for good, and was never gwine to get over it. See here, my friend, you must send me a little powder and a ticket to your show, and me and you will harmonize sertin.

With these few remarks I think I feel better, and I hope I hain't made nobody fitin mad, for I'm not on that line at this time.

I am truly your friend, all present or accounted for.

P.S.—Old man Harris wanted to buy my fiddle the other day with Confederit money. *He* sed it would be good agin. *He* says that Jim Funderbuk told him that Warren's Jack seen a man who had jest come from Virginny, and *he* said a man had told his cousin Mandy that Lee had whipped 'em *agin*. Old Harris says that a feller by the name of Mack C. Million is coming over with a million men. But nevertheless, notwithstandin, somehow, or somehow else, I'm dubus about the money. If you was me, Artemus, would you make the fiddle trade?

MRS. ARP GOES OFF ON A VISIT

From 'The Scrap Book.'

MAN was not made to live alone. I don't mean like Robinson Cruso, but alone in a house without a woman—a helpmate, a pard. It's an awful thing to come in and find the maternal chair vacant, even for a season. I know she has gone, but still imagine she is somewhere on the premises a circulatin' around and around. I am listenin' for the rustle of her dress or the creak of her nimble shoe—she wears number 2's, with a high instep, and walks like a deer. Ever and anon methinks I hear her accustomed voice saying, "William, William—Mr. Arp, major, come here a moment."

What wonderful resolution some women have got! Mrs. Arp has at last departed. She has undertook a journey. For several weeks it has been the family talk. Some said she would get off and some said she wouldent. As for herself, she was serious and non-committal, but we daily observed that the big old trunk that contained the accumulated fragments of better days was being diligently ransacked. Scraps of lace, and lawn, and ribbon, and silk, and velvet, and muslin, and bumbazeen, and cassimere, were brought forth and aired, and the flat iron kept busy pressing and smoothing the wrinkles that age had furrowed in them. All sorts of patterns from Demorest, and Ehrich and Butterick, were overhauled and consulted with a kind of sad reality. A woman may be too poor to buy calico at five cents a yard, but she will have patterns. Little jackets, and pants, and shirts, little dresses, and drawers, and petticoats, and aprons had to be made up, and nobody but her knew what they would be made of. I tell you, one of these old-fashioned mothers is a miracle of grace. It ain't uncommon for folks nowadays to be their own tailors and dressmakers, but it takes sense and genius to get up a respectable outfit from scraps and old clothes outgrown or abandoned for ratage and leakage. It was wonderful to see her rip 'em, and turn 'em, and cut 'em, and twist 'em—getting a piece here and a scrap there, cutting them down to the pattern —running them through the machine, and before anybody knew it she had the little chaps arrayed as fine as a band-

box, and never called on anybody for a nickel. That's what I call the quintessence of domestic economy. Nobody can beat her in that line. She knows how to put the best foot foremost. Her children have got to look as decent as other people's, or she will keep 'em at home certain. She don't go about much, and seems to grow closer and closer to the chimney corner; but when she does move it's a family sensation. Every one helps—every one advises and encourages her in a subdued and respectful way. All want her to go off and rest and have a good time for her own sake, but tell her over and over how much they will miss her, and wear a little shadow of sorrow in the nigh side of the face. I think though she suspected all the time they would turn up Jack while she was away.

Well, she did get off at last—on a three hours' journey and to stay a whole week. It was a tremendious undertaking, for she said the harness might break, or the buggy collapse, or the old mare run away on the road to town, and the cars might run off the track or break through a bridge, or not stop long enough for her to get off with the children, or let her off and take the children on, or some of us would get sick, or the house catch afire, or some tramp come along in the night and rob us and cut all our throats while we were asleep, and we wouldent know a thing about it till next morning.

"Now, William," said she, "be mighty careful of everything, for you know how poor we are anyhow." "Poor as Lazarus," said I, "but he's a restin in Abraham's bosom." "Well, never mind Lazarus," said she, "the paragoric and quinine and turpentine are on the shelf in the cabinet. I have hid the laudanum, for it's dangerous, and you havent got more than half sense in the night time and might make a mistake. Don't let Ralph have the gun nor go to the mill pond. There are four geese a setting, and you must look after the goslins, and if you don't shoot that hawk spring chickens will be mighty scarce on this lot. And see here, William, I want you to take the beds off the bedsteads in my room and shut the doors and windows and make a fire of sulphur in some old pan. They say it will just kill everything." "Must I stay inside or outside," said I, in a Cassabianca tone. "Maybe you had better try it awhile inside," said she, "just to see if you ever could

get used to it. Now, William, take good care of everything, for you may never see me again. Somehow I feel like somethin's going to happen to me. Don't whip Ralph while I'm gone—the poor boy ain't well—he looks right pekid—and when you whipped Carl the other day the marks were all over his little legs." She always looks for marks—the little willows are soft as broom straws, but she is bound to find a faint streak or two, and there's a tear for every mark.

"William, the buttons are all right on your shirts. Feed the little chickens until I come back. I think the buntin hen is setting somewhere, and there's six eggs in my drawer that old Browny laid on my bed. If the children get sick you must telegraph me." "And if I get sick myself," said I, inquiringly —"Why there's the medicine in the cabinet," said she, "and you musent forget to water my pot-plants. I told Mr. Freeman to look after you and the boys, and Mrs. Freeman will keep an eye on the girls. Goodbye. Don't you cut the hams. I want them for company, and don't go in the locked pantry." I reckon she must have taken the key off with her, for we can't find it. "Goodbye—take care of Bows." She kissed us all around and choked up a little and dropped a few tears and said she was ready. I looked at the clock and told her we could barely make it—five miles in an hour and five minutes, and the road muddy and the mule slow. She said she had never been left by the train in her life, and she didn't think she would be too late. I pressed the old mule through mud and slop, up hill and down hill. She was afraid of that mule, and when I larruped him she told me not to. Then he would put on the brakes, and she declared she would be left if I dident drive faster. We dident say much, but leaned forward and pressed forward in solemn energy as if the world hung upon the crisis. When we got within half a mile of town the whistle blowed away down the road and we had a slick hill to clime. I larruped heavily and clucked every step of the way, and we made the trip just in time to be left. The train moved off right before us. It didn't seem to care a darn. We gazed at it with feelings of sublime dispair. Mrs. Arp was looking dreamily away off into space when I ventured to remark, "Shall we go back?" She quietly pointed to the St. James and replied, "Hotel."

I saw her and little Jessie comfortably quartered in a nice room with a cheerful fire. Mr. Hoss, the landlord, was kind and sympathetic and promised she should not be left by the morning train, and so bidding them a sad goodbye I returned to my bairns. Take it all in all it was a big thing—a mighty big thing at my house. I'm poking around now hunting for consolation. She knows I'm desolate and is sorter glad of it. I know she is homesick already, but she won't own it. She would stay away a whole year before she would own it. She wants me to beg her to come back soon, and I won't, for she left her other little darling with me, and he will bring her. I've half a mind to drop her a postal card and say: "Carl is not well, but don't be alarmed about him," and then go to meet her on the first train that could bring her, for I know she would be there. It does look like a woman with ten children wouldent be so foolish about one of them, but there's no discount on a mother's anxiety. Her last command was, "Keep Carl with you all the time, and tuck the cover under him good at night, bless his little heart." I wonder what would become of children if they didn't have a parent to spur 'em up. In fact, it takes a couple of parents to keep things straight at my house. Yesterday the gray mule broke open the gate and let the cow and calf together. Carl left open another gate and the old sow got in the garden. Another boy has got a felon on his finger, and whines around and says his ma could cure it if she was here. He can't milk now, and so I thought I would try it, but old Bess wouldn't let nary drop down for me. I squeezed and pulled and tugged at her until she got mad and suddenly lifted her foot in my lap and set it down in the bucket, whereupon I forgot my equilibrium, and when I got up I gave old Bess a satisfactory kick in the side and departed those coasts in great humility. It's not my forte to milk a cow. The wind blew over more trees across my fences. The clock run down. Two lamp chimneys bursted. The fire popped out and burnt a hole in the carpet while we were at supper, and everything is going wrong just because Mrs. Arp's gone.

It's mighty still, and solemn, and lonely around here now. Lonely ain't the word, nor howlin' wilderness. There ain't

any word to express the goneness and desolation that we feel. There is her vacant chair in the corner—

> Yes, the rocker still is sitting
> Just where she was ever knitting—
> Knitting for the bairns she bore.
> And now the room seems sad and dreary,
> And my soul is getting weary,
> And my heart is sick and sore—and so forth.

The dog goes whining round—the maltese cats are mewing, and the children look lost and droopy. But we'll get over it in a day or two, maybe, and then for a high old time.

DIFFERENCE IN FOLKS

From 'The Scrap Book.'

THERE are folks and there are folks. There are fathers and mothers and children and grandchildren. There are folks whom you meet by day in the stores and offices and counting rooms and workshops, and there are folks whom you meet by night in their own homes by the domestic hearth, and there ain't much difference betwixt 'em. Only this, when you meet 'em by day you don't know what they are by night. I dident know that anybody was very much like me and my folks, but I went to see an old friend in Rome the other night, and I hadent been in the family room ten minutes before there was an everlasting squall in the next room, and he jumped up and run out and thrashed around smartly and restored domestic tranquillity; and when he came back remarked that a child and a grandchild had had a little hostility, and about as soon as he sat down the fight opened afresh, and he went back again to subdue it, and shortly thereafter one of them came in and began to explore his pockets, and he held up his arms and talked to me as though nothing unusual was going on, and after the little chap had searched his coat pockets and his vest pockets, and his side pockets and his pantaloons pockets and found nothing but a piece of tobacco, he handed that over saying: "Grand-pa, I don't want your tobacco." "My friend," said I, "do you allow them to search you that way?"

"Every night," said he, "from the oldest to the youngest—sometimes I have candy, or an apple, or a knife, or something, and they go through me like a conductor goes through a railroad car. My dear sir, I am the submissive gentleman you have read about. I submit to anything and everything for peace, but Lord help me, I don't get it. These children—these children, but you know all about children. There are two sets here, and I'm afraid there will be three sets before I die. These children nearly run me distracted. A lunatic asylum ain't no where. I used to think a man would run through and fight his battle and be discharged and get a pension, but I'm worse off now than ever. I worry along through the day with my customers, and get tired and want rest and peace, and I come home and these chaps begin on me right straight, and its pa this, and grandpa that, and I've got to let 'em get on me and waller all over me and search all my pockets, and then they go off to fighting like a passel of wild Camanchees, and it takes about two whippins apiece to get 'em off to bed, and then they get up in the morning before the fire is built and begin to cavort around and pull the cover all off me and I have to get up before I want to and I'll tell you what is a fact, if there ain't a heaven for a man in my fix, I shall always think there ought to be. How in the world do you get along with yours?" "Jesso, jesso," said I, "I understand you. I'm working for that same heaven and I hope to reach it by an' by—by and by."

Not long after I met another old friend—a time-honored friend, a subdued looking friend—and I hailed him with a glad salutation, and says I, "How do you do, old roman—old patriark—how is the good wife, and how many children have you got?" He squeezed my hand affectionately and sadly, and says he, "William, I am glad to see you, for misery loves company. I have no children to spare and none for sale, but we have got nine, only nine, and the last two are a couple of twins only three months old, and we have to feed 'em on the bottle, and I'm about wore out, I am. Lord help me, I've been up most all night toting 'em around, and it's no new thing, I tell you, it's no new thing." When he left me to climb the court-house hill he pulled his legs after him like there was a bag of shot in his shoes. I went across the street to see an-

other familiar face, and he was weighing out a dollar's worth of coffee for a countryman, and after he was through I slapped him on the back, and says I: "Hello, old fellow, how does the world use you?" "Tolable, tolable, only tolable," says he. "How is the good wife and the children, and how many of the little treasures have you got to brighten up the family hearth and make you happy?"

He shoved the coffee scoop away down in the sack and said: "She's well, she's very well, and we havent got but eight. They are all of a size pretty much, and you can't tell 'em apart hardly. They are smart and good looking, but I tell you it keeps me a diggin to support 'em." And he shoved the scoop down a little deeper as he looked at me and inquired: "How in the world did you manage to raise a dozen?" "Splendid," says I, "splendid. You will get used to it after a while —it's no trouble—no trouble at all when you get the hang of it." You see since I have got out of the woods I am beginning to holler and put on patriarchal airs. "You know, my dear fellow," said I, "that David says, blessed is he who hath his quiver full." "Yes, yes, I remember reading that," says he, "but I reckon that was one of David's jokes."

The next friend I met didn't have any children, and had been married a long time, and he wanted to know if we couldn't spare him a lamb from our flock—a little girl to raise and leave his money to. Why, the biggest law-suit they ever had in Rome was about a little orphan girl that two good families who didn't have any children wanted, and it mighty nigh killed the ones who didn't get her. Jesso. It's a power of care and trouble and responsibility to raise 'em, but nobody is happy without 'em. I meet a cotton buyer and he is working just as hard as ever, and hasent got but one—a nice boy of ten years or thereabouts, and his father is digging away just as hard for him as if he had a dozen, and ever and anon when he thinks that the boy may lay down and die, it comes over him like a dark shadow, and he feels like he would want to die too and go with him. I know a good old mother who has children and grandchildren and great grandchildren all around her. But there is one of the original flock away off in the west, and as the good old mother sits by the evening fire, silent and thoughtful, with her teary eyes looking into

the blaze, I know she is yearning for one more look—one more embrace of the loved one before she dies. Well, it's a blessed thought to these mothers that there is a place—a heaven where all can be gathered together again, and live and love forever.

"BILLY IN THE LOW GROUNDS"

From 'From the Uncivil War to Date.'

WRITE, my child—write something to *The Constitution*. I don't care what. I am too nervous. I can't think my own thoughts. It is perfectly horrible—awful, but I reckon it's all right. I reckon so. I wish there was not a tooth in my head. When they come, they come with pain and peril, and keep the poor child miserable, and when they go they go with a torture that no philosophy can endure. Oh, my poor jaw —just look how it is swollen. I am a sight. A pitiful prospect. I look like a bloated bond-holder on one side of my face and no bonds to comfort me. I wonder what would comfort a man in my fix. I have suffered more mortal agony from my teeth than from everything else put together. Samson couldn't pull them, hardly, for they are all riveted to the jawbone. I have been living in dread for a month, for I knew that eyetooth was fixing up trouble; and so yesterday morning it sprung a leak at the breakfast table and I jumped out of my chair. The shell caved in, the nerve was touched, and in my agony I gave one groan and retired like I was a funeral. Five miles from town and no doctor. Don't put down what I suffered all that day, and the night following, for you can't. Mush poultices and camphor and paregoric and bromide and chloroform, and still the procession moved on, and the jumping, throbbing agony sent no flag of truce—no cessation of hostilities. What do I care for anything? Don't tell me about Hendricks being in Atlanta. I don't care where he is. Yes, I do. He is a good man, but I've got no time to think about him now. Please give me some more of that camphor. I've burned all the skin off my mouth now, but it is a counter-irritant and sorter scatters the pain around. If I had some

morphine I would take it, for I want rest. I am tired. Oh, for one short hour of rest.

Write something, my daughter—write to *The Constitution* and explain. Tell them I am "Billy in the low grounds." I am suffering and want sympathy. Write a note to the doctor, and tell him to come, come quick. I can't go through another night. Oh, my country. Let me try that hot iron again. I'll cook this old fat jaw outside and inside. I wish I had no tongue, for I can't keep it from touching the plagued tooth. Just look at my gums, they have swelled up so you can hardly see the old tooth. Give me a knife and the hand glass. I'll see if I can't let some blood out of these strutting gums. I am so nervous I can't hardly hold the knife, but here she goes. Oh, my country. Now give me the camphor and I'll let it burn in a new place.

Just write a line to *The Constitution;* I don't care what—say I am sick. I wonder if the doctor will come. He will kill me, I know. It is awful to think of cold steel clamping this tooth and being jammed away up on these gums. I'll take chloroform, I reckon, for I can't stand it. I am afraid he will come. I want him and I don't want him. The last tooth I had pulled I went to the dentist's office like a hero, and I was glad he wasn't in—glad his door was locked—and for two more days I endured my agony, and then had to have it pulled at last. And he pulled me all to pieces, and the chloroform left me before he got done, and I had an awful time. The memory of it is excruciating, and yet I have got to go through the same thing again. "Oh, the pity of it, Iago, the pity of it." What has a man got teeth for, I would like to know. It is the brute that is in him, the dog, or the old Adam that evoluted from the monkeys. There is nothing God-like about teeth. They bite, that is all. They are called "canines." I saw a man bite another man's nose off, once—the teeth did it. The eye is God-like, angelic, beautiful, harmless. The ear is a good thing, too, for it takes in the harmonies of nature and makes music sweet—music, that is the only thing common to angels and men. The nose is gentle and ornamental, but it is not of so much consequence except to blow off a bad cold and tell the difference between cologne and codfish. But the teeth—well, I think that false ones

are better than the genuine, for they never ache. I don't care for any, now. I am tired. These women can have eight or ten pulled at one time—just to get a new set. How in the world do they stand it? Pride, I reckon; womanly pride, womanly nature; her love of the beautiful. But we can wear a moustache and hide a whole set of rotten snags. If women had beards, the dentists would perish.

There she goes again, and then boom! Let me try some more paregoric and camphor. Maybe I can go to sleep after awhile if I will keep dosing. I wish I had just a small grain of dynamite behind that tooth, just at the end of the roots; I would explode it if it killed me.

The doctor coming, you say! Merciful heavens! Well, let him come. In the language of Patrick Henry, "I repeat it, sir, let him come." "Lay on, McDuff"—cold steel forceps, wrenching, twisting, crushing, gouging. I don't believe I have got a friend in the world. I almost wish I was dead. Teeth are a humbug—a grand mistake—a blunder—an eye-tooth especially, that sends roots away up under the eye and makes an abscess there. They say a child is smart when it cuts the eye-tooth. I believe I had rather do without and be a fool. I have had rheumatism and all sorts of pains, but I will compromise on anything but the toothache. I've a great respect for dentists, for they do the best they can to relieve mankind from his most miserable agony.

"Good morning, doctor, I suppose I am the unfortunate individual you have come to doctor. I am ready for the rack. Get out your chloroform and your steel-jawed grabs; I am ready for the sacrifice. Is that a dagger that I see before me?"

* * * * * *

Father is in his little bed. He is asleep now. The long agony is over. For nearly one hour we wrestled with him, for the chloroform gave out. He had taken so many things before the doctor came that chloroform failed to subdue him. It only made him delirious, and when we could not hold him we called in our blacksmith, and even then he pulled us all over the room, and the doctor had to take him on the wing. The old shell crushed and the roots had to be dug out in fragments. It was pitiful to hear him beg to go home. He has

morphine now, and will be all right in the morning. He told me to write you something, and I have written.

BILL ARP, Per M.

Just now he waked up and wanted to know who whipped that fight—the parrot or the monkey.—M.

OPEN HOUSE

From 'From the Uncivil War to Date.'

IN the good old patriarchal times most every family of wealth kept what was called "open house" and all who came were welcome. There was no need to send word you were coming, for food and shelter were always ready. The generous host met his guests at the gate and called for Dick or Jack or Cæsar to come and take the horses in the barn—plenty of big fat hams and leaf lard in the smoke house—plenty of chickens and ducks and turkeys in the back yard—plenty of preserves in the pantry—plenty of trained servants to do the work while the lady of the house entertained her guests. How proud were these family servants to show off before their visitors and make display of their accomplishments in the kitchen and the dining-room and the chamber. They shared the family standing in the community and had but little sympathy for the "poor white trash" of the neighborhood.

Some of us try to keep open house yet, but can't do it like we used to. The servants are not trained, and they come and go at their pleasure. Sometimes the larder gets very low and the purse looks like an elephant had trod on it. But still we do the best we can. We "welcome the coming and we speed the parting guest."

During the last summer we had a great deal of company at our house and some of them stayed a good long time, for most of them were from a lower latitude and imagined that the yellow fever or some dread pestilence was about to invade their low country homes. And so they were easily persuaded to protract their visit. When they had all departed I was glad, for I knew that Mrs. Arp was tired—very tired. I was glad

too because the supplies were well nigh exhausted and the cook had given notice of a change of base. Our recess had just begun when I received the following appalling epistle:

SAVANNAH, GA.,

MY DEAR COUSIN WILLIAM:

It is about time that we were paying you that long-promised visit. (The way he came to be our cousin was his stepfather's aunt married my wife's great uncle about 40 years ago.) It is awful hot weather down here. The thermometer is away up to an 100. It makes us long for the rest and shade of some quiet, cool retreat in the mountains of North Georgia, where we can get on the broad piazza of a country home and enjoy the fresh mountain air and the cool spring water. Our children are all at home now. Our eldest son has just returned from college, and our eldest daughter is now spending her vacation, and they need a good frolic in the country—and there are, as you know, just six others of all ages and sizes, and they continually talk of your springs and your branches and the fish pond that you write about so charmingly in your Sunday letters. So if you have room for us we will all be up in a few days. Our second boy has a favorite dog to whom he is much attached. If you have no objections we will bring the dog. He is well behaved and will give you no trouble. The third boy has a pair of fancy goats that are trained to work in harness, and I know your children will like to frolic with them. We will bring the goats. Our nurse will come with us. Now, don't give yourselves any anxiety on our account, for we are just coming to have a free and easy time and enjoy the air and the water. We will bring our fishing tackle along.

Your Loving Cousin.

It was with great hesitation that I read this letter to Mrs. Arp, but she was equal to the occasion, for her hospitality never surrenders. "Well, write to them to come along," she said with a sigh. "I expect their children are tired of that hot city, and would be happy to get up here and play in the branch. Their poor mother has had a time of it just like I have—a thousand children and no negroes. Born rich and have to live hard, and will die poor I reckon. But write to

them to come along and enjoy the air and the water, for there is not much else here."

"But my dear," said I, "there isent anything else, and I don't see how we can take them. The truth is I am plum out of money and I am ashamed to go to town and ask for any more credit. Two months ago when our company began to come we had three or four hundred chickens running around the lot, and before the company left I was buying twenty a day. Its just awful, and we can't get another cook anywhere."

"Well, it don't matter," said she, "we can't refuse them—it would be bad manners. Write to them to come along, and we will do the best we can. You can pick up something, I know; I never knew you to fail."

So under conjugal pressure I indited the following reply:

My Dear Cousin: Your letter delighted us beyond expression. Our end of the line is all fixed up, and when you telegraph us that you are coming we will meet you at the depot. We have a double buggy and a farm wagon, and if they will not hold all and the baggage and livestock, the boys and the dogs and the goats can walk out and peruse the country. It is only five miles, so come along and be happy and enjoy the air and the water. There is plenty of room now, for we shipped the last of eighteen visitors yesterday. They have run us down to air and water, but there is still an abundance of that and you are welcome to it. We don't care anything about your dog, but we have one here that I am afraid will eat his ears off in two minutes. Country dogs never did have much consideration for a town dog. The only trouble is about feeding your dog with palatable food, for we have no scraps left from our table now, and our dog has got to eating crawfish. This kind of food makes a dog hold on when he bites.

I think you had better bring the goats, for we would like to have a barbecue while you are here and we are just out of goats. You needn't bring your fishing tackle as we have plenty, but fish are awful scarce in our creek since the mill pond was drawn off. Couldent you bring some salt water fish as a rarity to our children? Huckleberries are ripe now and

your children will enjoy picking them. Ticks and red bugs are ripe, too, and your children will enjoy picking them about bed time. Scratching is a healthy business in the country and is the poor man's medicine. Town folks can take Cuticura and Sarsaparilla and S.S.S. and B.B.B. but a poor man just has to scratch—that's all.

I wouldent mention it to my wife, but it has occurred to me that as you are about to break up for a season you might just as well bring your cow along, for ours are about played out. It would do your cow good to enjoy the air and water. And this reminds me that my wife scraped the bottom of the sugar barrel yesterday. It does take a power of sweetening for these country berries. A hundred pounds or so from your store wouldent come amiss. I suppose your nurse wouldent mind sleeping in the potatoe shed. It is a good cool place to roost at night. We have no musketoes but snakes are alarmingly frequent in these parts. Carl killed a rattlesnake in the garden yesterday but he had only six rattles and we think that we can soon learn your children to dodge them; so come along and enjoy the air and water. It is well worth a visit up here to see the blue mountains and watch the young cyclones meander around. A cyclone came in sight of us last spring and unroofed nabor Munford's house and killed seven mules and three negro children and went on. It is a grand and inspiring sight to see a cyclone on an excursion. Our crab apples are ripe now. I read the other day a very sad account about three children dying of crab apple colic in one family. Our cook has given us notice that she will leave next Sunday and my wife she has tried all over the naborhood to secure another but failed. Maybe you had better bring up a cook with you, but if you can't why then we will all try and get along on the air and the water. I can cook pretty well myself on an emergency, but don't fancy it as a regular job. But the greatest trouble now is that we have nothing to cook. But come along and enjoy the air and the water.

Your cousin, WILLIAM.

Well, he dident come. The next time I saw him he said he was just joking, and I told him I was too.

LIVE STOCK VIEWS

From 'The Scrap Book.'

THERE is a power of difference in human stock. The pure breed of Yankees never was a favorite stock with me. When it is judiciously crossed it does very well and I have known some mighty good grades to come from a mixture of Yank with the old Southern blooded stock. The old time Southerner is blooded stock. With him honor and fair dealing and family pride are bigger things than money. The Yankee runs on money. Their catechism says the chief end of man is to keep all you get and get all you can. They like what other people have got better than what they have got themselves and they go for it and call it speculation. If they can't get it that way fast enough they pass laws in Congress that will get it by degrees. Through tariffs and protection and bounties and railroad subsidies, they got nearly all we had before the war and they are still playing the same old game. They look upon us as a foeman worthy of their steal. When a Yank gets rich and don't want any more, and is sorter broken down in the loins, he gets sorter honest and gives some away to meeting houses and colleges.

A Southerner don't care much for a dime, but a Yank will get rich off of coppers. He will buy nails at four dollars and ninety cents a keg and retail 'em out at five cents a pound. Ten cents and the keg is a fair profit for him. He will speculate on anything in the world. I knew one to buy his wife's dower in a piece of land for $200 and sell it to his daddy-in-law for a thousand. That was a cute way of making the stingy old cuss give him something before he died. A regular Yank is a perambulatin man. He don't mind going from Maine to Texas any more than we mind going to the post-office. He is smart and he is diligent and is never left by the train. When a clever Yank comes down South and mixes with our people he improves by contact, and if he stays long enough and marries into a respectable family he is apt to make a good citizen. It helps him and it helps the family, especially if it is poor and proud. This kind of a cross generally does well and brings good fruit. The offspring are lively and shifty, and have the

love of money and the love of honor so beautifully blended you can't tell tother from which. A cross between Massachusetts and South Carolina does very well now-a-days. One is chuck full of money and the other of honor. The money keeps the honor from perishing out, which is a good thing, for if it ain't kept comfortable it is inclined to degenerate, and the stock will run into scrub in two generations and have to be withdrawn from the turf. Honor nor nothing else ain't bomb-proof against the debasing influence of an empty stomach. If a race horse aint well fed his offspring will play out, and so when one of the first families gits poor, the children become a second family and so on and so forth until you can't tell 'em from the common stock.

Then again we sometimes see the commonest kind of scrub human blessed with an uncommon quality of brains. Then you may look out and you might as well surrender, for they are going to have a slice of your property. A smart scrub is a dangerous animal. A cow that horns down the fence or a hog that roots open the gate or a horse that lets down the bars is a nuisance and a cuss. They are a scrub. The old fashioned first families wouldn't do a mean thing. They were above it. They wouldn't sacrifice their self-respect. I like them sort, especially if they are rich. They have big ideas and big ways and hold their heads up and look at you when they speak to you. They don't walk nor ride like common folks. I can tell 'em a hundred yards off. It takes all sorts of folks to make up a world, and I'm glad that kind are in it. I'm most as poor as Lazarus, but I ain't fool enough to hate rich folks. I like 'em, but if you think you can make anything off a rich scrub just try it. He don't waste enough to keep a hound dog from starvation. Poor folks are a right good thing in a country. In fact, a country is obliged to have 'em to keep rich folks in money. That's what I've been doing all my life and if I don't grumble at it nobody needn't. Being poor and keeping so is my forte, but we have had a right good time, nevertheless notwithstanding, for money brings a heap of trouble, and the children get awful tired waiting on a rich daddy to die. But I like money—money is a right good thing in a family, and I would like to feel the feeling of a rich man for a little while, may be it would stretch me up a little. Mrs. Arp

says I'm getting hump-shouldered. I would like to be a patriarch in a church and give $500 a year to the preacher and shake hands with the brethren and sisters in the vestibule. I think I would like that.

But after all it don't matter much whether a man is poor or rich, one man is as happy as another if his heart is in his bosom and not in his pocket. If it ain't in his bosom then he is a scrub.

THE VOICE OF SPRING

From 'The Scrap Book.'

Hark, I hear a bluebird sing,
And that's a sign of coming spring.
The bull-frog bellers in the ditches,
He's throw'd away his winter britches.
Robin is bobbin around so merry,
I reckon he's drunk on a China berry.
The hawk for infant chickens watcheth,
And 'fore you know it one he cotcheth.
The lizard is sunning himself on a rail;
The lamb is shaking his newborn tail.
The darkey is plowing his stubborn mule,
And gaily hollers, "gee, you fool."
King Cotton has unfurled his banner,
And scents the air with sweet guanner.
The day grows long—the night's declining,
The Indian summer's sun is shining,
The smoking hills are now on fire,
And every night it's climbing higher.
The water warm, the weather fine,
The time has come for hook and line;
Adown the creek, around the ponds.
Are gentlemen and vagabonds.
And all our little dirty sinners
Are digging bait and catching minners.
The dogwood buds are now a-swelling,
The yaller jonquills sweet are smelling;
And little busy bees are humming,
And everything says spring is coming.

FRANCIS HOPKINSON SMITH

[1838—1915]

JOHN S. PATTON

FRANCIS HOPKINSON SMITH was born in Baltimore, the son of Francis Hopkinson Smith and Susan (Teackle) Smith, and spent his first years in St. Paul Street, probably in the neighborhood described for readers of 'The Fortunes of Oliver Horn' as Kennedy Square. He is a descendant of that Francis Hopkinson whom Thomas Jefferson called his friend and whose name appears, with Jefferson's, on the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Smith comes by his versatility quite as a matter of course, for this ancestor had many gifts, and did many things well; he was lawyer, statesman, pamphleteer, ballad and music writer, and like the subject of this sketch seems to have found pleasure in being busy.

Mr. Smith's personal appearance seems to contradict the statement that he has lived through six decades of the Nineteenth Century and one of the Twentieth, but the date of his birth can be set down with confidence as October 23, 1838. He is of medium height, active, with iron-gray hair, close cropped, and gray moustaches, looking, at the first glance, "like a prosperous French man of affairs. When he speaks, however, this illusion vanishes, for his voice has the peculiar ring and his gestures the illustrative significance which are acquired to the full by no one but the American lecturer."

Sketches of Mr. Smith tell much of his charm, but say little of the details of his life. The charm is easily inferred from his pictures and books, and something of the actual life of the man can be inferred from his novels and short stories, if they are indeed as autobiographical as they are supposed to be. The sketches hint that his father was an amiable visionary, overtaken by reverses in the 'fifties, the decade in which fell the formative years of the author's life. These reverses kept his son from Princeton, for which he had been prepared, and sent him into the world to shift for himself at an age when his education could not have been liberal. The world, of course, is the best college, in some respects, and finds a way to enforce its demands; but its curriculum does not often lead to a career like that achieved by Mr. Smith, for which a broad proficiency in the liberal arts is a useful preparation. It is one of the highest tributes to the ideals he has cherished through life, and to

the energy and integrity with which he has worshiped them, that he has always made his devoirs in intellectual clothes that have admitted him without question to any function of intellectual society at which he has cared to assist. How he has done this as faultlessly as any doctor of philosophy must make an intensely interesting story.

Fortune turned Mr. Smith's face toward New York instead of toward Princeton, and it is said he arrived in the great city with only thirty-eight cents on which to begin life. The capital proved adequate, for in addition he had riches of temperament and courage and health which made his youthful assurance as sure as human fortune can be.

The difficulties surrounding the homeless young man in New York in the years immediately before the war were more serious than we are now likely to regard them. If the autobiographical 'Fortunes of Oliver Horn' can be taken as realizing the entourage and atmosphere of young Smith in his Southern home, the mere thought of his going to the metropolis excited the disgust and foreboding of those who, at that time of growing irritation, regarded the North as a land accursed to a Southerner by hordes of "damned Yankees."

Life did not at once open with brilliant morning hues. The boy from the South began it by walking the streets in a search for employment, a quest which was unrewarded for weeks. It is intimated that at sixteen he was helping in a store, and that for two years he carried a dinner pail as a day laborer. He was thus going to a school in which he was to acquire a working knowledge of the work-a-day world, and a sympathy with those who toiled in it, all to be used with fine effect in the novels he was to write.

These rapid touches intimate the beginnings of Francis Hopkinson Smith, engineer, author, painter, traveler, lecturer, after-dinner speaker, not to attempt an inclusive list of the rôles in which he has appeared so competently as to win the applause of a vast audience. If Mr. Smith were asked in which of them he has done the best work he would, it is thought, answer in that of the mechanical engineer. His admirers will hardly agree with him. Perhaps they will not agree among themselves, except in admiring the man and respecting his many gifts, but break up into groups—one claiming that he is at his best on the platform, where he displays unusual histrionic power, another, under the charm of his sketches of outdoor life, seeing in him a great water-colorist; another, whose ears love the hum of industry and whose spirit thrills with the inspiration of the world of work, hailing him as a builder of great defences of national and international commerce, and still another delighting to honor the creative energy which has breathed the breath of life

into such charming creatures as Colonel Carter of Cartersville and Peter—to name only two of a score or more who appear in our memories in an intensely human pageant at the mere mention of the name of their genial creator. It is safe to say this last group is the largest.

It was probably during his service as a clerk in the plant of an iron manufacturer—no doubt Morton, Slade and Company, of 'Oliver Horn'—that Smith began to prepare for his career as mechanical engineer. That he had "a due preliminary training" cannot be doubted, in view of his success. He has built bridges, breakwaters, and lighthouses, consciously for money and unconsciously for experiences needed in the making of books. Among his achievements are the government seawall around Governor's Island, and that at Tompkinsville, Staten Island, the Race Rock lighthouse, off New London, Connecticut, and the foundation for the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty.

Mr. Smith's work-a-day life has never obscured the promptings which he felt when a boy in Baltimore toward artistic expression in color. This impulse had made him a devoted pupil of the artist Alfred Jacob Miller (Oliver Horn's Old Crocker). Miller took a deep interest in his pupil, and gave him the only lessons in drawing and painting he ever had. Miller had taken his own first lessons from Thomas Sully, the painter of Jefferson and other distinguished Americans. He was an old man when Smith came under his influence, and had done his best work, a series of sketches of scenes and incidents of a journey to the Rocky Mountains with Sir William Drummond Stewart, which became the nucleus of a gallery of Indian paintings at Murthley Castle. In New York the youth from the South visited the art exhibitions, drew in charcoal, and painted in water colors as he had opportunity. He made many acquaintances among ambitious young artists who afterward with him, became members of the famous Tile Club. One of his first books describes the summer excursions of the club in a boat which was towed through the canals of New York State. Each of the blue delft tiles which border the fireplace in the studio of his New York home was painted by a member of the club—Quartley, Sarony, Chase, Reinhart, Abbey, Stanford White, and the rest. He has received medals from the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, the Charleston Exposition, the Philadelphia Art Club, and other organizations. The Sultan of Turkey has conferred upon him, with the grade of Officer, the orders of Medjidieh and Osmanyeh. He is a member of the American Watercolor Society and the art clubs of Philadelphia and Cincinnati. As an artist he is known by his "A January Thaw," "On the Lagoons," "An Idle Morning, Beices," "The Pigeon

Mosque," "The Golden Horn," "The Riva," "Under the Towers," "A Passing Shower, Venice," "A Spring Shower, Stockholm," "Holland Skies," and "A Venetian Cab Stand." The subjects of these sketches tell the story of his cosmopolitan character. Someone who knows him has described Mr. Smith as at home everywhere on earth. "His orbit touches Omaha and Constantinople. In winter he shines from the lecture-platform upon the Hyperboreans of Chicago and Council Bluffs; in summer he sketches in Peter Jansen's rowboat upon the lazy Maas, or moors his gondola to the stones of Venice; or, accompanied by his German dragoman and a Turkish policeman in plain clothes, he goes voyaging in a painted caïque 'adown the billowy Bosphorus.'"

Like Richard Malcolm Johnston, Francis Hopkinson Smith began his career as author when his powers were fully matured and he had large experience of life. He was forty-seven when his first book—'Old Lines in New Black and White'—was issued by Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 'Colonel Carter of Cartersville' gave him an assured place as a novelist, while 'Caleb West' and every succeeding volume have strengthened the popular attachment to him. He is a diligent writer of short stories, and it is probable that in these he has done his most vital work. Every quarter of the earth has been put under contribution for his fiction, and it is said (probably not quite truly) that all of the chief incidents in his stories, whether of achievement, as 'Caleb West,' 'Tom Grogan' and 'The Tides of Barnegat,' of sentiment, as 'Colonel Carter,' or of art and travel, as 'A White Umbrella in Mexico,' 'Gondola Days,' and 'Wellworn Roads,' are drawn from the author's experiences or are the retold incidents of life in the circle in which his father lived and his own early years were spent. His levies have been those of the artist who diminishes or exaggerates his spoil as he pleases, or the effect aimed at demands. In the case of Colonel Carter it was exaggeration, and that amiable character is not, in strictness, a gentleman of the old school in the South. In the South, as elsewhere, it is not the gentleman who is a type of the best life who borrows money and habitually forgets to repay it. But these faults are negligible. The important thing is that the vitality, sanity and optimism which have fixed the facts of Mr. Smith's career, have entered into the most of his fictive creations and made them wholesome.

In the quarter of a century in which he has been writing he has done a great deal alone in the making of books. Some of the titles are:

Old Lines in New Black and White. 1885.
Well-Worn Roads. 1886.
A White Umbrella in Mexico. 1889.

A Book of the Tile Club. 1890.
Colonel Carter of Cartersville. 1891.
A Day at Laguerre's. 1892.
American Illustrators. 1892.
A Gentleman Vagabond, and Some Others. 1895.
Tom Grogan. 1896.
Gondola Days. 1897.
Venice of To-Day. 1897.
Caleb West. 1898.
The Other Fellow. 1899.
The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. 1902.
The Under Dog. 1903.
Colonel Carter's Christmas. 1904.
At Close Range. 1905.
The Wood Fire in No. 3. 1905.
The Tides of Barnegat. 1906.
The Veiled Lady. 1907.
The Romance of an Old-fashioned Gentleman. 1907.
Peter. 1908.

Mr. Smith is said to regard mechanical engineering as the business of his life and painting and novel-writing as the employments of his play-time. This bibliography shows that he plays to good purpose.

John S. Patton

THE SURPRISE

From 'Peter.' Copyright, Charles Scribner's Sons, and used here by permission of the publishers.

It was wonderful how young he looked, and how happy he was, and how spry his step, as the two turned into William Street and so on to the cheap little French restaurant with its sanded floor, little tables for two and four, with their tiny pots of mustard and flagons of oil and red vinegar—this last, the "left-overs" of countless bottles of Bordeaux—to say nothing of the great piles of French bread weighing down a shelf beside the proprietor's desk, racked up like cordwood, and all of the same color, length and thickness.

Every foot of the way through the room toward his own table—his for years, and which was placed in the far corner overlooking the doleful little garden with its half-starved vine and hanging baskets—Peter had been obliged to speak to everybody he passed (some of the younger men rose to their feet to shake his hand)—until he reached the proprietor and gave his order.

Auguste, plump and oily, his napkin over his arm, drew out his chair (it was always tipped back in reserve until he arrived), laid another plate and accessories for his guest, and then bent his head until Peter indicated the particular brand of Bordeaux—the color of the wax sealing its top was the only label—with which he proposed to entertain his friend.

All this time Jack had been on the point of bursting. Once he had slipped his hand into his pocket for Breen's letter, in the belief that the best way to get the most enjoyment out of the incident of his visit and the result—for it was still a joke to Jack—would be to lay the half sheet on Peter's plate and watch the old fellow's face as he read it. Then he decided to lead gradually up to it, concealing the best part of the story—the prospectus and how it was to be braced—until the last.

But the boy could not wait; so after he had told Peter about Ruth—and that took ten minutes, try as hard as he could to shorten the telling—during which the stuffed peppers were in evidence—and after Peter had replied with

certain messages to Ruth—during which the spaghetti was served sizzling hot, with entrancing frazzlings of brown cheese clinging to the edges of the tin plate—the Chief Assistant squared his elbows and plunged head-foremost into the subject.

"And now, I have got a surprise for you, Uncle Peter," cried Jack, smothering his eagerness as best he could.

The old fellow held up his hand, reached for the shabby, dust-begrimed bottle, that had been sound asleep under the sidewalk for years; filled Jack's glass, then his own; settled himself in his chair and said with a dry smile:

"If it's something startling, Jack, wait until we drink this," and he lifted the slender rim to his lips. "If it's something delightful, you can spring it now."

"It is both," answered Jack. "Listen and doubt your ears. I had a letter from Uncle Arthur this morning asking me to come and see him about my Cumberland ore property, and I have just spent an hour with him."

Peter put down his glass:

"You had a letter from Arthur Breen—about—what do you mean, Jack?"

"Just what I say."

Peter moved to the table, and looked at the boy in wonderment.

"Well, what did he want?" He was all attention now. Arthur Breen sending for Jack!—and after all that had happened! Well—well!

"Wants me to put the Cumberland ore property father left me into one of his companies."

"That fox!" answered Jack, in a confirmatory tone; and then followed an account of the interview, the boy chuckling at the end of every sentence in his delight over the situation.

"And what are you going to do?" asked Peter in an undecided tone. He had heard nothing so comical as this for years.

"Going to do nothing—that is nothing with Uncle Arthur. In the first place, the property is worthless, unless half a million of money is spent upon it."

"Or is *said* to have been spent upon it," rejoined Peter with a smile, remembering the Breen methods.

"Exactly so; and in the second place, I would rather tear up

the deed than have it added to Uncle Arthur's stock of balloons."

Peter drummed on the table-cloth and looked out of the window. The boy was right in principle, but then the property might not be a balloon at all; might in fact be worth a great deal more than the boy dreamed of. That Arthur Breen had gone out of his way to send for Jack—knowing, as Peter did, how systematically both he and his wife had abused and ridiculed him whenever his name was mentioned—was positive evidence to Peter's mind not only that the property had a value of some kind but that the discovery was of recent origin.

"Would you know yourself, Jack, what the property was worth—that is, do you feel yourself competent to pass upon its value?" asked Peter, lifting his glass to his lips. He was getting back to his normal condition now.

"Yes, to a certain extent, and if I fail, Mr. MacFarlane will help me out. He was superintendent of the Rockford Mines for five years. He received his early training there—but there is no use talking about it, Uncle Peter. I only told you to let you see how the same old thing is going on day after day at Uncle Arthur's. If it isn't Mukton, it's Ginsing, or Black Royal, or some other gas bag."

"What did you tell him?"

"Nothing—not in all the hour I talked with him. He did the talking; I did the listening."

"I hope you were courteous to him, my boy?"

"I was—particularly so."

"He wants your property, does he?" ruminated Peter, rolling a crumb of bread between his thumb and forefinger. "I wonder what's up? He has made some bad breaks lately and there were ugly rumors about the house for a time. He has withdrawn his account from the Exeter and so I've lost sight of all his transactions." Here a new idea seemed to strike him: "Did he seem very anxious about getting hold of the land?"

A queer smile played about Jack's lips:

"He seemed *not* to be, but he was."

"You're sure?"

"Very sure; and so would you be if you knew him as well as I do. I have heard him talk that way to dozens of men and

then brag how he'd 'covered his tracks,' as he used to call it."

"Then, Jack," exclaimed Peter in a decided tone, "there is something in it. What it is you will find out before many weeks, but something. I will wager you he has not only had your title searched but has had test holes driven all over your land. These fellows stop at nothing. Let him alone for a while and keep him guessing. When he writes to you again to come and see him, answer that you are too busy, and if he adds a word about the ore beds tell him you have withdrawn them from the market. In the meantime I will have a talk with one of our directors who has an interest, so he told me, in a new steel company up in the Cumberland Mountains, somewhere near your property, I believe. He may know something of what's going on, if anything is going on."

Jack's eyes blazed. Something going on! Suppose that after all he and Ruth would not have to wait. Peter read his thoughts and laid his hand on Jack's wrist:

"Keep your toes on the earth, my boy; no balloon ascensions and no bubbles—none of your own blowing. They are bad things to have burst in your hands—four hands now, remember, with Ruth's. If there's any money in your Cumberland ore bank, it will come to light without your help. Keep still and say nothing, and don't you sign your name to a piece of paper as big as a postage stamp until you let me see it."

Here Peter looked at his watch and rose from the table.

"Time's up, my boy. I never allow myself an hour at luncheon, and I am due at the bank in ten minutes. Thank you, Auguste—and Auguste! please tell Botti the spaghetti was delicious. Come, Jack."

It was when he held Ruth in his arms that same afternoon —behind the door, really—she couldn't wait until they reached the room—that Jack whispered in her astonished and delighted ears the good news of the expected check from Garry's committee.

"And daddy won't lose anything; and he can take the new work!" she cried joyously. "And we can all go up to the mountains together! Oh, Jack!—let me run and tell daddy!"

"No, my darling—not a word. Garry had no business to tell me what he did; and it might leak out and get him into

trouble; no, don't say a word. It is only a few days off. We shall all know next week."

He had led her to the sofa, their favorite seat.

"And now I am going to tell you something that would be a million times better than Garry's check if it were only true—but it isn't."

"Tell me, Jack—quick!" Her lips were close to his.

"Uncle Arthur wants to buy my ore lands."

"Buy your—And we are going to be—married right away! Oh, you darling Jack!"

"Wait, wait, my precious, until I tell you!" She did not wait, and he did not want her to. Only when he could loosen her arms from his neck did he find her ear again, and then he poured into it the rest of the story.

"But, oh, Jack!—wouldn't it be lovely if it were true—and just think of all the things we could do."

"Yes—but it isn't true."

"But just suppose it *was,* Jack! You would have a horse of your own and we'd build the dearest little home and——"

"But it never can be true, blessed—not out of the Cumberland property—" protested Jack.

"But, Jack! Can't we *suppose?* Why, supposing is the best fun in the world. I used to suppose all sorts of things when I was a little girl. Some of them came true, and some of them didn't, but I had just as much fun as if they *had* all come true."

"Did you ever suppose *me?*" asked Jack. He knew she never had—he wasn't worth it; but what difference did it make what they talked about!

"Yes—a thousand times. I always knew, my blessed, that there was somebody like you in the world somewhere—and when the girls would break out and say ugly things about men—all men—I just knew they were not true of everybody. I knew that you would come—and that I should always look for you until I found you! And now tell me! Did you suppose about me, too, you darling Jack?"

"No—never. There could not be any supposing; there isn't any now. It's just you I love, Ruth—you—and I love the *'you'* in you—That's the best part of you."

And so they talked on, she close in his arms, their cheeks

together; building castles of rose marble and ivory, laying out gardens with vistas ending in summer sunsets; dreaming dreams that only lovers dream.

NIGHT IN VENICE

From 'Gondola Days.' Copyright, Houghton, Mifflin and Company, and used here by permission of the publishers.

Night in Venice! A night of silver moons—one hung against the velvet blue of the infinite, fathomless sky, the other at rest in the still sea below.

A night of ghostly gondolas, chasing specks of stars in dim canals; of soft melodies broken by softer laughter; of tinkling mandolins, white shoulders, and tell-tale cigarettes. A night of gay lanterns lighting big barges, filled with singers and beset by shadowy boats, circling like moths or massed like water-beetles. A night when San Giorgio stands on tip-toe, Narcissus-like, to drink in his own beauty mirrored in the silent sea; when the angel crowning the Campanile sleeps with folded wings, lost in the countless stars; when the line of the city from across the wide lagoons is but a string of lights buoying golden chains that sink into the depths; when the air is a breath of heaven, and every sound that vibrates across the never-ending wave is the music of another world.

No pen can give this beauty, no brush its color, no tongue its delight. It must be seen and felt. It matters little how dull your soul may be, how sluggish your imagination, how dead your enthusiasm, here Nature will touch you with a wand that will stir every blunted sensibility into life. Palaces and churches—poems in stone—canvases that radiate sombre forests, oases of olive and palm, Beethoven, Milton, and even the great Michael himself, may have roused in you no quiver of delight nor thrill of feeling.

But here—here by this wondrous city of the sea—here, where the transcendent goddess of the night spreads her wings, radiant in the light of an August moon, her brow studded with stars, even were your soul of clay, here would it vibrate to the dignity, the beauty, and the majesty of her matchless presence.

As you lie, adrift in your gondola, hung in mid air—so like a mirror is the sea, so vast the vault above you—so dreamlike the charm! How exquisite the languor! Now a burst of music from the far off plaza, dying into echoes about the walls of San Giorgio; now the slow tolling of some bells from a distant tower; now the ripple of a laugh, or a snatch of song, or the low cooing of a lover's voice, as a ghostly skiff with drawn curtains and muffled light glides past; and now the low splash of the rowers as some phantom ship looms above you with bowlights aglow, crosses the highway of silver, and melts into shadow.

Suddenly from out the stillness there bursts across the bosom of the sleeping wave the dull boom of the evening gun, followed by the long blast of the bugle from the big warship near the arsenal; and then, as you hold your breath, the clear tones of the great bell of the Campanile strike the hour.

Now is the spell complete!

The Professor, in the seat beside me, turns his head, and, with a cautioning hand to Espero to stay his oar, listens till each echo has had its say; first San Giorgio's wall, then the Public Garden, and last the low murmur that pulsates back from the outlying islands of the lagoon. On nights like these the Professor rarely talks. He lies back on the yielding cushions, his eyes upturned to the stars, the glow of his cigarette lighting his face. Now and then he straightens himself, looks about him, and sinks back again on the cushions, muttering over and over again, "Never such a night—never, never!" To-morrow night he will tell you the same thing, and every other night while the moon lasts. Yet he is no empty enthusiast. He is only enthralled by his mistress, this matchless Goddess of Air and Light and Melody. Analyse the feeling as you may, despise its sentiment or decry it altogether, the fact remains, that once get this drug of Venice into your veins, and you never recover. The same thrill steals over you with every phase of her wondrous charm—in the early morning, in the blinding glare of the noon, in the cool of the fading day, in the tranquil watches of the night. It is Venice the Beloved, and there is none other.

Espero has breathed her air always, and hundreds of nights have come and gone for him; yet as he stands bare-

headed behind you, his oar slowly moving, you can hear him communing with himself as he whispers "Bella notte, bella notte," just as some other devotee would tell his beads in unconscious prayer. It is the spirit of idolatry born of her never-ending beauty, that marks the marvellous power which Venice wields over human hearts, compelling them, no matter how dull and leaden, to reverence and to love.

And the Venetians never forget! While we float idly back to the city, the quays are crowded with people, gazing across the wide lagoons, drinking in their beauty, the silver moon over all. Now and then a figure will come down to the water's edge and sit upon some marble steps, gazing seaward. There is nothing to be seen—no passing ship, no returning boat. It is only the night!

Away up the canal, Guglielmo, the famous singer, once a gondolier, is filling the night with music, a throng of boats almost bridging the canal, following him from place to place, Luigi, the primo, in the lead—the occupants hanging on every note that falls from his lips.

Up the Zattere, near San Rosario, where the afternoon sun blazed but a few hours since, the people line the edge of the marble quay, their children about them, the soft radiance of the night glorifying the Giudecca. They are of all classes, high and low. They love their city, and every phase of her beauty is to them only a variation of her marvellous charm. The Grand Duchess of the Riva stands in the doorway of her caffé, or leans from her chamber window; Vittorio and little Appo, and every other member of the Open-Air Club, are sprawled over the Ponte Veneta Marina, and even the fishermen up the Pallada sit in front of their doors. Venice is decked out to-night in all the glory of an August moon. They must be there to see!

You motion to Espero, and with a twist of his blade he whirls the gondola back to the line of the farthest lights. As you approach nearer, the big Trieste steamer looms above you, her decks crowded with travellers. Through her open portholes you catch the blaze of the electric lights, and note the tables spread and the open staterooms, the waiters and stewards moving within. About her landing ladders is a swarm of

gondolas bringing passengers, the porters taking up the trunks as each boat discharges in turn.

A moment more and you shoot alongside the Molo and the watersteps of the Piazzetta. An old man steadies your boat while you alight. You bid Espero good-night and mingle with the throng. What a transition from the stillness of the lagoon!

The open space is crowded with idlers walking in pairs or groups. The flambeaux of gas-jets are ablaze. From behind the towering Campanile in the great Piazza comes a burst of music from the King's Band. Everywhere are color and light and music. Everywhere stroll the happy, restful contented people, intoxicated with the soft air, the melody, and the beauty of the night.

If you think you know San Marco, come stand beneath its portals and look up. The deep coves, which in the daylight are lost in the shadows of the dominant sun, are now illumined by the glare of a hundred gas-jets from the street below. What you saw in the daylight is lost in the shadow—the shadowed coves now brilliant in the light. To your surprise, as you look, you find them filled with inscriptions and studded with jewels of mosaic, which flash and glint in the glare of the blazing flambeaux. All the pictures over the great doors now stand out in bold coloring, with each caramel of mosaic distinct and clear. Over every top-moulding you note little beads and dots of gray and black. If you look closer two beads will become one, and soon another will burst into wings. They are the countless pigeons roosting on the carving. They are out of your reach, some fifty feet above you, undisturbed by all this glitter and sound.

As you turn and face the great square of the Piazza, you find it crowded to the very arcades under the surrounding palaces, with a moving mass of people, the tables of the caffés reaching almost to the band-stand placed in the middle. Florian's is full, hardly a seat to be had. Auguste and his men are bringing ices and cooling drinks. The old Duchess of uncertain age, with the pink veil, is in her accustomed seat, and so are the white-gloved officers with waxed mustaches, and the pretty Venetian girls with their mothers and duennas. The Professor drops into his seat against the pillar—lights

another cigarette, and makes a sign to Auguste. It is the same old order, a cup of coffee and the smallest drop of Cognac that can be brought in a tear-bottle of a decanter the size of your thumb.

When the music is over you stroll along the arcades and under the Bocca del Leone, and through the narrow streets leading to the Campo of San Moise, and so over the bridge near the Bauer-Grunwald to the crack in the wall that leads you to the rear of your own quarter. Then you cross your garden and mount the steps to your rooms, and so out upon your balcony.

The canal is deserted. The music-boats have long since put out their lanterns and tied up for the night. The lighters at the Dogana opposite lie still and motionless, their crews asleep under the mats and stretched on the decks. Away up in the blue swims the silver moon, attended by an escort of clouds hovering close about her. Towering above you rises the great dome of the Salute, silent, majestic, every statue, cross, and scroll bathed in the glory of her light.

Suddenly as you hang over your balcony, the soft night embracing you, the odor of oleanders filling the air, you hear the quick movement of a flute borne on the night wing from away up the Iron Bridge. Nearer it comes, nearer, and clear, bird-like notes floating over the still canal and the deserted city. You lean forward and catch the spring and rhythm of the two gondoliers as they glide past, keeping time to the thrill of the melody. You catch, too, the abandon and charm of it all. He is standing over her, his head uncovered, the moonlight glinting on the uplifted reed at his lips. She lies on the cushions beneath him, throat and shoulders bare, a light scarf about her head. It is only a glimpse, but it lingers in your memory for years—you on the balcony and alone.

Out they go—out into the wide lagoon—out into the soft night, under the glory of the radiant stars. Fainter and fainter falls the music, dimmer and dimmer pales the speck with its wake of silver.

Then all is still.

THE ONE-LEGGED GOOSE

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It was some time before I could quiet the old man's anxieties and coax him back into his usual good humor, and then only when I began to ask him of the old plantation days.

Then he fell to talking about the colonel's father, General John Carter, and the high days at Carter Hall when Miss Nancy was a young lady and the colonel a boy home from the university.

"Dem was high times. We ain't neber seed no time like dat since de war. Git up in de mawnin' an' look out ober de lawn, an' yer come fo'teen or fifteen couples ob de fustest quality folks, all on horseback ridin' in de gate. Den such a scufflin' round! Old marsa an' missis out on de po'ch, an' de little pickaninnies runnin' from de quarters, an' all hands helpin' 'em off de horses, an' dey all smokin' hot wid de gallop up de lane.

"An' den sich a breakfast an' sich dancin' an' co'tin'; ladies all out on de lawn in der white dresses, an' de gemmen in fair-top boots, an' Mammy Jane runnin' round same as a chicken wid its head off—an' der heads was off befo' dey knowed it, an' dey a-br'ilin' on de gridiron.

"Dat would go on a week or mo', an' den up dey'll all git an' away dey'd go to de nex' plantation, an' take Miss Nancy along wid 'em on her little sorrel mare, an' I on Marsa John's black horse, to take care bofe of 'em. Dem *was* times!

"My old marsa"—and his eyes glistened—"my old Marsa John was a gemman, sah, like dey don't see nowadays. Tall, sah, an' straight as a cornstalk; hair white an' silky as de tassel; an' a voice like de birds was singin', it was dat sweet.

" 'Chad,' he use' ter say—you know I was young den, an' I was his body servant—'Chad, come yer till I bre'k yo' head;' an' den when I come he'd laugh fit to kill hisself. Dat's when you do right. But when you was a low-down nigger an' got de debbil in yer, an' ole marsa hear it an' send de overseer to de quarters for you to come to de little room in de big

house whar de walls was all books an' whar his desk was, 't wa'nt no birds about his voice den—mo' like de thunder."

"Did he whip his negroes?"

"No, sah; don't reckelmember a single lick laid on airy nigger dat de marsa knowed of; but when dey got so bad—an' some niggers is dat way—den dey was sold to de swamp lan's. He wouldn't hab 'em round 'ruptin' his niggers, he use' ter say.

"Hab coffee, sah? Won't take I a minute to bile it. Colonel ain't been drinkin' none lately, an' so I don't make none."

I nodded my head, and Chad closed the door softly, taking with him a small cup and saucer, and returning in a few minutes followed by that most delicious of all aromas, the savory steam of boiling coffee.

"My Marsa John," he continued, filling the cup with the smoking beverage, "never drank nuffin' but tea, eben at de big dinners when all de gemmen had coffee in de little cups—dats one ob 'em you 's drinkin' out ob now; dey ain't mo' dan fo' on 'em left. Old marsa would have his pot ob tea: Henny use' ter make it for him; makes it now for Miss Nancy.

"Henny was a young gal den, long 'fo' we was married. Henny b'longed to Colonel Lloyd Barbour, on de next plantation to ourn.

"Mo' coffee, Major?" I handed Chad the empty cup. He refilled it, and went straight on without drawing breath.

"Wust scrape I eber got into wid old Marsa John was ober Henny. I tell ye she was a harricane in dem days. She come into de kitchen one time where I was helpin' git de dinner ready an' de cook had gone to de spring house, an' she says:—

"'Chad, what ye cookin' dat smells so nice?'

"'Dat's a goose,' I says, 'cookin' for Marsa John's dinner. We got quality,' says I, pointin' to de dinin'-room do'.

"'Quality!' she says. 'Spec' I know what de quality is. Dat's for you an' de cook.'

"Wid dat she grabs a caarvin' knife from de table, opens de do' ob de big oven, cuts off a leg ob de goose, an' dis'pears round de kitchen corner wid de leg in her mouf.

"'Fo' I knowed whar I was Marsa John come to de kitchen do' an' says, 'Gittin' late, Chad; bring in de dinner.' You see, Major, dey ain't no up an' down stairs in de big house, like it is yer; kitchen an' dinin'-room all on de same flo'.

"Well, sah, I was scared to def, but I tuk dat goose an' laid him wid de cut side down on de bottom of de pan 'fo' de cook got back, put some dressin' an' stuffin' ober him, an' shet de stove do'. Den I tuk de sweet potatoes an' de hominy an' put 'em on de table, an' den I went back in de kitchen to git de baked ham. I put on de ham an' some mo' dishes, an' marsa says, lookin' up:—

" 'I t'ought dere was a roast goose, Chad?'

" 'I ain't yerd nothin' 'bout no goose,' I says. 'I'll ask de cook.'

"Next minute I yerd old marsa a-hollerin':—

" 'Mammy Jane, ain't we got a goose?'

" 'Lord-a-massy! yes, marsa. Chad, you wu'thless nigger, ain't you tuk dat goose out yit?'

" 'Is we got a goose?' said I.

" '*Is we got a goose?* Didn't you help pick it?'

"I see whar my hair was short, an' I snatched up a hot dish from de hearth, opened de oven do', an' slide de goose in jes as he was, an' lay him down befo' Marsa John.

" 'Now see what de ladies 'll have for dinner,' says old marsa, pickin' up his caarvin' knife.

" 'What 'll you take for dinner, miss?' says I. 'Baked ham?'

" 'No,' she says, lookin' up to whar Marsa John sat; 'I think I 'll take a leg ob dat goose'—jes so.

"Well, marsa cut off de leg an' put a little stuffin' an' gravy on wid a spoon, an' says to me, 'Chad, see what dat gemman 'll have.'

" 'What 'll you take for dinner, sah?' says I. 'Nice breast o' goose, or slice o' ham?'

" 'No; I think I'll take a leg of dat goose,' he says.

" 'I didn't say nuffin', but I knowed bery well he wa'n't a-gwine to git it.

"But, Major, you oughter seen old marsa lookin' for der udder leg ob dat goose! He rolled him ober on de dish, dis way an' dat way, an' den he jabbed dat ole bone-handled caarvin' fork in him an' hel' him up ober de dish an' looked under him an' on top ob him, an' den he says, kinder sad like:—

" 'Chad, whar is de udder leg ob dat goose?'

" 'It did n't hab none,' says I.

" 'You mean ter say, Chad, dat de gooses on my plantation on'y got one leg?'

" 'Some ob 'em has an' some ob 'em ain't. You see, marsa, we got two kinds in de pond, an' we was a little boddered to-day, so Mammy Jane cooked dis one 'cause I cotched it fust.'

" 'Well,' said he, lookin' like he look when he send for you in de little room, 'I'll settle wid ye after dinner.'

"Well, dar I was shiverin' an' shakin' in my shoes, an' droppin' gravy an' spillin' de wine on de table-cloth, I was dat shuck up; an' when de dinner was ober he calls all de ladies an' gemmen, an' says, 'Now come down to de duck pond. I'm gwineter show dis nigger dat all de gooses on my plantation got mo' den one leg.'

"I followed 'long, trapesin' after de whole kit an' b'ilin', an' when we got to de pond"—here Chad nearly went into a convulsion with suppressed laughter—"dar was de gooses sittin' on a log in de middle of dat ole green goose-pond wid one leg stuck down—so—an' de udder tucked under de wing."

Chad was now on one leg, balancing himself by my chair, the tears running down his cheeks.

"' Dar, marsa,' says I, 'don't ye see? Look at dat ole gray goose! Dat's de berry match ob de one we had to-day.'

"Den de ladies all hollered an' de gemmen laughed so loud dey yerd 'em at de big house.

" 'Stop, you black scoun'rel!' Marsa John says his face gittin' white an' he a-jerkin' his handkerchief from his pocket. 'Shoo!'

"Major, I hope to have my brains kicked out by a lame grasshopper if ebery one ob dem gooses did n't put down de udder leg!

" 'Now, you lyin' nigger,' he says, raisin' his cane ober my head, 'I 'll show you'—

" 'Stop, Marsa John!' I hollered; ' 't ain't fair, 't ain't fair.'

" 'Why ain't it fair?' says he.

" ' 'Cause,' says I, 'you did n't say "Shoo!" to de goose what was on de table.' "*

*This story, and the story of the "Postmaster" in a preceding chapter, I have told for so many years and to so many people, and with such varied amplifications, that I have long since persuaded myself that they are creations of my own. I surmise, however, that the basis of the "Postmaster" can be found in the corner of some forgotten newspaper, and I know that the "One-Legged Goose" is as old as the "Decameron."

Chad laughed until he choked.

"And did he thrash you?"

"Marsa John? No, sah. He laughed loud as anybody; an' den dat night he says to me as I was puttin' some wood on de fire:—

" 'Chad, where did dat leg go?' An' so I ups an' tells him all about Henny, an' how I was lyin' 'cause I was 'feared de gal would git hurt, an' how she was on'y a-foolin', thinkin' it was my goose; an' den de ole marsa look in de fire for a long time, an' den he says:—

" 'Dat's Colonel Barbour's Henny, ain't it, Chad?'

" 'Yes, marsa,' says I.

"Well, de next mawnin' he had his black horse saddled, an' I held the stirrup for him to git on, an' he rode ober to de Barbour plantation, an' did n't come back till plumb black night. When he come up I held de lantern so I could see his face, for I wa'n't easy in my mine all day. But it was all bright an' shinin' same as a' angel's.

" 'Chad,' he says, handin' me de reins, 'I bought yo' Henny dis arternoon from Colonel Barbour, an' she's comin' ober to-morrow, an' you can bofe git married next Sunday.' "

JOHN SMITH

[1579—1631]

J. A. C. CHANDLER

AT Jamestown was planted, May 13, 1607, the first permanent colony of the English-speaking nation in the New World. For this settlement we are, therefore, able to claim many of the "firsts" of American history, such as the first Protestant Church, the establishment of representative government, the organization of the county system of government, and the first resistance to English oppression.

It is also true, but not so well known, that the first book written on American soil was produced at Jamestown within the first thirteen months of the life of the colony. The work was entitled:

"*A True Relation of such occurrences and accidents of noate as hath hapned in Virginia since the first planting of that Collony, which is now resident in the South part thereof, till the last returne from thence.*
Written by Captain Smith, Coronell of the said Collony, to a worshipfull friend of his in England.
London: Printed for John Tappe, and are to bee solde at the Greyhound in Paules-Church-yard, by W. W. 1608."

We have quoted the title-page in full because of its quaintness, but the work is generally known as 'Smith's True Relation,' the author being no other than the much-talked-of and written-about John Smith, gentleman and soldier of fortune, by some designated as the "Founder of Virginia." If Smith in history may not be properly designated as the founder of Virginia, at least he was for two years and a half the mainstay of a colony almost on the verge of ruin. In literature, however, he is certainly entitled to be designated as the founder of American literature if the authorship of the first book written on American soil entitles one to that honor.

John Smith was born in Lincolnshire, England, 1579, of parents of good English stock, and was left an orphan at the age of thirteen. Filled with the spirit of adventure, he early began a wandering life, visiting France, Holland, Belgium, and Scotland, and then, still a lad, he returned to his native Lincolnshire, where he lived for a while the life of a hermit. Yielding to the persuasion of some friends, he gave up his lonely life, but again resumed his adven-

tures on the Continent. Having lost his all at the hands of highway robbers, in France, he proceeded to Italy on board a ship whose passengers were pilgrims on their way to visit the holy shrines at Rome. A storm arose, and the superstitious passengers, believing that the heretic, Smith, was the cause of their danger, cast him overboard, but being a good swimmer he reached a small island nearby.

After adventures in Italy, Smith joined the German Christians in their wars against the Turks, in which he proved a good soldier, and was soon made a captain in the army of Prince Sigismund. He tells the story of having defeated in succession three Turkish warriors who had challenged any officer among the Christian forces to single combat. Upon Smith's coat-of-arms were placed three Turks' heads, by some thought to have been adopted by him on account of this eventful incident in his life, though, as a matter of fact, the use of three Turks', or Saracens', heads upon the shield has been common since the days of the Crusades. Soon after this, Smith was captured by the Turks and sold as a slave to a Turkish lady of rank, who, according to Smith, became greatly attached to him, and, fearing that harm might befall him from one of her suitors, entrusted him to the care of her brother, who lived in Asia. By this Turkish nobleman he was cruelly treated, his beard and hair were shaven, and an iron collar was riveted about his neck. Shortly afterward he escaped into Russia, having killed his master, and again visited Prince Sigismund, who rewarded him with a purse of fifteen hundred ducats to replace his losses in the services of Germany.

After traveling in northern Africa, he returned to England in 1604, at a time when efforts were being made to organize the Virginia companies. He at once interested himself in the movement, and, on the granting of the charter to the London Company, agreed to go in person to Virginia, and was by King James appointed as one of the seven members of the council resident in the colony.

On December 19, 1606, Smith departed for Virginia with the little band of colonists who sailed in the three ships, *Susan Constant, Godspeed* and *Discovery*. He doubtless did much boasting of his prowess and of the things which he would accomplish when the shores of Virginia were reached; at least, for some cause, he fell into disrepute with the leading gentlemen who were proceeding to Virginia, and before reaching the New World was placed under arrest on the charge of mutiny. After arriving in Virginia, he was tried and acquitted of the charge, and soon became the chief explorer among the colonists.

From June 1, 1607, until September, 1609, he was constantly active. He explored the James River, the Chickahominy River, the

Chesapeake Bay and its many tributaries, and every time he returned to Jamestown he found everything in a state of confusion. One after another of the presidents of the council were removed, and finally, in September, 1608, the people forced Smith to assume the reins of government as president. It was he who, during the period that he lived in Virginia, was constantly called upon to secure the necessary provisions to prevent starvation and to ward off Indian attacks. In the autumn of 1609 he was wounded by the explosion of some gunpowder and was forced to return to England, never again to visit Virginia. He seemed to have lost the good opinion of the London Company, for he was never again in its employ, though such a man as Ratcliffe, who, according to Smith, was a great scoundrel, was again intrusted with important duties after Smith's return to England.

Little is known of Smith for the next five years, save that, in 1612, his 'Description of Virginia' was published at Oxford. But in 1614 he comes again prominently to light in connection with American discoveries, undertaking, at the persuasion of some London merchants, to explore the coast of New England, of which he published a description in 1616. He proposed the establishment of a colony in New England, chiefly with the idea of carrying on a trade in fish, and the Plymouth Company conferred upon him the title of Admiral of New England. His efforts were fruitless, and he describes them in his 'New England's Trials,' published in London in 1620.

The remaining days of his life he spent in revising his early productions and in writing other books. He died on the twenty-first of June, 1631, and was buried in Saint Sepulchre's Church, London.

This brief account of Smith is based upon what he wrote concerning himself. Of his adventures before he became connected with the London Company, we have no account save his own; but of the general part he played in the Virginia colony, we have some account in the writings of such men as Percy, Strachey, Newport, Wingfield, Hamor, Spelman, and Purchas; none of these writers, however, gives any account of Smith's adventures; for these, therefore, we must rely on the Captain's account of himself.

To this sketch is appended a list of his works, all of which relate to what Smith himself did, and recount his adventures in one form or another, save 'An Accidence: or, The Pathway to Experience' and 'A Sea Grammar.' All were written by Smith except the 'Generall Historie,' which is a compilation from many sources—chiefly from men who had figured in American colonization—edited by Smith, with running comments.

Of the list given, two were undoubtedly written on Virginia soil. The first of these books, 'A True Relation,' was sent from Jamestown to London by Captain Nelson, of the *Phenix,* which sailed from Jamestown on June 2, 1608. Another production written in Virginia, not mentioned in this list but included in his 'Generall Historie,' was his letter to the London Company, usually designated as "Smith's Rude Answer," a sharp reply which Smith made to the London Company when it complained of the Virginia government, which reply was sent to England by Captain Newport about the close of the year 1608. With it was sent the second book mentioned, 'A Map of Virginia, Description and Appendix,' etc., which, however, was not printed until 1612, after Smith had returned to England.

Smith's writings are deserving of a place in literature. They are not merely dry chronicles of facts, but racy productions of a man of action, narrating stories of adventure, filled with an appreciation of the beauties of nature and a keen humor and insight into human life, whether savage or civilized. His first book, 'A True Relation,' is graphic in style and of intense interest because of the information it gives us about the beginnings of English colonization. It is not a tedious description, but a narrative of action, giving the story of the colony from the beginning of the voyage in 1606 to the last of May, 1608.

It is interesting to note that in this 'True Relation' Smith tells the story of his capture by the Indians under Opechancanough, who delivered him into the hands of Powhatan. He speaks kindly of their treatment of him, and says nothing of any attempt on the part of Powhatan to put him to death or of the rescue by Pocahontas. The account of his rescue by Pocahontas he gives in his 'Generall Historie,' which was published in London after the Princess Pocahontas, then Mrs. John Rolfe, had visited England and had been received at Court. Pocahontas being well known in England, the story of his rescue by her would naturally attract attention to Smith's 'Generall Historie.' This has caused some historians to doubt Smith's account of his rescue by Pocahontas, while other historians have claimed that the omission of this account from the 'True Relation' was natural in view of the fact that its publication in 1608 would have prevented migration to Virginia, and that, therefore, for commercial reasons, the story of his narrow escape from death was omitted from his first publication.

In reading the 'True Relation,' we find that Smith was not a polished and finished writer. He frequently confused the cases of pronouns and the agreement of verbs with subjects. It is the book of a rugged soldier, written in haste, to the point, but withal having a sentence structure clear and terse and a vocabulary not unlike that

of the King James version of the Bible, though the sentences are far more crude and less rhetorical. One realizes on reading it that Smith is entitled to a place along with the gentlemen scholars and soldiers of the day—Raleigh, Philip Sidney and others—though of not the same inbred culture. Still, it should be said that, taking his works all in all, while the use of coarse and vulgar language was so common in his time, especially among playwrights like Ben Jonson—Shakespeare himself not being free from it—Smith seemed to have an inborn dislike for it, and little that is objectionable is found in his works, though the opportunity for its use is frequent.

The "Rude Answer," so often quoted as literature, has no special place save as an epistolary type of a business report, filled with indignation and disgust at the ignorance of the leaders in the London Company.

With reference to Smith's 'Map and Description of Virginia,' it is generally thought that the descriptive part was furnished to Dr. William Simmonds for revision before publication, while the second part is undoubtedly a combined production of at least six friends of Smith. This book—for it is entitled to be called a book—deals chiefly with Smith's explorations of the Chesapeake Bay and its many tributaries. As literature, it is deserving of mention on account of its picturesque narrative and vein of humor, and its accurate descriptions enlivened by Smith's good humor. His pen pictures are excellent. Of the advantages of the colony of Virginia, he says: "So, then, here is a place, a nurse for soldiers, a practice for mariners, a trade for merchants, a reward for the good; and that which is most of all, a business, most acceptable to God, to bring such poor infidels to the knowledge of God and his holy gospel." Professor Moses Coit Tyler, in his 'History of American Literature,' in commenting on this sentence, says: "We may be well content to let this strong and beautiful sentence linger in our memories as the last one we shall draw from Captain John Smith's American writings, and as an honorable token of his broad and clear grasp of the meaning of that great national impulse which stirred the heart of England in his time, for the founding of a new English empire in America."

J. A. C. Chandler

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THE FIRST SETTLEMENT

From 'A True Relation,' etc.

KINDE SIR, commendations remembred, &c. You shall vnderstand that after many crosses in the downes by tempests, wee arriued safely vppon the Southwest part of the great Canaries: within foure or fiue daies after we set saile for Dominica, the 26. of Aprill: the first land we made, wee fell with Cape Henry, the verie mouth of the Bay of Chissiapiacke, which at that present we little expected, hauing by a cruell storme bene put to the Northward:

Anchoring in this Bay twentie or thirtie went a shore with the Captaine, and in comming aboard *(on land)*, they were assalted with certaine Indians, which charged them within Pistoll shot: in which conflict, Captaine Archer and Mathew Morton were shot: whereupon Captaine Newport seconding them, made a shot at them, which the Indians little respected, but hauing spent their arrowes retyred without harme. And in that place was the Box opened, wherein the Counsell for Virginia was nominated: and arriuing at the place (James Town) where wee are now seated, the Counsell was sworn, and the President elected which for that yeare was Maister

Edm. Maria Wingfield, where was made choice for our scituation, a verie fit place for the erecting of a great cittie, about which some contention passed betwixt Captaine Wingfield and Captaine Gosnold: notwithstanding, all our provision was brought a shore, and with as much speede as might bee wee went about our fortification.

The two and twenty day of Aprill (or rather May 1607), Captaine Newport and my selfe with diuers others, to the number of twenty two persons, set forward to discouer the Riuer, some fiftie or sixtie miles, finding it in some places broader, and in some narrower, the Countrie (for the moste part) on each side plaine high ground, with many fresh Springes, the people in all places kindely intreating vs, daunsing and feasting vs with strawberries, Mulberries, Bread, Fish, and other their Countrie prouisions wherof we had plenty: for which Captaine Newport kindely requited their least fauours with Bels, Pinnes, Needles, beades, or Glasses, which so contented them that his liberallitie made them follow vs from place to place, and euer kindely to respect vs. In the midway staying to refresh our selues in a little Ile foure or fiue sauages came vnto vs which described vnto vs the course of the Riuer, and after in our iourney, they often met vs, trading with vs for such prouision as wee had, and ariuing at Arsatecke, hee whom we supposed to bee the chiefe King of all the rest, moste kindely entertained vs, giuing vs in a guide to go with vs vp the Riuer to Powhatan, of which place their great Emperor taketh his name, where he that they honoured for King vsed vs kindely. But to finish this discouerie, we passed on further, where within an ile (*a mile*) we were intercepted with great craggy stones in the midst of the riuer, where the water falleth so rudely, and with such a violence, as not any boat can possibly passe, and so broad disperseth the streame, as there is not past fiue or sixe Foote at a low water, and to the shore scarce passage with a barge, the water floweth foure foote, and the freshes by reason of the Rockes haue left markes of the inundation 8. or 9. foote: The south side is plaine low ground, and the north side high mountaines, the rockes being of a grauelly nature, interlaced with many vains of glistring spangles.

That night we returned to Powhatan: the next day (being

Whitsunday after dinner) we returned to the fals, leauing a mariner in pawn with the Indians for a guide of theirs, hee that they honoured for King followed vs by the riuer. That afternoone we trifled in looking vpon the Rockes and riuer (further he would not goe) so there we erected a crosse, and that night taking our man at Powhatan, Captaine Newport congratulated his kindenes with a Gown and a Hatchet: returning to Arsetecke, and stayed there the next day to obserue the height (*latitude*) thereof, and so with many signes of loue we departed.

The next day the Queene of Agamatack kindely intreated vs, her people being no less contented than the rest, and from thence we went to another place (the name whereof I doe not remember) where the people shewd vs the manner of their diuing for Mussels, in which they finde Pearles.

That night passing by Weanock some twentie miles from our Fort, they according to their former churlish condition, seemed little to affect vs, but as wee departed and lodged at the point of Weanocke, the people the next morning seemed kindely to content vs, yet we might perceiue many signes of a more Iealousie in them then before, and also the Hinde that the King of Arseteck had giuen vs, altered his resolution in going to our Fort, and with many kinde circumstances left vs there. This gaue vs some occasion to doubt some mischiefe at the Fort, yet Captaine Newport intended to haue visited Paspahegh and Tappahanocke, but the instant change of the winde being faire for our return we repaired to the fort with all speed (27 May), where the first we heard was that 400. Indians the day before (26 May) had assalted the fort, and supprised it, had not God (beyond al their expectations) by meanes of the shippes (at whom they shot with their Ordinances and Muskets) caused them to retire, they had entred the fort with our own men, which were then busied in setting Corne, their armes beeing then in driefats, and few ready but certain Gentlemen of their own, in which conflict, most of the Counsel was hurt, a boy slaine in the Pinnas, and thirteen or fourteene more hurt.

With all speede we pallisadoed our Fort: (each other day) for sixe or seauen daies we had alarums by ambuscadoes and four or fiue cruelly wounded by being abroad: the Indians

losse wee know not, but as they report three were slain and diuers hurt.

Captaine Newport hauing set things in order, set saile for England the 22 of June (1607), leauing prouision for 13. or 14. weeks.

The day before the Ships departure, the King of Pamaunke (*i.e., Opechancanough*) sent the Indian that had met vs before in our discouerie, to assure vs peace; our fort being then palisadoed round, and all our men in good health and comfort, albeit that thro(*u*)gh some discontented humours, it did not so long continue. For the President and Captaine Gosnold, with the rest of the Counsell, being for the moste part discontented with one another, in so much, that things were neither carried with that discretion nor any busines effected in such good sort as wisdome would, nor our owne good and safetie required, whereby, and through the hard dealing of our President, the rest of the counsell beeing diuerslie affected through his audacious commaund; and for Captaine Martin, albeit verie honest, and wishing the best good, yet so sicke and weake; and my selfe so disgrac'd through others mallice; through which disorder God (being angrie with vs) plagued vs with such famin and sicknes, that the liuing were scarce able to bury the dead; our want of sufficient and good victualls, with continuall watching, foure or fiue each night at three Bulwarkes, being the chiefe cause: onely of Sturgeion wee had great store, whereon our men would so greedily surfet, as it cost manye their liues: the Sack, Aquauitie, and other preseruatiues for our health, being kept onely in the Presidents hands, for his owne diet, and his few associates.

Shortly after Captaine Gosnold fell sicke, and within three weekes died. Captaine Ratcliffe being then also verie sicke and weake, and my selfe hauing also tasted of the extremitie thereof, but by Gods assistance being well recouered. Kendall about this time, for diuers reasons deposed from being of the Councell: and shortly after it pleased God (in our extremity) to moue the Indians to bring vs Corne, ere it was halfe ripe, to refresh vs, when we rather expected when they would destroy vs:

About the tenth of September there was about 46. of our

men dead, at which time Captaine Wingfield hauing ordred the affaires in such sort that he was generally hated of all, in which respect with one consent he was deposed from his presidencie, and Captaine Ratcliffe according to his course was elected.

Our prouision being now within twentie dayes spent, the Indians brought vs great store both of Corne and bread ready made: and also there came such aboundance of Fowles into the Riuers, as greatly refreshed our weake estates, wherevppon many of our weake men were presently able to goe abroad.

As yet we had no houses to couer vs, our Tents were rotten, and our Cabbins worse then nought; our best commoditie was Yron which we made into little chissels.

The president (*'s*), and Captaine Martins sicknes, constrayned me to be Cape Marchant, and yet to spare no paines in making houses for the company; who notwithstanding our misery, little ceased their mallice, grudging, and muttering.

As at this time were most of our chiefest men either sicke or discontented, the rest being in such dispaire, as they would rather starue and rot with idlenes, then be perswaded to do anything for their owne reliefe without constraint: our victualles being now within eighteene dayes spent, and the Indians trade decreasing, I was sent to the mouth of the riuer, to *Kegquohtan,* an Indian Towne, to trade for Corne, and try the riuer for Fish, but our fishing we could not effect by reason of the stormy weather. The Indians thinking vs neare famished, with carelesse kindnes, offred vs little pieces of bread and small handfulls of beanes or wheat, for a hatchet or a piece of copper: In like man(*n*)er I entertained their kindnes, and in the like scorne offered them like commodities, but the Children, or any that shewed extraordinary kindnes, I liberally contented with free gifte (*of*) such trifles as wel contented them.

Finding this colde comfort, I anchored before the Towne, and the next day returned to trade, but God (the absolute disposer of all heartes) altered their conceits, for now they were no lesse desirous of our commodities then we of their Corne: vnder colour to fetch fresh water, I sent a man to discouer the Towne, their Corne, and force, to trie their intent,

in that they desired me vp to their houses: which well vnderstanding, with foure shot I visited them. With fish, oysters, bread, and deere, they kindly traded with me and my men, beeing no lesse in doubt of my intent, then I of theirs; for well I might with twentie men haue fraighted a Shippe with Corne: The Towne conteineth eighteene houses, pleasantly seated vpon three acres of ground, vppon a plaine, halfe inuironed with a great Bay of the great Riuer, the other parte with a Baye of the other Riuer falling into the great Baye, with a litle Ile fit for a Castle in the mouth thereof, the Towne adioyning to the maine by a necke of Land of sixtie yardes.

With sixteene bushells of Corne I returned towards our Forte: by the way I encountred with two Canowes of Indians, who came aboord me, being the inhabitants of *waroskoyack,* a kingdome on the south side of the riuer, which is in breadth 5. miles and 20 mile or neare from the mouth: With these I traded, who hauing but their hunting prouision, requested me to returne to their Towne, where I should load my boat with corne: and with near thirtie bushells I returned to the fort, the very name wherof gaue great comfort to our despa(*i*)ring company:

Time thus passing away, and hauing not aboue 14. daies victuals left, some motions were made about our presidents (*Captaine Ratcliffe's*) and Captaine *Archers* going for England, to procure a supply: in which meane time we had reasonably fitted vs with houses. And our President and Captaine Martin being able to waik abroad, with much adoe it was concluded, that the pinnace and barge should goe towards Powhatan, to trade for corne:

Lotts were cast who should go in her, the chance was mine; and while she was a rigging, I made a voiage to *Topohanack,* where arriuing, there was but certain women and children who fled from their houses, yet at last I drew them to draw neere; truck they durst not, corne they had plenty, and to spoile I had no commission:

In my returne to (*at*) *Paspahegh,* I traded with that churlish and trecherous nation: hauing loaded 10 or 12 bushels of corne, they offred to take our pieces and swords, yet by stelth, but (*we*) seeming to dislike it, they were ready to assault vs: yet standing vpon our guard in coasting the shore,

diuers out of the woods would meet with vs with corn and trade. But least we should be constrained, either to indure ouermuch wrong or directly (*to*) fal to reuenge, seeing them dog vs from place to place, it being night, and our necessitie not fit for warres, we tooke occasion to returne with 10 bushells of corne:

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RELIGION AND CEREMONY

From 'A True Relation,' etc.

Their religion and Ceremonie I obserued was thus: Three or foure dayes after my taking, seuen of them in the house where I lay, each with a rattle, began at ten a clocke in the morning to sing about the fire, which they inuironed with a Circle of meale, and after a foote or two from that, at the end of each song layde downe two or three graines of wheate: continuing this order till they haue included sixe or seuen hundred in a halfe Circle; and after that, two or three more Circles in like maner, a hand bredth from other. That done, at each song, they put betwixt euerie three, two, or fiue graines, a little sticke; so counting as an old woman her *Pater noster*.

One disguised with a great Skinne, his head hung round with little Skinnes of Weasels and other vermine, with a Crownet of feathers on his head, painted as vgly as the diuell, at the end of each song will make many signes and demonstrations, with strange and vehement actions. great cakes of Deere suet, Deare, and Tobacco he casteth in the fire: till sixe a clocke in the Euening, their howling would continue ere they would depart.

Each morning in the coldest frost, the principall, to the number of twentie or thirtie, assembled themselves in a round circle, a good distance from the towne: where they told me they there consulted where to hunt the next day:

So fat they fed mee, that I much doubted they intended to haue sacrificed mee to the *Ouiyoughquosicke,* which is a superiour power they worship: a more uglier thing cannot be described. One they haue for chief sacrifices, which also they call *Quiyoughquosick*. To cure the sick, a man, with a Rat-

tle, and extreame howling, showting, singing, and such violent gestures and Anticke actions ouer the patient, will sucke out blood and flegme from the patient, out of their vnable stomacke, or any diseased place, as no labour will more tire them.

Tobacco, they offer the water in passing in fowle weather. The death of any they lament with great sorrow and weeping. Their Kings they burie betwixt two mattes within their houses, with all his beads, iewels, hatchets, and copper: the other in graues like ours. They acknowledge no resurrection.

Powhatan hath three brethren, and two sisters, each of his brethren succeeded (*succeedeth or will succeed*) other. For the Crowne, their heyres inherite not, but the first heyres of the Sisters, and so successiuely the weomens heires. For the Kings haue as many weomen as they will, his Subjects two, and most but one. . . .

HAPPY ARRIVAL OF MAISTER NELSON AND THE PHENIX

From 'A True Relation,' etc.

The twenty of Aprill (1608), being at worke, in hewing downe Trees, and setting Corne, an alarum caused vs with all speede to take our armes, each expecting a new assault of the Saluages: but vnderstanding it (*to be*) a Bote vnder saile, our doubts were presently satisfied with the happy sight of Maister Nelson, his many perrills of extreame stormes and tempests (*passed*), his ship well as his company could testifie, his care in sparing our prouision was well: but the prouidence (*prouider*) thereof, as also of our stones, Hatchets and other tooles (onely ours excepted) which of all the rest was most necessary: which might inforce vs to thinke (*him*) either a seditious traitor to our action, or a most vnconscionable deceiuer of our treasures.

This happy arriuall of Maister Nelson in the Phenix, hauing beene then about three monethes missing after Captaine Nuports arriuall, being to all our expectations lost: albeit that now at the last, hauing beene long crossed with tempestuous weather and contrary winds, his so vnexpected comming did so rauish vs with exceeding joy, that now we thought our selues

as well fitted as our harts could wish, both with a competent number of men, as also for all other needfull prouisions, till a further supply should come vnto vs.

Whereupon the first thing that was concluded was that my selfe and Maister Scriuener, should with 70. men goe with the best meanes we could prouide, to discouer beyond the Falls, as in our iudgements conueniently we might. Six or seauen daies we spent only in trayning our men to march, fight and scirmish in the woods. Their willing minds to this action so quickned their vnderstanding in this exercise as, in all iudgements, wee were better able to fight with Powhatans whole force, in our order of battle amongst the Trees (for Thicks there is few) then the Fort was to repulse 400. at the first assault, with some tenne or twentie shot not knowing what to doe, nor how to vse a piece.

Our warrant being sealed, Maister Nelson refused to assiste vs with the voluntary Marriners and himself, as he promised, vnlesse we would stand bound to pay the hire for shippe and Marriners, for the time they stayed. And further there was some controuersie, through the diuersitie of Contrary opinions: some alleadging that how profitable, and to what good purpose soeuer our iourney should portend, yet our commission commanding no certaine designe, we should be taxed for the most indiscreete men in the world, besides the wrong we should doe to Captaine Nuport, to whom only all discoueries did belong, and to no other:

The meanes for guides, besides the vncertaine courses of the riuer from which we could not erre much, each night would fortifie vs in two houres better then that they first called the Fort, their Townes vpon the riuer each within one days iourney of other, besides our ordinary prouision, might well be supposed to adde reliefe: for truck and dealing only, but in loue and peace, as with the rest. If they assalted vs, their Townes they cannot defend, nor their luggage so conuey that we should not share: but admit the worst, 16. daies prouisions we had of Cheese Oatmeale and bisket; besides our rendevous we could, and might, haue hid in the ground. With six men, Captaine Martin would haue vndertaken it himselfe, leauing the rest to defend the Fort and plant our Corne.

Yet no reason could be reason to proceede forward, though

we were going aboard to set saile. These discontents caused so many doubts to some, and discouragement to others, as our iourney ended. Yet some of vs procured petitions to set vs forward, only with hope of our owne confusions (*disasters in the expedition*).

Our next course was to turne husbandmen, to fell Trees and set Corne. Fiftie of our men we imployed in this seruice; the rest kept the Fort, to doe the command of the president and Captaine Martin.

30. daies (? from 4 May to 2 June 1608) the ship (*the Phnix*) lay expecting the triall of certain matters which for some cause I keepe priuate.

THE RESCUE BY POCAHONTAS

From 'The General Historie of Virginia.'

Opitchapam the Kings brother invited him to his house, where, with as many platters of bread, foule, and wild beasts, as did environ him, he bid him wellcome; but not any of them would eate a bit with him, but put vp all the remainder in Baskets.

At his returne to Opechancanoughs, all the Kings women, and their children, flocked about him for their parts; as a due by Custome, to be merry with such fragments.

But his waking mind in hydeous dreames did oft see wondrous shapes,
Of bodies strange, and huge in growth, and of stupendious makes.

At last they brought him to Meronocomoco (5 Jan. 1608), where was Powhatan their Emperor. Here more than two hundred of those grim Courtiers stood wondering at him, as he had beene a monster; till Powhatan and his trayne had put themselues in their greatest braveries. Before a fire vpon a seat like a bedstead, he sat covered with a great robe, made of Raroweun skinnes, and all the tayles hanging by. On either hand did sit a young wench of 16 or 18 yeares, and along on each side the house, two rowes of men, and behind them as many women, with all their heads and shoulders painted red;

many of their heads bedecked with the white downe of Birds; but every one with something: and a great chayne of white beads about their necks.

At his entrance before the King, all the people gaue a great shout. The Queene of Appamatuck was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another brought him a bunch of feathers, in stead of a Towell to dry them: having feasted him after their best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held, but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan: then as many as could layd hand on him, dragged him to them, and thereon laid his head, and being ready with their clubs, to beate out his braines, Pocahontas the Kings dearest daughter, when no intreaty could prevaile, got his head in her armes, and laid her owne vpon his to saue him from death: whereat the Emperor was contented he should liue to make him hatchets, and her bells, beads, and copper; for they thought him aswell of all occupations as themselves. For the King himselfe will make his owne robes, shooes, bowes, arrowes, pots; plant, hunt, or doe any thing so well as the rest.

> They say he bore a pleasant shew,
> But sure his heart was sad.
> For who can pleasant be, and rest,
> That liues in feare and dread;
> And having life suspected, doth
> It still suspected lead.

Two daies after (7. Jan. 1608), Powhatan having disguised himselfe in the most fearfullest manner he could, caused Captain Smith to be brought forth to a great house in the woods, and there vpon a mat by the fire to be left alone. Not long after from behinde a mat that divided the house, was made the most dolefullest noyse he ever heard; then Powhatan more like a deuill than a man, with some two hundred more as blacke as himselfe, came vnto him and told him now they were friends, and presently he should goe to Iames towne, to send him two great gunnes, and a gryndstone, for which he would giue him the Country of Capahowosick, and for ever esteeme him as his sonne Nantaquoud.

So to *Iames* towne with 12 guides Powhatan sent him.

That night (7. Jan. 1608) they quartered in the woods, he still expecting (as he had done all this long time of his imprisonment) every houre to be put to one death or other: for all their feasting. But almightie God (by his divine prouidence) had mollified the hearts of those sterne *Barbarians* with compassion. The next morning (*8. Jan.*) betimes they came to the Fort, where Smith having vsed the Saluages with what kindness he could, he shewed Rawhunt, Powhatans trusty servant, two demi-Culverings and a millstone to carry Powhatan: they found them somewhat too heavie; but when they did see him discharge them, being loaded with stones, among the boughs of a great tree loaded with Isickles, the yce and branches came so tumbling downe, that the poore Saluages ran away halfe dead with feare. But at last we regained some conference with them, and gaue them such toyes; and sent to Powhatan, his women, and children such presents, as gaue them in generall full content. . . .

MARY STUART SMITH

[1834—1917]

CHARLES W. KENT

MARY STUART SMITH, wife of the widely-known and beloved professor of natural philosophy, Francis H. Smith, was the second child of Gessner Harrison and Eliza Carter Tucker, his wife, and was born at the University of Virginia on February 10, 1834. Her father, because of his distinguished ability, had been selected in the first flush of his manhood to succeed the renowned George Long of England when the latter relinquished the chair of ancient languages in the University of Virginia to become a professor in the University of London. In 1831 Gessner Harrison married the cultivated daughter of George Tucker, Jefferson's appointee to the chair of moral philosophy. Of this union came, first Maria Carter Harrison, and two years later Mary Stuart. These sisters were devoted to each other, and from the day they left their nurse's arms were inseparable companions. When they were respectively twelve and ten years old they were put in the same class, where they studied side by side. At first they were sent to small private schools, but got their instruction chiefly through tutors, sometimes foreigners attracted to the University of Virginia by a desire to find employment in so noted an institution. Some of these foreigners proved to be men of rare intellectual and linguistic attainments. As the girls grew into maturity they were accorded a still finer opportunity, for two of their father's colleagues and friends requested the privilege of giving them private instruction. Thus it came about that in one "delectable session" they were taught algebra and geometry by William B. Rogers, then the most eloquent lecturer on physics in America; and advanced French by the gifted author and professor, Schele De Vere. But the strongest and most lasting aspirations were not so much the result of these peculiar privileges as they were the immediate product of the very atmosphere breathed in the home, for both parents found their greatest pleasure in fostering their children's ambition and in imparting to them their own superior gifts.

The hard-worked professor, Dr. Harrison, seemed to find his supremest recreation in teaching his own children, who never found irksome the lessons learned from him. Such was his skill as a teacher, gifted above all in making his high philological attainments available in the right instruction of beginners. that in six weeks of

one summer he taught his eldest children (sons had now been added to the happy family) enough German to enable them to read with readiness and profit the authors assigned the most advanced German classes in the University.

Mary Stuart was peculiarly devoted to her father, and standing book in hand would patiently wait for several hours until her father should be sufficiently disengaged from his multifarious duties to hear her recite. No wonder the golden hours of such communing with such a father should still brighten with a sacred halo the evening of Mrs. Smith's life. Even her early attempts at versification—and she began rhyming when she was nine—were for him not an occasion of good-natured merriment, but an opportunity to teach the simple laws of rhythm and to inculcate a higher poetical ideal by reading to her such selections as "Alexander's Feast." About this time she began to write her first book, starting the first chapter without plan or purpose and desisting before the end or even the middle was reached. Like Lord Bacon, she must at this time have taken all knowledge for her sphere, for on one occasion Dr. Harrison discovered her sitting on the floor with a tremendously ponderous tome opened before her, and upon inquiry as to what she was doing got the startling answer: "Why, you see, papa, I want to read your whole library through, and I am starting at the bottom shelf." His wise direction changed her course without curbing her spirit of industrious acquisition, so that to this day she knows no such thing as *ennui* when a good book is in reach, and her well-worn Bible is the best of all books.

Her early practice in rhyming first bore fruit in her twelfth year, when she was chosen May-Queen. Disappointed that no older person would write a poetical address for the young Queen, she assumed the sovereign task herself and accomplished it so well that time and again since then her address has been used by less gifted successors.

While these sisters, Maria and Mary, inseparable companions as they were, had never gone to preparatory schools or graduated from any seminary, they had received excellent training, and, better still, had fallen so ardently in love with learning that they were students ever afterward. Their tastes turned naturally to foreign languages, in which their father so excelled, and in these they added, without ceasing, to their proficiency.

The close union of these two sisters was in some measure dissolved by the marriage, at nineteen, of Maria to John A. Broadus, later one of the most distinguished authors and ministers of the Southern Baptist Church. This married happiness lasted but a few brief years, for at the age of twenty-six Mrs. Broadus died.

In 1853, two years after the marriage of Maria, Mary married Francis H. Smith. This was the same year in which he was selected

by the brilliant William B. Rogers to succeed him as professor of natural philosophy and duly appointed to that high office. The reputation of the professorship knew no decline, even in the first years of Professor Smith's incumbency, and steadily grew through his fifty-three years of service. He voluntarily relinquished his work, to the profound regret of his colleagues, and carried with him into his retirement a larger share of admiration, esteem and love than it is given most men to enjoy in their prime. Throughout more than fifty years Professor and Mrs. Smith have lived in one house on the lawn at the University of Virginia, where they still give joy by their presence.

Although Mrs. Smith wrote occasionally for the University of Virginia *Magazine,* and delighted to translate beautiful passages she encountered in her French and German reading, she did not become an author until the spur of necessity drove her to this employment after the Civil War. She then found her steadiest compensations in translating popular but pure novels, and in contributing to a ladies' journal articles on practical household matters. It should be said here that notwithstanding Mrs. Smith's literary tastes and occupations, she attended so scrupulously to her own household duties as to earn the reputation of being an excellent housekeeper. This reputation was materially enhanced and extended by the publication of her 'Cookery Book,' a veritable handbook in many Southern homes.

Her translations are numerous and exemplify her ideal as set forth in one of her early essays: "While a close comprehension of the meaning of the original text and the power of rendering it correctly are the indispensable requisites of a good translation, yet at the same time a slavish literalism is by all means to be avoided. Without due care, in adhering too closely to the letter, the spirit may evaporate. Here are called into requisition not merely knowledge but delicacy of discernment and a certain sensitiveness to impressions from without; so to speak, the translator should for the time being lose his own identity and become imbued with the very spirit and life of his original, and thus clothe his impressions in such words as are the simple and spontaneous overflow of any cultivated mind seeking expression for a clearly defined train of thought." Mrs. Smith's cultivated mind has enabled her to reach just this desirable result, and her full and appreciative knowledge of good English has led her to find by patient seeking "almost an exact equivalent for any given expression."

But her literary productivity has not been limited to translation. Her 'Art of Housekeeping' may not belong to pure literature, but its note of popularity and its attention to style lift it above the plane of the merely practical. 'The Heirs of the Kingdom,' which won a prize

of three hundred dollars offered for the best Sunday-school book, was reviewed at some length in the *Southern Review* for July, 1872, by Dr. A. T. Bledsoe, and pronounced the work of "a truly remarkable woman."

Her brother-in-law, Dr. Broadus, urged her to write a novel of University life and manners, but for this task she never felt herself adequate. She was moved, however, by the patriotic emotions engendered by the Philadelphia Centenial to give some expression to her own interest in our early heroes. Thereupon she wrote 'Lang Syne, or the Wards of Mt. Vernon: A Tale of the Revolution,' but nearly ten years elapsed before it was published. This book persuaded Dr. Broadus that she should go forward to a regular novel and induced Dr. A. D. Mayo and others to recommend its use as a patriotic reader in our schools. Mrs. Smith is now collecting for republication her numerous contributions to magazines and journals, and finds that she has on hand enough material for two volumes of long essays, mainly reprints from the *Southern Review, Southern Methodist Review,* New York *Church Review, New England Magazine,* etc., one volume of translated poetry, one volume of original poetry, one volume of stories translated from the German, and one volume of original stories. Her friends can wish her no greater boon than time, strength, and inclination to see these volumes through the press, and themselves no greater gain than to possess them as a personal and intimate souvenir of a long and beautiful life, that has been to many a perpetual benediction. "It is no part of our object," wrote Dr. Bledsoe, and we repeat his words, "to make her blush whose modesty is the crowning glory of all her other virtues, but only to inspire ourselves, and other lazy worms, with a sense of duty."

Charles W. Kent

STRATFORD

(The Birthplace of General Robert E. Lee.)

THIS noble family-seat is to be found in Westmoreland, Virginia, that cradle of great men, for within her borders were born Washington, Monroe, the Lees and many others who have done eminent service to their country. The limits of this remarkable county are strangely narrow, too, for it consists but of a strip of land thirty miles long with an average width of twelve miles. A water-shed extends nearly its entire length, all water courses emptying on the one side, into the Rappahannock, and on the other side into the Potomac, for the latter river has many tributaries, abounding in fish, oysters, water-fowl and sora.

At no point of its course does that grand river of the new world appear more majestic than where Pope's and Bridge's Creeks empty themselves into its bosom, within sight of the birthplace of George Washington and Robert E. Lee. There, doubtless in boyhood, they enjoyed the sports of fishing, boating, and hunting, with all the ardor of their high-strung natures, for, well stocked as are the forests and waters of this region with game of the most delicious sport, no spot could be more alluring to the sportsman. Indeed, we have General Lee's word for it, that he was very fond of hunting, when a boy, and that many a time, he would follow the hounds all day long, and that afoot. His having enured himself thus early to fatigue and the habit of constant exercise, out of doors, are thought to account for the perfect development of his fine form, and his ability to sustain uninjured the hardships of a soldier's life.

The road leading from Westmoreland Court House to Stratford, like all the highways in this part of Virginia, is through a natural avenue of beautiful shade trees, deciduous, and evergreen. Wherever the land is uncultivated, cedars spring up spontaneously, accompanied often by the satin-leaved holly, and, as the roads are smooth, and sandy, the effect is a marvelously delightful one—especially when the visitor happens to come from the mountain regions of the state, where

broken rocks and tenacious clay do what they can to render roads bad and traveling disagreeable.

In Westmoreland, too, a particularly fine breed of horses remain to testify of past glory, and in a double buggy, with a congenial companion, one bowls along charmingly, and without straining one's highbred steed, at the rate of ten miles an hour. If put to the test, the writer believes that the Westmoreland horses would be found to excel those of other parts of the country, as decidedly as her public men have done other statesmen and patriots.

Alighting before the front gate of the manor house, a servant takes charge of our vehicle, and sending in our cards, we are invited into the lofty and airy hall of imposing dimensions, upon which the front door opens. The plank floor is stained a dark brown, being highly polished and bare, now in August, for the custom in old Virginia has always been never to use carpets in the summer season. The walls are panelled, and several book-cases let into the wall, and furnished with glass doors, being well filled with books and magazines, many of them leather-backed and antique looking, bear silent testimony to the scholarly character of the inmates of this honorable mansion.

A large comfortable sofa stands hospitably near the entrance, an immense centre-table conveniently adjacent, while a tall hat-rack of painted iron becomes exceedingly interesting, when told that it is the sole piece of furniture in the hall, actually in use, when General Lee's parents occupied the house. A cabinet organ; the sound of children's voices in the distance, and an unmistakable but fragrant odor of quinces being preserved, reminded us of the living present.

The proprietor of Stratford at this time is Dr. Stewart, a genial gentleman, and a relative of General Lee's. He was not at home, but his pleasing young wife, Mrs. Stewart, soon made her appearance, bade us kindly welcome, and to the best of her ability seconded us in our endeavors to see all that was noteworthy about the place. She showed us the chamber where the great Confederate chieftain first saw the light, as had also, in a previous generation, Richard Henry Lee and his brother, Francis Lightfoot Lee, both Revolutionary heroes and signers of the Declaration of Independence.

We were next permitted to ascend to the roof of the house, where, from two watch towers, as it were, encircled by a balustrade, and ensconced between the massive chimneys, ten feet across, one has a fine view of the surrounding country, and, when the trees have dropped their foliage, of the Potomac —many a time alive with craft of varied size, from the puffing steamer to the tiny fishing-smack.

We were told that, in former times, the owners of Stratford had their own vessels trading between England and their estate, and that these posts of observation were used by the proprietor, much as the ship captain uses his lookout from the bridge.

But now the conformation of the shore has greatly altered, and the water is very shallow and unnavigable, where two hundred years ago large merchant vessels could easily sail in, and safely ride at anchor.

Now, from our station in one of these towers, we could only catch glimpses of the river through the trees, survey vast sweeps of forest land and inviting expanses of waving grain and grassy meadow.

The present manor-house at Stratford has stood since early in the eighteenth century, being built to replace one that had been destroyed by fire. The materials for its construction were made a present to the then proprietor, Honorable Thomas Lee, by the East India Company, with the addition of a large sum from the privy purse of Queen Caroline herself. They builded well in those days, as the state of the edifice proclaims most eloquently. The brick is of a deep colored red, fine-grained, strong, and smooth; the wood-work is perfectly preserved, and it looks as if it could, for hundreds of years yet to come, defy the assaults of wind and weather.

The hall is surely of hospitable dimensions, containing nineteen rooms, and then, the four large square out-houses, at the corners of the lawn and back yard, are of the same fine brick as the main building, and if fitted up, could have really furnished the accommodation for a hundred guests, of which former chronicles have spoken to unbelieving ears. The stables were evidently very capacious, but we did not visit them.

Many beautiful shrubs and rare evergreens ornament the grounds, as is natural enough to expect in a country seat that

has been, for generations, the home of cultivated and refined people.

When we took our leave of the sweet young mistress of this venerable mansion, she bade us help ourselves to any flower or spray of evergreen that we might like to take with us, as a memento of our visit. We gratefully accepted some of the lovely microphylle roses blooming on the lawn, some sprigs of arbor-vitæ, and a horse chestnut fallen from the very tree of which we had read the day before, in a diary written by Miss Polly—a young lady visitor in this neighborhood who had dined here in the middle of the eighteenth century.

We could fancy her in her favorite company dress that she mentioned as her most becoming attire, namely a pink satin redingote and leghorn hat trimmed with white plumes, sitting, after dinner, as she had described herself, under this magnificent tree, the centre of a group of merry hearted young folks—now somebody's venerated ancestors!

This reminds us that nobody should leave Stratford without visiting its vault, where slumber many worthies.

These old-time Virginians cling closely to the customs of their English ancestry, and family vaults were long the usual places of interment for the well-born planter.

Nobody more than the Lees had a right to regard the traditions of the past, since their genealogy could be clearly traced back to a certain Launcelot, who followed William the Conqueror from fair France to England. Then, again, we heard of Lionel Lee, a brave crusader, who fought by the side of Richard Cœur de Lion, in Palestine, and, as a reward for his valor, was made first Earl of Litchfield upon his return.

The gallantry of a later race of Lees is vouched for by the fact that, in token of their transcendent achievements, the King caused their banners to be suspended in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, emblazoned with their coat of arms, and inscribed with their motto, "Non incautus futuri."

Richard Lee was the first of the family to settle in Virginia, and came over in the time of Charles the First and from the very beginning his career in this country was marked by a virtue and patriotism that may be said to be characteristic of the Lees.

The following inscription, copied from his tomb-stone in

an old church yard in Cople parish, Westmoreland, proves this assertion more incontestably than could any record of merely worldly greatness:

"Here lieth the body of Richard Lee, Esquire, born in Virginia, son of Richard Lee, Gentleman, descended from an ancient family of Merton Regis, in Shropshire. While he exercised the office of a magistrate, he was a zealous promoter of the public good. He was very skillful in the Greek and Latin languages and other parts of polite learning. He quietly resigned his soul to God, whom he always devoutly worshipped, on the twelfth day of March in the year 1714, in the sixty-eighth year of his age."

Below this is written:

"Near by is interred the body of Lettuce, his faithful wife, daughter of Henry Corbyen, Esquire, Gentleman. A most affectionate mother, she was also distinguished by piety toward God, charity to the poor, and kindness to all. She died on the sixth day of October, 1706, in the forty-ninth year of her age."

The vault at Stratford is only a short distance to the rear of the house, below the garden, and is much larger than these depositories of the dead are usually found. It is divided into several chambers or alcoves, to provide for different branches of the family, and is entered from above, through a trap-door. It is floored over and covered by a substantial brick building. Among other tomb-stones lining the wall is one dedicated to the Hon. Thomas Lee, the first native born American who was ever made governor of Virginia, under British rule.

His body, however, it seems, was buried at Pope's Creek Church in 1756, five miles above his county-seat, Stratford Hall. At this church the Washington and Lee families used to worship, and here George Washington was baptised, but alas! there is hardly a stone standing now, to remind us of its existence.

From the mansion we proceed to the Potomac, and as the stranger stands upon the verge of the tall precipitous cliff, full a hundred feet high, that here skirts the river, an awe steals over one, becoming a pilgrim to the shrine of departed greatness. For could one forget whose feet had been once wont to tread familiarly every inch of this ground? And yet the huge piles of splendid lumber lining the shore, just ready

to be launched upon tremendous rafts waiting below, say cheerily that the energies and activities of the present are not at all held in check by nearness to the haunts of the sacred past.

Upon the bank, below the cliff, is a boat-house, and small pier, where a skiff and boatman can be procured for sailing across the three miles intervening between the Lee and Washington estates, but alas! the clouds that have been threatening all day begin to pour down rain, and we reluctantly resign the hope of seeing Washington's birthplace. Although assured again and again that only the stack of a chimney remains to mark the spot where stood the old homestead, and that the slab laid down by the reverently patriotic Mr. Custis lies in an open scrubby field, and is really not worth a visit, under such difficulties, with a heavy sigh, and, only half convinced, we defer to another time the long cherished hope of standing upon the very spot where Washington was born.

It is hard to refrain from moralizing upon the singular coincidence which caused two such men to spring not only from the same state, the same county, but the same parish and neighborhood. But we spare our readers, and merely mention the fact, as suggestive of thought and reflection.

CHIDHER

From the German of F. Rückert.

Chidher the ever young thus spoke:
I journeyed past a city gate
A gardener from his fruit trees broke
Rich clusters for the market great.
"How long hath this fair city stood?"
"This city hath stood here of yore,
And shall stand here forevermore."

Thither again my pathway led
When full five hundred years had sped.

I found no trace of town or throng,
A lonely shepherd piped his song,
And fed his flock in pastures green.

I asked "Where has the city gone?"
He careless answered, then piped on,
"No spot so rich in herbs is found,
Forever here my pasture ground."

Five hundred years, and yet again
My way led to the self-same plain.

Where once the rustic clown I met
Of surging waves I heard the roar,
A boatman boldly cast his net
Deep in the main, then dragged ashore.
"Since when this mighty sea?" I cried.
He with a mocking laugh, replied:
"This port is famed both far and near,
They fish—and fish forever here."

Five hundred years elapsed once more,
I wandered to the self-same shore.

There found I now a wooded space,
The tenant of the solitude,
A woodman felling trees apace.
I questioned him: "How old this wood?"
Said he: "It hath been here always,
Here, ever here I've spent my days,
No mortal may these forests raze."

When still five hundred years had sped
Again my pathway hither led.

A city there I found, and loud
The market rang with bustling life;
In vain I spoke, the struggling crowd
Heard not my words for noise and strife.
"By whom the city built, and when?
Wood, sea, and shepherd, what of them?"
So went it there in days of yore
And so shall go forevermore.

Five hundred years to come and then
Perhaps I may go there again.

SONG

Translated from the German of F. Freiligrath.

Oh! love, while love you may and can
Oh! love, for brief the life of man!
The hour will come, the hour will come,
That finds you weeping at the tomb.

And cherish in your heart the glow
Whence loving words and actions flow,
And to the voice of friendship fond
Oh! ever lovingly respond.

And who to you his breast lays bare,
Oh tenderly his burdens share!
And make for him each moment glad,
And make for him no moment sad.

Your tongue's undue dominion dread,
An evil word is quickly said!
"Oh God! it was not evil meant"—
The other though in sorrow went.

Oh love, while love you may and can!
Oh love, for brief the life of man!
The hour will come, the hour will come,
That finds you weeping at the tomb!

You kneel the lowly mound beside,
With weeping wet, your eyes you hide—
(They see no more their friend alas!)
Amid the long, damp churchyard grass.

And speak: "One glance of thine I crave,
Who here am weeping at thy grave!
Forgive the pain I thoughtless sent,
Oh God! it was not evil meant."

But ah! he sees and hears you not,
Comes not to cheer that lonely spot:
The mouth that kissed you oft, no more
Says: "I forgave you long before."

Ah! that he did forgive you. Well—
Yet many bitter, hot tears fell,
Because of you and your harsh speech,
Yet peace—His rest no anguish reach!

MARTHA, THE WIFE OF WASHINGTON

From 'The Women of the Revolution.'

If Washington were blessed in a mother so fully qualified to guide his youthful footsteps into paths of rectitude and honor, he was equally so in finding a wife meet for the companionship of his maturer years. That the beginning of so fortunate a union was in accordance with the most approved modes of procedure in the school of romance is pleasing enough to those who acknowledge the authority of its somewhat antiquated code. In his twenty-seventh year, Washington was already Colonel in the English army, and had seen abundance of active service in the border warfare with the French and their savage allies. In the spring of 1758 the Indians were making hostile demonstrations to an alarming extent in many unprotected portions of Virginia, and the terrified inhabitants appealed urgently to the military for defence. In response to this call, large forces of militia gathered together, in addition to the regular troops already in the field, preparing for an expedition against Fort Duquesne. All of these men were in desperate need of clothes, arms, indeed everything that constituted the soldier's outfit. Washington, after repeatedly soliciting relief for their necessities, but without avail, at last received the welcome order from Sir John St. Clair, quartermaster-general of the forces under the Commander-in-Chief, Forbes, to repair to Williamsburg, where the Council was in session, and there represent the pressing nature of the case. With alacrity the young officer obeyed the order, and set forth on horseback from Winchester, attended by Bishop, a faithful military valet. As he crossed the Pamunkey in a ferry-boat, he fell in company with Mr. Chamberlayne, a neighboring planter, who urged him to stop and partake of his hospitality; in short, he would take no denial. Washington objected much to the delay, but finally yielded, on condition

that he might be allowed to depart immediately after dinner. Among a large company of guests already assembled in Mr. Chamberlayne's parlor, he was introduced to a young widow, Mrs. Martha Custis, whose maiden name, Dandridge, proved her to belong to a family of distinction. She is represented as possessing a fine figure, although rather below medium height, dark hazel eyes, chestnut brown hair, a winning countenance, and manners at once frank and engaging. There must indeed have been something peculiarly fascinating in the conversation, which could make Washington loiter in the path of duty, as was the case at this time. Bishop, punctual as the clock, brought out his horses at the hour named, but in dumb amazement heard them remanded to the stable. His master had allowed himself to be persuaded to tarry awhile longer; nor got his own consent to leave his charming new acquaintance until the following morning. The impression made that afternoon was not effaced, for, as Mrs. Custis's residence was not far from Williamsburg, the young soldier improved the opportunity for prosecuting his courtship, and was successful, despite the rivalship of many another suitor. Amid the pressing and conflicting duties of an ardent campaign, he made his way into the fair widow's affections; and before he was recalled to headquarters at Winchester, they became engaged, and appointed the marriage to take place so soon as Fort Duquesne should have fallen. Accordingly, we find that the wedding did take place, at the bride's residence, White House, New Kent County, January 6th, 1759, where the nuptials were solemnized in old Virginia style, amid a large circle of friends, and with general merrymaking.

Washington now resigned all connection with the army, supposed his military career had drawn to a close, and, in good faith and contentment, proposed to himself henceforward to lead the life of a retired country-gentleman. In view of the brilliant future that we know was before him, how strange seems the following sentence, penned at Mount Vernon a few months after his marriage: "I am now, I believe, fixed in this seat, with an agreeable partner for life, and I hope to find more happiness in retirement than I ever experienced in the wide and bustling world." So little do even those who are Heaven's choicest instruments for good to their

fellow-men know of the path which is appointed for them to follow. The pursuits of agriculture and the pleasures of country life never lost their charm for Washington. Again and again we see him return to his beloved Mount Vernon, ardently longing to remain there; and again and again he is called forth to serve his country, a call to which no selfish gratification could ever make him deaf.

Mrs. Washington seems to have been one of those women who shine equally in domestic and social circles, so that it is hardly matter for surprise if her husband found his home so attractive as to have no need for seeking his happiness elsewhere. Doubtless, the secret of her charm lay in her piety, which was deep and sincere. In that long struggle which lasted with changing success for so many years, and whose issue trembled so often in the balance, she showed that equanimity of spirit and temper which is a very tower of strength to its possessor, and a beacon of hope to all who come within reach of its blessed influences. In the dark days at Valley Forge, not to speak of many another dreary winter, the cheering effects of the presence of ladies in camp, more especially that of Lady Washington, is spoken of gratefully in many a soldier's letter; and many a page of history, that would have been otherwise a dreary record of gloom, hardship, and disaster, is thus softened and brightened. Nor are we left without a description of this lady's mode of dress, which is worthy of note, as, doubtless, true daughters of the Republic will wish to imitate it. An old soldier tells the story of how there was much stir in the barracks, when it was bruited abroad that so grand a lady was coming to visit the camp as Lady Washington—one of those aristocratic Virginians whose pride was even then the subject of comment, and one who, at all events, as the wife of their Commander-in-Chief, might be expected to appear in elegant attire. Many flocked as near as they dared, to see her alight from her coach, and could hardly believe at first that the plainly dressed person whom they saw, with her only neck-dress a neatly folded kerchief, was the expected lady. But they were soon convinced of her identity when they observed the manner of General Washington's welcome, and saw the deference paid her by all in attendance. Simplicity, with neatness, were marked characteristics of Mrs.

Washington's attire, qualities which many of her sex in those days were not slow to imitate, led by so august an example. Since the funds which would ordinarily have gone for the adornment of their persons were now, in most instances, poured into the common treasury, this moderation on the part of the women of the day must have contributed in no small degree to the support of the ill-fed, ragged Continental troops, in whom, nevertheless, was centred every hope of coming freedom.

Who knows how much of that outward imperturbable serenity for which Washington has been so much admired, resulted from his possessing domestic peace—a wife at home in whom his heart could safely trust. The genuine hospitality of this pair is evinced by the cheerfulness with which it was dispensed, amid the discomforts and mean accommodations of camp-life, as well as when they were at home, surrounded by all the accessories of wealth, wherewith to provide comfort and good cheer for their visitors. The Marquis de Chastellux speaks feelingly of the warm reception he experienced at their hands, when the only chamber they had to offer him at night was a small room, which during the day served quite a large company as a sitting-room. The trouble and inconvenience to which General and Mrs. Washington put themselves to entertain him could not fail to call forth the gratitude of this impressible young Frenchman, and made him apprehensive, he says, lest M. Rochambeau might arrive the same day. He well knew that the expansiveness of their benevolence would not allow them to consider their own ease, where the accommodation of a guest was concerned.

An old veteran, many years afterwards, related an anecdote illustrative of Mrs. Washington's condescending kindness towards those in the humblest walks of life. He told how himself and several other young carpenters had been called upon by General Washington to make a buffet, to put up shelves, and some other little contrivances for the comfort of his wife, who was daily expected at headquarters. The lady arrived before the arrangements were complete, and hastened to impart her own instructions. While busied in her service, she so encouraged the workmen by her amiable manners, and by herself daily mounting the stairs with some refreshment for

them, that they worked with a will, and all their life long treasured her parting words of approval, as something beyond price. When they called her to inspect the completed task, their spokesman said, "Madam, we have endeavored to do the best we could; I hope we have suited you." She replied, smiling: "I am not only satisfied, but highly gratified with what you have done for my comfort." Simple words truly; but were the poor men wrong to prize them, coming as they did from such a source?

In the darkest hours of the war Mrs. Washington's cheerful deportment and her patient endurance of hardship made many ashamed to complain of their own trials, who would otherwise have used no such self-restraint; and when prosperity came, that severest of tests, it was her modest, yet noble demeanor, together with that of her husband, which lent dignity to a new and untried form of government. Their stately simplicity of manner taught the world that republican institutions did not necessitate the abrogation of conventionality; and their purity and moderation of life proved that the noblest patriotism might exist in union with great power, provided its seat lay in the hearts of the people ruled.

WILLIAM BENJAMIN SMITH

[1850—]

WALTER MILLER

WILLIAM BENJAMIN SMITH was born at Stanford, Kentucky, October 26, 1850, the youngest child and only son of Jeremiah Smith and his wife, Angeline, *née* Kenley. His family was of those sturdy yeomen pioneers of the valley of the Ohio, whose life and work so distinctly made for the development of characters of force and chivalry. In 1854 his parents, with their three children, moved to Missouri and settled on a farm ten miles south of St. Joseph. Here he had, apart from "little Joe," his negro body servant, almost no companions save the world of nature about him and the visionary world of unwearied and unbridled imagination within him. From his childhood his thoughts were naturally directed upward; plain living was the necessary result of circumstances; high thinking was the natural working of a mind generously endowed of God, happily directed, and exalted and enriched by constant companionship with great thinkers of the past.

His father, a man of forceful intellect and extensive reading, possessed a good library. Therein young William browsed without let or hindrance. He would select his own book, a volume of Hume, perhaps, or Virgil or Plutarch, and with it hide away under the great ancestral bed in his father's chamber, until he had devoured and digested and made his own all that his prize had to offer him. No one molested or directed his literary activities. Indeed, no one was aware that he had any.

In the same way he had stored away in his memory Homer's "Iliad" and Anthon's 'Classical Dictionary'—the only presents, strange to say, that he ever received from his learned father—and Thucydides, Euripides, Macaulay, and the fragmentary masterpieces contained in Goodrich's and McGuffey's fine old readers. Nothing was too heavy or too abstruse for his eager appetite; such things as Cousin's 'Course of Modern Philosophy' and Buck's 'Theological Dictionary' were read as carefully as the 'Life of Napoleon' and Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress'—the type of juvenile books to be found on this child's reading list.

At the age of ten he was sent away to boarding-school—to the DeKalb Academy *alias* and *alibi,* The Sleepy Hollow Academy—one

of those curious, old, migratory preparatory schools, with a faculty of one strong man (a Jamaican, Charles Scarlet Raffington), whose work and whose glory it was to make strong men. Never was more clearly illustrated the paradox that "teachers are of no help except to those who do not need their help."

His academy school-days fell in the troublous times of the Civil War. His father was a Southern sympathizer, who, however, took no active part in the conflict; but in the border States feeling ran high, and for his sympathies he was foully assassinated—shot down on the public highway by an Iowa soldier, who was afterward killed by an Omaha policeman for resisting arrest for some other crime.

The family fortunes were ruined by the war. The father's death left the mother and sisters dependent upon the energies of the thirteen-year-old boy. For three years he worked the farm. His management proved so successful that, at the end of that time, he found that he had funds enough to warrant resuming his studies, and that he could leave the farm to manage itself on the plans that he had organized. Accordingly, in the autumn of 1867, he entered the Kentucky (now Transylvania) University. His college career was characterized by the same thoroughness and independence of self-training that had been marked in his preparatory course. He entered as a well-prepared sophomore in Latin, English, and mathematics; but he knew no Greek. Yet in his second year he was reading with ease and appreciation the matchless oration of Pericles in the second book of Thucydides's peerless history. The depths of his soul were easily and naturally opened to the influence of Hellenic culture; the response was quick and full; and before the end of his course he was completely Hellenized. Plato, Sophocles, Demosthenes, Euripides, and Homer had become part and parcel of his mental fiber. No one masterpiece of literature, he says, made so deep an impression upon his modes of thought and feeling as the Agamemnon of Æschylus—an impression to which his commencement oration, entitled "If a man die, shall he live again?" bore striking and almost awful witness.

Besides establishing a record for general scholarship, he distinguished himself most of all in debate by the extreme vigor of his reasoning. "His logic," said a critic, "is a Damascus blade wielded in dignity, yet in power." Hence, he received the sobriquet of "Aristotle," which, corrupted into Harry Stoggles by the "town," denotes him among his college chums and acquaintances unto this day.

After graduating as A.B. in 1870 and as A.M. in 1871, he taught in the University first as tutor, then as assistant in English and sacred history, then as acting professor of natural history until 1874. In that year occurred the incident laid by his college chum,

James Lane Allen, at the basis of his novel, 'The Reign of Law.' David is, in fact, none other than William Benjamin Smith, transformed but not transfigured. The next two years he spent in teaching in St. John's College, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin. Thence he went to the University of Goettingen for further study, where he captured two prizes in the Mathematico-Physical Seminary, and received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in March, 1879. "His examination," said Professor Schwartz, one of the ablest living mathematicians, "was a delightful conversation, by which I profited not less than he."

Returning to the United States, he taught one year in the Bethel Military Academy in Virginia; four years as professor of mathematics in Central College, Missouri; eight years in the University of Missouri, first as professor of physics, then of mathematics and astronomy; thirteen years as professor of mathematics in Tulane University of Louisiana, where since 1904 he has occupied the chair of philosophy.

His interests have been many-sided, his versatility exceptional. He is master in many lines of thought. He is well versed in the literatures of Greece, Rome, Germany, France, Italy, Holland, and England, and has a working knowledge of Semitic tongues. He stands in the very foremost rank of New Testament critics of our day, and is recognized as an authority even more in Germany and England than in America.

With a voice of authority he speaks on questions of economics, finance, and sociology. As a public speaker he has delivered addresses (most of them published) on "Equality at the Bar of Nature," "The Greek Genius and What We Owe It," "A Plea for the Individual," "The University," "The Origin and Significance of Disease," "Race Decay," "The Culture Value of Higher Mathematics." His "Tariff for Protection" (1888) and "Tariff Reform" (1892) are wells of thought from which scholars and statesmen alike have drawn copiously. Mr. William C. P. Breckenridge used both of them extensively on the floor of Congress. Mr. Logan Carlisle in Kentucky and Judge Chester H. Crumm made them the basis of many campaign speeches on the tariff issue. "Tariff Reform" was sent in manuscript by a mutual friend to ex-President Cleveland, who replied that he had received the manuscript, opened it with the expectation of glancing over the first page and throwing it aside; but the first page was not enough; he had never laid it down until he reached the end. Mr. Cleveland "found it so clear, able and convincing" that he had it published by the Democratic National Committee and circulated as a campaign document. Equally searching and cogent were his discussions of the silver question, es-

pecially his refutation of Altgeld, in a series of six articles in the Chicago *Record* (1896), with which he made his first public appearance in the world of finance. With such mastery did he champion the cause of the single gold standard that the executive committee of the Gold Democracy invited him to take the stump for their party; but academic duties forbade.

On mathematics, he has published 'Co-ordinate Geometry' (1885), 'A Clew to Trigonometry' (1893), 'Infinitesimal Analysis' (1895). These are all works of scientific rank and worth; so also is his widely read memoir on 'Twelve vs. Ten,' sketching and strongly advocating the reformation of our numerical notation and system of weights and measures and calendar, on the basis of twelve instead of ten as a radius.

On Sociology, 'The Color Line' (1906), a work of his ripest and best thought, gives an exposition of the tremendous race problem that confronts our country—particularly in the South. It is thorough, scholarly, clear, convincing; no phase of the question is overlooked; the work is accomplished without bias; it is free from prejudice; the conclusions are reached by calm reasoning based upon scientific method and logical procedure; it is generally recognized, especially by the Northern critics, as the ablest defence yet presented of the Southern attitude.

But this scholar's labor of love has always been the study of the Bible, more particularly the New Testament, and of other literature bearing on the subject of Christian origin. After a number of tentative articles in the *Non-Sectarian,* the *New World,* the *Unitarian Review,* and the *Outlook,* he began grave speech in 1901 in an article on the "Address and Destination of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans," published in the *Journal of Biblical Literature,* wherein he showed that Ρωμῃ was absent from the earliest text of Rom. 1:7, a demonstration that secured him immediate European recognition. Professor Harnack of Berlin at once wrote of it in the *Zeitschrift für die Neutestamentlische Wissenschaft*: "Critics have generally remained content with the received text, but Smith is right in declaring it interpolated." Harnack, furthermore, pronounced Smith's result especially interesting and significant, as being the first instance of a manuscript of second rank proved to be correct against the united testimony of all witnesses of the first rank.

This was quickly followed in the same journal by two elaborate memoirs entitled "Unto Romans: xv, xvi," in which "text-critical artillery is deployed in masterly manner with mathematical proof." He reviewed the Dutch work, Van Manen's *Oudchristlyke Letterkunde,* for the first number of the *Hibbert Journal,* and was requested to write "Did Paul Write Romans?" for the second num-

ber, to which Schmiedel of Zürich replied in the third number, Smith closing the discussion in the fourth. In the July and October numbers (1903) of the *American Journal of Theology* appeared the text-critical study of "The Pauline Manuscripts F and G," in which he upheld convincingly (even to his opponents, against nearly the whole weight of critical authority in Europe and America) the mutual independence of the two manuscripts. He himself regards this as his best piece of work, and it would not be easy to name anything in its class more careful, cogent, or penetrative. Among German scholars it is regarded as a model of method and scholarly acumen.

In 1894 he read at the St. Louis Congress of Arts and Sciences a memoir, displaying his keenest powers of investigation and his perfect command of material, on the "Meaning of the Epithet 'Nazarean'," which he referred to the old Semitic root *Na Sa Ra,* signifying *to protect.* In 1906 at the urgence of Professor Pfleiderer of Berlin, and with the generous coöperation of other noted German scholars, he gave to the world, from the well-known press of A. Töpelmann, by far his most important volume, the first of a contemplated series, entitled *Der vorchristliche Jesus nebst weitren Vorstudien zur Entstehungsgeschichte des Urchristentums. Mit einem Vorwort von Paul Wilhelm Schmiedel.*

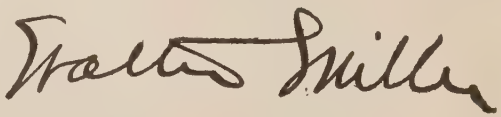
This book has been extensively reviewed in English, French, German, Dutch and Italian. The spirit of these reviews is reflected by Borinski, when he says of "this daring pathfinder": "In this remarkable investigator there stirs, in spite of all his radicalism, no breath of destructive zeal, but on the contrary he is animated by a spirit of thoroughly *requickening, constructive criticism.*"

One contribution only has Dr. Smith made to historical literature. In 1891 appeared his biography of "James Sidney Rollins," Father of the University of Missouri. In this he sketches, with all the accuracy of the historian and with all the grace of the artist, that great leader of men—as a legislator, as a party leader, as a Southern champion of the Union's cause, as a patron of education and letters, as a man.

Not often is one so many sided in his attainments, so scholarly and thorough in his achievements, so unassailable in his conclusions. Whether it be in philosophy or economics, in sociology or mathematics, in New Testament criticism or literary criticism, his utterances come with all the weight of a master's authority. Not always pedestrian, moreover, is his Muse. Like Empedocles of old, this modern philosopher is also a poet of no mean rank. One poem of his, entitled "The Merman and the Seraph," printed on page 4981, stood first among two hundred in *Poet Lore's* competition in 1906. Some of his

finest work in verse is to be found in his translations—such as his versions of "Dies Irae," "Stabat Mater," "Der Gesang der Erzengel"—which combine in a most unusual degree fidelity to the original with perfection of form in English.

Indeed, in all that Dr. Smith has written—even in his more technical scientific treatises—he shows himself a master of a polished albeit vigorous, trenchant style. Literary interest is always subordinated, to be sure, but no sentence is left without the effects of the file and the pumice-stone. But the dominating qualities of his literary style will be found to be intense earnestness, forceful imagery, fervid eloquence, convincing power.



POLITICAL PARADOXES

From 'James Sidney Rollins.'

The services of Rollins to the cause of higher education, more particularly to the State University, undoubtedly ground his chief claim to immortality and uprear the central pillar of his fame. Yet his political achievements were very far from inconsiderable, though they fell short both of his own just deserts and still more of the confident expectations of his admirers. Here again the fault lay not so much in the chisel as in the marble, which proved refractory in its intimate structure and refused to take upon itself the highest polish. It is a fact that confronts us at more than one turn of events that time and place had conspired against him, and they performed their vow. Had the stage of his action been shifted through three degrees either in latitude or in longitude, his political career would have been far less chequered. Had the meridian of his life, which traversed the troublous times of the Kansas agitation, been displaced by ten years either backwards or forwards, his political development would have been true to itself and his elective affinities would not have been thwarted. As it was, he found himself a Whig in the decadence of Whiggery; a leader of his party when that party had begun to dis-

integrate; a slaveholder, but in heart unalterably opposed to the institution of slavery; a conservative when conservatism was impossible; and a preacher of peace when war was inevitable. The dissolution of the Whigs left him without any firm partisan anchorage; at a time when the political elements were undergoing rapid polarization and rearrangement, he found himself still beneath the strong coercitive magnetism of the great Apostle of Compromise, repelled alike by either polar extreme and buffeted by the contrary currents that so often vex mid-lying equatorial regions. Nature had formed his mind and temper for the "era of good feeling," and then, with that bitter irony, in that grim mockery, that she loves, had flung him into the maëlstrom of sectional strife and partisan hatred. It is surely no wonder if the tempest whose first blasts stranded far from their haven such heroic crafts as Clay and Webster should wreck or engulf at the height of its fury even the sturdiest of their *epigoni*. Rollins himself was wont to find solace for the miscarriage of his aspirations in the just observation that in minorities, where his lot was so frequently cast, there is generally to be found more than a due proportion of virtue and wisdom, of patriotism and intelligence. To this we may add the further reflection that disappointment is not failure, and may really be the guise of some higher and unhoped-for success. Had Rollins been a more famous, perhaps he might have been a less useful, man; had his career been crowned with greater good fortune, perhaps it might have been filled with less beneficence. From its highland fastness, from its homestead in the hills, its undiscovered sources, the stream of his life broke forth with glad and strong and impetuous current. Swift and bright, deep-flowing and abundant, it rushed onward through half its descent to the main. Then it was that the sands, sluggish and heavy, began to choke it and drain off its brimming wave and dull the mirror of its surface. Yet through the desolate tract it held on its slow and toilsome and sinuous course, and at last, having redeemed and blessed with fertility a long wide stretch of the desert, it emerged, though with contracted flood, "out of the mist and hum of that low land," to hear the waves breaking on the destined shore and to mingle its own murmur in the eternal anthem of the sea.

A DIP INTO THE FUTURE

From 'The Color Line.'

> And the individual withers,
> And the world is more and more.
>
> —*Tennyson.*

. . . THE reader may find the foregoing discussion convincing; we think the unprejudiced reader will almost surely find it so, and yet he may not find it satisfactory. For he may urge that no solution has been propounded or foreshadowed for the problem, and that it is by no means enough merely to know what the problem is—its dangers, its difficulties, and its terrible threat. This objection is perfectly just. Up to this moment our sole concern has been to establish unshakably firm the central position, of the supreme and all-overshadowing importance of preserving the American-Caucasian blood pure and untainted and dedicated to the development of the highest humanity. But this accomplished, we have no disposition to shirk another task, to avoid another question, however delicate, disagreeable, or depressing. This question is: What has the future in store for the Negro? If social equality must be resolutely denied him forever, if he is to be treated as an outcast and a pariah because of his race and the weight of inheritance which he can never shake off from his shoulders, what hope remains? Where are the blessings of freedom? Is, then, emancipation but an apple of Sodom, turning to ashes on his lips? These are fearful questions, but we must not quail before them; we must confront them firmly, calmly, with eyes wide open to all the facts in the case, and with ears unclosed to all the teachings of history.

In the light of the foregoing, it is vain to appeal to Education. We know that many noble and excellent spirits expect wonders from this potent agency. As an educator ourself, we can have no interest or motive in unduly distrusting or minimizing its capabilities. The work that education may accomplish is undoubtedly great; and in spite of many discouraging disappointments the task of educating the Negro will assuredly be bravely performed, in larger and larger measure, for all generations to come.

But it is a colossal error to suppose that race improvement, in the strictest sense of the term, can be wrought by education. The reason is simple and easily understood: Race-improvement is organic; education is extra-organic. Any change or amelioration that affects the race, the stock, the blood, must be inherited; but education is not inherited, it is not inheritable. It must be renewed generation after generation in each individual. The Sisyphus-stone of culture is rolled with infinite toil up the steep ascent by the fathers; it thunders instantly back, and must be rolled up again with equal agony and bloody sweat by their children. All must start at the same centre of ignorance, and beat out a long and arduous path to the ever-widening circumference of the furthest knowledge. The son of the learned and the son of the unlearned have equal chance side by side in the race for learning. If the children of the cultured acquire more readily than their fellows, it is not because they have inherited parental culture, but only the parental capacity for culture; not because their parents knew more, but because they had more inborn power to know. Had circumstances doomed the savant to ignorance, his children would not have suffered in their ability to learn. Nay more, if devotion to intellectual pursuits has any influence at all on the native quality of offspring, as it may possibly have in extreme cases, it would seem to be more probably hurtful than helpful; for, by impairing nutrition of the germinal cells, excessive intellectual activity may induce impotence and sterility; and the fecundity of the very highly cultured seems to have suffered measurably in Europe, if not in the United States.

These propositions lie beyond possible contradiction. We need not raise the question of the general Weismannian theory of heredity; but we must recognize, as wholly undeniable, that the characters and qualities acquired by education are not in any degree inherited. The testimony of every-day observation is, on this point, so unanimous and so overwhelming that further insistence would seem superfluous. We may refer, however, to the broad, patent, universally recognized fact that centuries of culture and most careful training have never been known to improve the breed, the stock, the inherent quality of any race of men or plants or domestic animals. Wherever any of these have been organically modified, it has been by other

agencies, more especially by some form of natural or artificial selection. While the extra-organic development of civilization has gone on and still goes on, and apparently will go on apace indefinitely, under the guidance of science and invention, there is no evidence of any organic improvement in man in thousands of years, since the working of natural selection ceased to be progressive. The Mesopotamian of to-day is surely not the superior of his sculptured ancestors, who observed and measured the procession of the equinoxes nearly 6,000 years ago. The Jew of to-day can boast nothing above the authors of the Psalms, and of Job, and of the prophecies of Isaiah. The modern Greek may or may not have descended from Homer or Pericles; but, surely, he has not ascended very far. It is needless to multiply illustrations. We believe firmly in the mutability of species; but the phenomenon of the permanence, even of sub-species and varieties, is far more universal and impressive.

Education, then, can do much; but its mission is to the present—it cannot stamp itself upon the future. The limits of its efficiency, though absolutely wide, are relatively narrow and are speedily reached. With man it discharges the function of care and training, of cultivation and domestication, with the lower animals and with the products of the soil. By diligent tillage, by the spade, the hoe, the plough, by irrigation and fertilization, the planter may greatly increase the yield of his field or his orchard and even refine, in a measure, the quality of his fruit or his grain. By feeding, grooming, and the like, the horse-dealer may much improve the appearance and serviceability of his horses and may even add no little to their health, vigor, and value. It would be insanity in these men to neglect or despise such artificial helps and to trust their crops and their stock to grow and to take care of themselves. The farmer and the stockman know very well that only by the highest cultivation and the most watchful attention can they secure the best results in field or fold and maintain themselves in competition with wide-awake neighbors.

But they also know, not less certainly, that the maximal results of such instrumentalities are not far away but are hemmed within a contracted circle. Care and culture soon do their best and attain at least practically their *ne plus ultra*.

For any progressive improvement, whether in animal or in plant, the agriculturist knows that he must look to the seed. This he must select with the utmost skill and caution—if he would maintain the level of excellence already reached, if he would not have the "stock" lapse back to an ancient inferior average.

All this doctrine, which every one admits so instantly and unhesitatingly in its application to wheat, corn, and cotton; potatoes, apples, and oranges; grapes and melons; sheep, cattle, swine, and horses; bees, birds, and fishes—all holds with full force and with inconceivable significance when applied to men. Education is of exceeding importance. People that neglect it thereby doom themselves to hopeless subordination; they drop out of the race for the prizes of life; they surrender unconditionally to their rivals and commercial foes. Training and culture of the highest type are necessary to secure the realization of potentialities, to make the very best of the material offered at hand; necessary, not only now and here, but everywhere and all the time. Any neglect or indifference at this point must prove fatal. The husbandman dares not deprive his corn of a single "ploughing," nor leave his herd one night unprotected from the wolf and the cold.

But it is the sheerest folly to expect of education the impossible—to dream that it can affect the blood, or transmute racial qualities, or smooth down the inequalities between individuals of the same breed, much less between the breeds themselves. Why, if education could lift the Negro to the Caucasian level, to what, pray, in the meantime, would it lift the Caucasian himself? We repeat, and the repetition cannot be made too emphatic, there is no hope whatever of any organic improvement, of any race betterment of the Negro, from any or from all extra-organic agencies of education or religion or civilization. Let us, then, educate the Negro, to make him a more useful and productive, a law-abiding and happier, member of the community; but let us not hope too much from this education, if we would not be bitterly disappointed. . . .

But our sympathy with such rational and well-directed efforts must not blind us to near-lying limitations, which no might of man can possibly remove. Let it be said, then, bold-

ly that the Negro will not enter generally or in great numbers into the field of skilled labor—neither in the North nor in the South. It is, of course, not unattended with danger to venture into the realm of prophecy, but in this case the bases of prediction seem particularly broad and solid. We all know that skilled labor is daily growing more and more thoroughly organized. Rightly or wrongly, for weal or for woe, it regards capital, especially combined and organized capital, if not as its enemy, at least as its exploiter, prepared at every instant to make the very most of it—to assail it at any and every exposed point, to throttle it by any and every means, and to reduce it to serfdom. As over against the might of accumulated millions, the laborer cannot fail to perceive his utter impotence—he is not even a drop in a bucket. It is only in great numbers, in compact and readily wielded organizations, that the individual workman can count for anything whatever —can find any hope of escape from the veriest servitude. It is idle to suppose that, for many years to come, capital will not continue to mass itself into formidable aggregations, or that labor will cease to array itself in firmer and firmer unions and associations for self-protection and for maintenance or elevation of the standard of life, the minimum of subsistence.

Now, to such federations of labor, to such combinations for the commonweal, involving, as they often do, the most determined self-renunciation, the most heroic self-sacrifice, even the Caucasian is by no means full-grown, and the Negroid is altogether unequal. There is not the slightest probability that the great labor organizations would, in general, think of admitting to their membership an element of such notable weakness as the Negro would certainly be. Such would be the case, even if other considerations were absent. But they are present. As inferiors, accustomed to a lower standard of life and more pliant to the demands of employers, the Negroes would present the same problem and the same menace as the Chinese —only in a more aggravated form. In their admission in large numbers to the ranks of skilled labor, this latter could not fail to see a terrible and instant threat of reduced wages, of lowered life, of baser thraldom. Race prejudice, if you call it so, would blaze out immediately, and with irresistible violence. It makes not the slightest difference whether labor

would be right or wrong, justified or unjustified; it would be the instinct of self-preservation fanned suddenly into vehement flame, and nothing could withstand it. As an example in point, take the violent opposition offered a few years ago by the miners of Illinois to the importation of Negro laborers; take the recent practically total expulsion of Negroes, many of them peaceable and unoffending, from various towns, districts, and counties in Pennsylvania, Indiana, Missouri, Kansas, Illinois, and elsewhere. Consider all this as unreasonable, as outrageous —it matters not; it shows the temper of the American-Caucasian laborer, which will hardly tolerate the competition of his equals, and certainly not of any form of labor lower than his own. And in defense of what he regards as the most important and most sacred of all his rights, he will not hesitate for an instant at the adoption of means.

Accordingly, we may confidently affirm that the experiment of Mr. Washington and his Northern multi-millionaire admirers, to solve the race problem by making of the Negro a skilled laborer, may indeed be magnificent, but, in any large measure, it cannot succeed. If at any time it seemed to promise any very wide success, it would rouse a race animosity, North and South, the like of which we have not yet beheld.

What fields of employment, then, remain open to the Negroid? We answer: Those he has thus far occupied, where there is no great organized competition of the Whites. The plantation and the countless forms of personal and occasional service are undoubtedly the regions where his abilities may be most naturally and most profitably employed. There, too, his better qualities, his endowments both of mind and body, find fullest and most useful play. Small farming and retail dealing he may also ply successfully; he may teach his kind, he may preach and plead and prescribe and publish for them. Superior artisans will show themselves here and there, and occasionally abilities of still higher order will crop out, especially among Mulattoes. If they will, these can find ample scope for their powers within the ranks of their own people. *Spartam tuam exorna* will, in all such cases, be the counsel of friendly wisdom. Vain and foolish for even the superior Negroid to try to take the kingdom of heaven by force, to conquer a position among the Whites commensurate with his

abilities as a Black. Better a big frog in a small puddle than a small frog in a big puddle. In general, whatever tends toward the sharp demarcation of the two races, towards the accurate delimitation of their spheres of activity and influence, will unquestionably make for peace, for prosperity, for mutual understanding, and for general contentment. On the other hand, every attempt to blur these boundaries, to wipe out natural distinctions, to mix immiscibles, must always issue in confusion, discord, failure, reciprocal injury and final ruin.

* * * * * *

If then the Afro-American race stands even now at the entrance of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, what shall we say, what shall we do? Shall we weep and wail and gnash our teeth? Shall we lift up the trump of indignation against such red-handed iniquity? Shall we cry out to heaven and to Congress against the crime of the centuries? We think that a much calmer and milder mood may well become us before such a thanatopsis. Why should the spectacle of a racial diminuendo so arouse or revolt us? Surely it is something neither unique nor uncommon. All that breathe will share their destiny. It is appointed unto men once to die. If it were the highest form of human life, we might be concerned or even confounded. But such it is not; on the contrary, it is one of the very lowest, that has hitherto enacted and promises hereafter to enact only unhistorical history. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new." The recession, the evanescence, of the Negro before the Caucasian is only one example among millions of the process of nature. The mystery of death is not maleficent; says the Cabbala, "The Lord said unto the Angel of Death, Behold I have made thee cosmocrator." In the upward mounting of the forms of life, there are no other stepping-stones than their own dead selves. The vision, then, of a race vanishing before its superior is not at all dispiriting, but inspiring rather. It is but a part of the increasing purpose of the ages, a forward creeping of the eternal dawn.

The doom that awaits the Negro has been prepared in like measure for all inferior races. Except where they are bulwarked by the climate, they must be drowned by the mounting wave of their superior rivals. To the clear, cold eye of

science, the plight of these backward peoples appears practically hopeless. They have neither part nor parcel in the future history of man; they are rejected as dross from its thrice-heated furnace.

This may sound harsh and unfeeling, but in reality it is not so. We do not mean that the inferior should be treated unjustly, unkindly, inhumanly. Far from it. Let equity be dealt with an even hand. We have never given either voice or vote for any form of injustice, however specious, or plausible, or grandfatherly. The processes we have in view lie deeper than any legislation; they are inwoven in the living garment of the Godhead.

But may we not check or arrest them? May not the strong Caucasian lend a helping hand to his weaker African brother and lift him up, and the two walk along hand in hand through the centuries? This is a very idyllic picture. "Behold, how good and how pleasant for brethren to dwell together in unity!" But a moment's reflection must show how inadequate and unreal this dew of Hermon. It is not hard for altruism to run suicidally mad, if one lets go the check-rein of egoism. The first and highest and unescapable duty of a race is to its *self*—to realize its own personality, to put forth all its powers and potencies, to unfold the full flower of its own being. It must be neither unjust nor ungenerous in its treatment of others, but neither must it attempt self-immolation—especially, as that sacrifice would be idle and unanswered. The most, the best that one race can effect for another is merely some extra-organic amelioration of condition. The organic destiny of that other, written in bone and blood and cell and plasma, lies beyond the reach of the helping hand. We must dismiss, then, this vision of a higher race stooping down with arms of love and lifting up the lower to its altitude, as merely a pious imagination. The higher race may indeed stoop down; it has often done so; but never to rise again; instantly there falls upon it the Davidic curse: "Bow down their back alway."

The fate that awaits the backward race in the presence of the advanced should appear more vividly, one would think, to no other eyes than to those of New England. "Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and of

death. The former were sown for you; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native." Nor in this process of extermination, in these "centuries of dishonor," has it really been a question of fairness or unfairness, of righteousness or unrighteousness. No kind or degree of gentleness or justice could have long delayed the departure of the Indian. When North-Europeans landed on his shores, for him the clock of destiny had struck. While we may properly applaud or condemn individual and communal acts by standards of individual or communal ethics, it is not possible to judge the race by any such feeble sense. Nature is neither moral nor immoral, but supermoral. Her æonian processes are not to be measured by our rules nor defined by our categories; they tower above good and bad; they reach beyond right and wrong. Should Roman legions have conquered Greece and girdled the Mediterranean with her civilization? Ought Babylonian empire to have lifted up its lion wings over Western Asia? We perceive at once the emptiness of such questions.

But even if it were possible for us to turn back the tide of time, to stay or slacken the rolling of the wheel of birth, would it be well or wise to do so? We venture to question it most seriously. There is a personal and even a social morality that may easily become racially immoral. There are diseases whose evolutionary function it is to weed out the weak and so preserve the future for the strong. The sufferers cannot be treated with too careful attention, too loving gentleness, too tender sympathy. It is the glory of our humanity to cherish these frail flowers, to water them with dew, to shield them from the sun, and not to suffer even the winds of summer to visit them too roughly. But not to gather from them the seed for generations to come! Let theirs be the present, but not the future. He who should discover some serum and apply it greatly to prolong their lives and give them equal chance with the vigorous in the matter of offspring, whatever thanks he might win from individuals or the community, would deserve and receive the execration of his race as its deadliest and most insidious foe. So, too, we hold it to be certain that all forms of humanitarianism that tend to give the organically inferior an equal chance with the superior in the propagation of the species, are radically mistaken; to the

individual and to society they would sacrifice the race. Their error may be very amiable, but it is none the less mortal. The hope of humanity lies not in strengthening the weak, but in perfecting the strong.

Herewith, then, we close this discussion. The mistake of our opponents is here exposed in its deepest root, its inmost core. It is seen to be a mistake in philosophy, in cosmology, in the scientific interpretation of the process of nature. But what a weird light is now cast upon the War between the States, its cause, and its ultimate result! Aside from questions of political theory, the North sought to free the Negro, the South to hold him in bondage. As a slave he had led a protected, indeed a hothouse, existence and had flourished marvelously. His high-hearted champions shed torrents of blood and treasure to shatter the walls of his prison-house, to dispel the pent-up, stifling gloom of his dungeon, and to pour in upon him the free air and light of heaven. But the sun of liberty is no sooner arisen with burning breath than, lo! smitten by the breeze and the beam, he withers and dies!

THE MERMAN AND THE SERAPH

Crowned in the *Poet Lore* Competition, 1906, and used here by permission.

I

Deep the sunless seas amid,
Far from Man, from Angel hid,
Where the soundless tides are rolled
Over Ocean's treasure-hold,
With dragon eye and heart of stone,
The ancient Merman mused alone.

II

And aye his arrowed Thought he wings
Straight at the inmost core of things—
As mirrored in his magic glass
The lightning-footed Ages pass—
And knows nor joy nor Earth's distress,
But broods on Everlastingness.

"Thoughts that love not, thoughts that hate not.
Thoughts that Age and Change await not,
All unfeeling,
All revealing,
Scorning height's and depth's concealing,
These be mine—and these alone!"—
Saith the Merman's heart of stone.

III

Flashed a radiance far and nigh
As from the vortex of the sky—
Lo! a maiden beauty-bright
And mantled with mysterious might
Of every power, below, above,
That weaves resistless spell of Love.

IV

Through the weltering waters cold
Shot the sheen of silken gold;
Quick the frozen heart below
Kindled in the amber glow;
Trembling heavenward Nekkan yearned,
Rose to where the Glory burned.

"Deeper, bluer than the skies are,
Dreaming meres of morn thine eyes are;
All that brightens
Smile or heightens
Charm is thine, all life enlightens,
Thou art all the soul's desire"—
Sang the Merman's heart of fire.

"Woe thee, Nekkan! Ne'er was given
Thee to walk the ways of Heaven;
Vain the vision,
Fate's derision,
Thee that raps to realms elysian,
Fathomless profounds are thine"—
Quired the answering voice divine.

V

Came an echo from the West,
Pierced the deep celestial breast;
Summoned, far the Seraph fled,
Trailing splendours overhead;
Broad beneath her flying feet,
Laughed the silvered ocean-street.

VI

On the Merman's mortal sight
Instant fell the pall of Night;
Sunk to the sea's profoundest floor
He dreams the vanished vision o'er,
Hears anew the starry chime,
Ponders aye Eternal Time.

"Thoughts that hope not, thoughts that fear not,
Thoughts that Man and Demon veer not,
Times unending
Comprehending,
Space and worlds of worlds transcending,
These are mine—but these alone!"—
Sighs the Merman's heart of stone.

WILLIAM RUSSELL SMITH

[1815—1896]

THOMAS McADORY OWEN

IN versatility of genius, varied and successful achievement, often in the face of apparently insurmountable obstacles, and in a broad and untrammeled grasp of public affairs, William Russell Smith takes easy rank among the first of distinguished Alabamians. Journalist, author, lawyer, and political leader, he was eminent in every field of endeavor in which he entered.

He was born in Russellville, Kentucky, March 27, 1815, the son of Ezekiel Smith, a prosperous pioneer and planter of Kentucky, and Elizabeth Hampton, who were married at Bowling Green, Kentucky, August 8, 1806, both being descended from old colonial families who, having their American origin in Virginia, had migrated to Kentucky. The boy was named for Colonel William Russell, of Virginia, a kinsman, from whom the town of Russellville, Kentucky, took its name.

After the death of her husband, the widow gathered the remnants of the patrimony and her slaves, and upon the advice of friends and relatives, and in their company, moved to Huntsville, in what was then the Territory of Alabama, with her six children, Sidney, the eldest; Louisa, Glovina, and Adeline, William, the fifth, and Joseph, an infant who died at Huntsville. There she built a stone house, near the great spring, which was still standing when the Civil War came on.

After a sojourn of a year or two in Huntsville, the mother, for what reason is not known, but possibly on account of the dwindling family fortune, sold the house at Huntsville, and removed to Tuscaloosa. Here, in the autumn of 1823, during an epidemic, she died of a fever, leaving her five orphans (Sidney, aged sixteen, being the eldest) to face the battle of life far from relatives or old friends. She was buried in the graveyard in Tuscaloosa, near the spot where her distinguished son now lies.

The death of the mother wrought a great change in the condition of the children. A family named Potts—Mrs. Potts having nursed Mrs. Smith in her last illness—took charge of the children and of their little remaining property. The slaves ran away, the property was speedily dissipated, and the children were temporarily

scattered among the neighbors, William remaining with the Potts family. Here, his little property being gone, he was mistreated by Mrs. Potts, deprived of his linen clothing, for which gingham and homespun were substituted, compelled to wait for his meals until the family had finished, and otherwise made to feel his dependent condition. He received severe whippings for trifling childish faults —perhaps the first and only blows he ever had felt. The culmination came when one night he crept out of his attic window and down the sloping roof to the ground, and ran away. After wandering about for two or three days, he was restored to his brother.

About this time a cousin came from Kentucky and endeavored to persuade the children to return to the home of their birth; but Sidney, who had then obtained employment, opposed this. Shortly afterward his sister, Louisa, married William A. McDaniel, a tailor, in whose shop the boy was employed. It was not long, however, before it was discovered that the little orphan was an embryo genius; and kind friends of whom he always spoke with affection came forward to assist him, the most generous being General George W. Crabb (to whose memory and achievements Judge Smith paid tribute in his 'Reminiscences,') who advanced the money for his education, which his future law student afterward repaid him.

In 1826 or 1827 he entered the school taught by Dr. Reuben Searcy, later one of the most distinguished physicians of West Alabama, and, in 1829, the school of the Rev. Nathaniel H. Harris, M.A., where he spent two years in preparing for college. The sixteen-year-old boy entered the University of Alabama on the opening day in the spring of 1831. Ambitious and diligent, young Smith, ably taught by earnest teachers, and emulating his brilliant fellow students, attained a high standard of scholarship in a thorough course of English, French, classical and scientific studies. Withal he assiduously cultivated the muses, as is attested by the publication of his first book while he was yet a student at the University. This little book of 112 pages, containing sixteen poems, unique in being, probably, the first literary production as such published in Alabama, is entitled 'College Musings, or Twigs from Parnassus,' printed by D. Woodruff at Tuscaloosa, in 1833. It was followed shortly afterward by 'The Bridal Eve,' an Indian romance in verse.

Early in 1834, within a few months of graduation, young Smith was compelled, from the necessity of earning a livelihood, to leave the University. He entered the law office of General Crabb, his friend and patron, and so diligently did he pursue his studies that at the end of one year he passed the necessary examination and was

admitted to the Bar. He began practice at Greensboro in 1835, at the age of twenty.

He was short of stature—about five feet, five inches in height—but with a sturdy, well-knit frame, capable of great and prolonged endurance, both physical and mental. He had dark brown hair, large eyes of the same color, and a large, expressive mouth, indicative of an affectionate and generous nature, and at the same time of unbending determination.

In 1836 his elder brother, Sidney, joining one of the Alabama companies, which were raised for that purpose, went to Texas to aid the fight for Texan independence, and there he was killed in the Goliad massacre of March 27, 1836—this being William's twenty-first birthday. In the mean time hostilities had broken out with the Creek Nation, and the young lawyer, fired with the military spirit inherited from his soldier ancestors of two wars, and nurtured by his mother's teachings, raised a company of mounted infantry, of which he was elected captain, and proceeded, in the regiment commanded by Colonel Joseph P. Frazier, to the seat of war. But, the Indian War having been just brought to an end, his company was disbanded and he returned home. There he met the news of his brother's death and of the destruction of the whole of Fannin's command by the treachery of Santa Anna; and he immediately set out, visiting several counties, and addressing audiences wherever he could find them, in an endeavor to raise a force to rally to the support of the Texans and to avenge the blood of the American patriots who had been so foully slaughtered at Goliad. The desire to avenge the untimely death of his brother, who had been father and mother to the orphan boy, who shared with him the inheritance of a brilliant mind, and for whom he entertained a passionate affection, must have dominated all other motives for this intended incursion into military fields. The company that he recruited went as far as Mobile, where the news of the battle of San Jacinto, and the subsequent success of the Texans, caused it to disband.

Instead of returning home, young Smith remained in Mobile and for a year devoted himself to literature, soon establishing a magazine. This magazine was *The Bachelor's Button,* a monthly periodical, purely literary in its character, the first number of which was published at Mobile in December, 1836. It had the distinction of being the first periodical of the kind ever published in Alabama. The first four numbers were published in Mobile, but in 1837 Judge Smith returned to Tuscaloosa where the fifth and sixth—the latter the last—numbers were published. This magazine of 1836-1837, to which young Smith was a large contributor, as well as its editor, might well hold a prominent place in our Twentieth Century publications. In

the fifth number appears a poem by the editor, entitled "Young Allan Glenn." It is a romance of seven or eight hundred lines, with occasional flashes of the sparkling little similes for which he afterward became famous. The tragedy of "Aaron Burr," mentioned by Brewer and Sol. Smith, has been totally lost, save for a few fragments in manuscript found among the author's papers.

In Tuscaloosa he resumed the practice of law, with which, in 1838 he combined the editorship of *The Monitor,* a Whig newspaper. In 1839 he was elected Mayor of Tuscaloosa.

In 1840 he supported General William Henry Harrison for President, and in 1841, and again in 1842, he was elected as a Whig to the General Assembly of Alabama, which met in Tuscaloosa, then the capital. But in 1843 he severed his connection with the Whig party, expressing in an address issued to his constituents, his opposition to Henry Clay's views on the tariff and on other questions. Thenceforward he was independent in politics. During these years Mr. Smith was a regular and frequent contributor to *The Southron,* a magazine published in Tuscaloosa.

In 1841 he published 'Alabama Justice.' This was a book very useful to magistrates, and passed three editions.

Early in 1843 William R. Smith married Jane Binion, daughter of John H. Binion and his wife, Elizabeth Strong. Mrs. Smith died in 1844, leaving an infant son, Sidney Binion Smith, who served throughout the Civil War as a captain in the Twenty-sixth Alabama, C.S.A., and afterward studied and practiced medicine in Mississippi. He died in 1889, leaving four sons and a daughter.

After the death of his wife Mr. Smith removed to Fayette, Alabama, where he was elected Brigadier general of Militia. There he devoted himself more exclusively than heretofore to the practice of law, and built up a large business. Yet he could not resist the call of letters, and in 1847 he wrote "War and Its Incidents," a review of several works of a military character, published in the *Southern Quarterly Review,* January, 1848, Vol. xiii, pp. 1-54. This article foreshadowed the nomination and election of General Taylor to the Presidency; and to this paper, which attracted wide attention, the author attributed his own election to Congress. It displays the depth of his historical researches, and shows his predilection for tracing historical parallels.

In 1847 he married, at Fayette, Mary Jane Murray, daughter of James Murray and Mary Moore, his wife. By this wife, who died in 1853, General Smith had three children: Lucy, who died in youth: Sophie, now the widow of William F. Walker of Fayette County, and William R. Smith, Jr., who was a lawyer and editor, and who died April 1, 1898, leaving three sons and a daughter.

General Smith was elected judge in 1850, but retired in 1851 and was elected to Congress. Hardly had he taken his seat in the House of Representatives when an occasion arose that impelled him to put into practice one of the principles he had learned in his study of the life and writings of Washington. Louis Kossuth had just landed in this country, his avowed purpose being to enlist the active aid of the United States against Austria and Russia and in behalf of Hungary. On December fifteenth Judge Smith delivered a speech in opposition to the resolution of welcome. His stand and his speech threw the House into a turmoil; but, although the resolution of welcome was adopted, Judge Smith's action turned the tide of popular and Congressional folly, and did more than anything else to prevent the foreign entanglement into which the United States was being led by an espousal of Kossuth's cause. He immediately achieved a national reputation, and was popularly called the "Kossuth-Killer."

A third time—in 1855—Judge Smith was elected to Congress. In the canvass of 1856 Judge Smith was defeated by Judge Sydenham Moore; whereupon he returned to the practice of law in Tuscaloosa.

In the meantime he married, at Washington, in 1854, Wilhelmine M. Easby, daughter of Captain William Easby of Washington, and his wife, born Ann Agnes Maria King, the widow of Colonel Overstreet, member of Congress from South Carolina. Mrs. Smith, the third wife, who survives him, is a woman of great natural gifts and high culture.

While practicing law in Tuscaloosa Judge Smith found time to write a novel descriptive of social and political life in Washington at that period. It was entitled 'As It Is,' and was published in 1860. A sequel was promised, but never was published.

In 1859, while devoting himself to his profession and to the preparation of a new edition of the 'Alabama Justice,' he was invited by the Alabama Alpha of the Phi Beta Kappa Society to read a poem at the commencement of the University in 1860. He had nearly a year in which to prepare it, but six days before the commencement, only a few lines were written. Being urged on by his friends, he completed the poem in three days, and this poem, "The Uses of Solitude," his most inspired production, is considered by many competent critics sufficient to place him among the great American poets.

Judge Smith had always been a strong Union man, and when the call was issued for a State Convention to meet at Montgomery in January, 1861, he stood for election and was sent as a delegate to the Convention.

Upon the adjournment of the Convention in March, 1861, Judge Smith went home and raised the Sixth Alabama Battalion, which grew into the Twenty-sixth Alabama Regiment, of which he was commissioned Colonel; and at the same time he prepared for publication the 'History and Debates of the Secession Convention,' a work of the very highest value. He went into the camp of instruction; but was almost immediately elected to the Confederate House of Representatives, in which he served from the beginning to the end, in 1865. After the close of the war, he ran for Governor in 1865, but was defeated and entered the political field but once again, namely in 1878, when he was defeated for Congress.

He resumed in Tuscaloosa the practice of law, and also devoted himself to literary pursuits, principally the translation into English couplets of parts of Homer's "Iliad." About this time Judge Smith began also the preparation, under a joint resolution of the General Assembly, of a condensation of the Alabama Reports, which were published in ten volumes, the first in 1870, and the tenth in 1879, covering all the reports from Minor to the Eighth Alabama Reports, inclusive.

In 1870 he was elected president of the University, and served as such for about a year. The Board of Trustees was composed of Radicals, and it was thought that the election of Judge Smith would win over to the University the support of the people; but the antagonism to them was reflected on him, and seeing that he would be unable, under the existing state of feeling, to build up the institution, he retired.

In 1879 he removed with his family to Washington, where he resided during the remainder of his life, practicing law for several years, but devoting the greater part of his time, even until his death, to literary pursuits. In the early 'eighties he edited and published *The Law-Central,* to which he contributed a series of exhaustive studies in criminal insanity, including a study of the Guiteau case.

In 1889 he published one of his most valuable contributions to the history and literature of Alabama: 'Reminiscences of a Long Life; Historical, Political, Personal, and Literary.' During the succeeding years of his life he prepared a second volume of the same character, but it was never published.

In 1890 he published a humorous poem, in rhyming couplets, entitled "Was it a Pistol? A Nut for Lawyers," descriptive of a trial by jury for the carrying of a concealed pistol by an unsophisticated country youth, who was also a ventriloquist. He printed also, for private circulation, a number of poetical pieces, the principal one be-

ing "Polyxena: A Tragedy," based upon the story of that character in the "Iliad."

He retained the vigor of his intellect unimpaired to the very day of his death, which occurred in Washington, February 26, 1896, of an acute attack of bronchitis, the funeral services being conducted at the Roman Catholic Church of St. John the Baptist by the Bishop of Mobile.

He was a man whose love for his kin never hesitated; whose affection and loyalty to his friends never wavered; a man singularly free from any taint of envy, jealousy, or malice, even toward an enemy; indeed, it seems that it might have been well for him politically had he cherished resentment.

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SHAKESPEARE

Extract from a poem of four hundred lines, written at the age of seventeen, and published in 'College Musings,' 1833.

. . . Up rose the god; and 'round his face, arrayed
In sweetest smiles, a heavenly radiance played!
A gleam of joy came o'er his visage pale:
He whispered softly: "Pride of Albion, hail!
Hail to the bard, whose variegated lyre
Shall melt the heart, and turn the soul to fire!
Whose simple notes shall please the lowly churl,
And charm the ears of lady, lord and earl.
Whose lofty strains shall draw the princely tear;
While freedom laughs; and petty monarchs fear,
That tyrant sway must fail—while to the stage
The power is given to rule the groveling age;
To bring the deeds of tyrants to the light,
And threaten kingdoms in one single night."

* * * * * *

The train of nymphs then on the hill was seen,
With one that tower'd o'er all the rest, a queen;

* * * * * *

"Ah! gentle youth! ah! lovely boy" she said,
But here she paused and hung her pensive head.

* * * * * *

The boy was dreaming sweetly, but he heard
Her angel voice, and treasured every word.
She wept awhile, and then her tears she check'd,
"Awake!" she said—and SHAKESPEARE stood erect!

* * * * * *

And how the stage has gloried in its might,
Since Shakespeare mused on fancy's giddy height,
Winging afar his unpremeditated flight!
Marked you the eagle as he soared on high,
Losing himself amidst the cloudless sky,
Yet piercing all beneath him with his keen dark eye?
Thus soared great Shakespeare, buoyant, strong, and proud,
Wielding his silver wand with lightnings on the cloud.

THE LOST PLEIAD FOUND

SONNET TO THE ALABAMA FLAG

Long years ago, at night, a female star
  Fled from amid the Spheres, and through the space
Of Ether, onward, in a flaming car,
  Held, furious, headlong, her impetuous race:
She burnt her way through skies; the azure haze
Of Heaven assumed new colors in her blaze;
  Sparklets, emitted from her golden hair,
  Diffused rich tones through the resounding air;
The neighboring stars stood mute, and wondered when
The erring sister would return again:
  Through Ages still they wondered in dismay;
  But now, behold, careering on her way,
  The long lost PLEIAD! lo! she takes her place
  On ALABAMA'S FLAG, and lifts her radiant face.

SOLITUDE OF MIND

From "The Uses of Solitude," a poem published in 1860.

. . .But not alone the Solitude I sing
Of desolate islands and serene retreats
Where genius with the Gods may meditate:
I sing the Solitude of Mind; the power
To draw the sense from its accustomed use
Of natural avenues; the power to be
Still in the uproar, deaf to all the shouts
Of angered multitudes; the power divine
To pluck from turbulence the time to think;
To shape the glowing thoughts to themes sublime
And meditate perfections infinite;
While Fury raves and mobs tumultuous reign.
  * * * * * *
I held a festival myself, last night;
In my own closet, with my books alone.
My little chamber thronged with visitors.
Some were the spirits of antiquity;

Those demi-gods that walk the dusty realms
Of dim Tradition; mystic forms that grace
The niches of the old world's Pantheon—
And others of a giant race who came,
Grateful to greet their masters; Poets came,
Fresh from Olympian sports, with bays yet green
And flowers unwilted by the century suns;
Came warriors storming from the battlefields,
With dinted shields and foreheads darkly gashed.
O these were glorious guests; Milton was there,
And seemed that he would let me touch his robe!

* * * * * *

KOSSUTH

Extract from a speech in Congress, December 15, 1851.

. . . I now call your attention, Mr. Speaker, to the fact, that Kossuth is trying to stir up the young and the aged of the country to take up arms in favor of Hungary. The fate of the unfortunate fifty who fell in Cuba, whose melancholy end hung a pall of gloom over the whole country, which is still floating about us like shadows of mourning for poor Crittenden and Kerr, ought of itself to be sufficient to cause the American people and the American Congress to pause and make the solemn inquiry whether or not they are ready so soon to invite, to foster, to encourage and to feast another foreigner—another perturbed, restless, political revolutionist? It is impossible for any man to look this question calmly in the face as connected with Kossuth, his speeches, the press, and public excitement, without seeing all the features of the Cuban expedition on a larger scale. We cannot yet assign to Lopez his proper position; I trust that posterity will find in him all the elements of a martyr and of a hero. All we know of him is, that he beguiled the young of the country, and that he deceived the old of the country—not publicly, not by eloquence, but by dinner table conversation, private understandings, loans, and Cuban-bondisms. We know that however wrong he was, the press clamored greatly in his favor, and aided him to disseminate his mischievous doctrines, and

finally to fit out his fatal expedition. We all know its end. Disgrace and death terminate the inglorious cause! And the Government of the United States was compelled in humiliation to acknowledge a wrong committed by her citizens on the rights and property of a foreign nation.

Now, sir, this illustrious exile cannot consider that I bring him into contempt by mentioning his name with that of Lopez. I do it with no such intention. I believe that Lopez may find a lofty place in the estimation of posterity. I refer to him merely for the purpose of showing the dangerous influence that may be exercised in our country at this moment by any agitator. . . .

Yet Kossuth came here, a Republican!—a better Republican than any of us, who were born Republicans! Expounding for us the policies of our fathers, and giving us new readings of the doctrines of Washington! Well, I rejoice at his conversion! I congratulate him, and the friends of liberty throughout the world that American atmosphere has had such magical effect upon him.

But I must hasten on. Let us hear Kossuth upon Washington! In his Manchester speech he compliments the father of this country for promulgating what he is pleased to term, in his unique phraseology, "the letter-marque of despotism." Washington's policy of non-intervention is, in the idea of Kossuth, "the letter-marque of despotism!" . . .

In the last speech which Kossuth made in New York—to which speech I take no exception whatever—I have no doubt that he had seen or heard of my resolutions before he delivered it because it is free from incendiarism which marked his former speeches—but in the speech, he says that George Washington never recommended national non-intervention, but only neutrality; and he resorts to a species of fallacious logic by which he endeavors to draw a distinction between "neutrality" and national "non-intervention."

Now, Kossuth is unfortunate in this remark. Every one must know that this idea was poked at him, during his reflections by some busy-body who wanted to supply him with historical facts. . . .

This sage Hungarian, because the word non-intervention is not used, jumps at the conclusion that Washington only

recommended neutrality! Non-intervention is the predominant idea pervading all that Washington has said on this subject.

Everybody knows, Mr. Speaker, what has been our policy. It makes no odds whether Washington recommended it in so many words. And what has been the result of that policy? Why, from the small beginning of three millions of inhabitants, we have now got twenty-three millions; from a small number of states, we are now over thirty; from a ragged population, we present the best dressed population in the world; and from poverty we have risen to the greatest wealth and prosperity. Why and how did we get all these? By an adherence to the great principle of staying at home and minding our own business. It is a principle upon which a private man thrives. It is a principle upon which private families prosper. It is a principle upon which a neighborhood has peace and prosperity and enjoyment. It is that great principle which has raised us up to be the greatest government on earth. But Kossuth says that we may depart from that policy now—that it was wise when we were young, but that now we have grown up to be a giant and may abandon it. Here is another bit of philosophy for you. We can all resist adversity. We know its uses—

> Sweet are the uses of adversity,
> Which, like a toad, ugly and venomous,
> Wears yet a precious jewel in its head.

It is the crucible of fortune. It is the iron key that unlocks the golden gates of prosperity. I say, God bless adversity; she pricks me, and I bleed, and am well. But the rock upon which men and nations split is prosperity. This man says that we have grown to be a giant, and that we may depart from the wisdom of our youth. But I say that now is the time to take care. We are great enough; let us be satisfied; prevent the growth of our ambition; prevent our pride from swelling, and hold on to what we have got. Do you remember the story of the old governor, who had been raised from rags? His King discovered in him merit and integrity, and appointed him a satrap—a ruler over many provinces. He came to be great, and it was his custom to be escorted

throughout the country once during the year, in order to look into the condition of his subjects. He was received and acknowledged everywhere as a great man, and a great governor. But he carried about with him a mysterious chest, and every now and then he would look into it; but let nobody else see what it contained. There was a great deal of curiosity excited by this chest, and finally he was prevailed upon by some of his friends to let them look into it. Well, he permitted it, and what did they see? They saw an old ragged and torn suit of clothes, the clothes that he used to wear in his humility and in his poverty; and he said that he carried them about with him in order that when his heart began to swell and his ambition began to rise, and his pride to dilate, he could look on the rags —they reminded him of what he had been, and thereby he was enabled to resist the temptations of prosperity. Let us see whether this can illustrate anything in our history. Raise the veil, if there is one, which conceals the poverty of this union when there were but thirteen states. Raise the veil that conceals the rags of our soldiers of the Revolution. Lift the lid of the chest which contains the poverty of our beginning, in order that you may be reminded, like this old satrap, of the days of your poverty, and be enabled to resist the advice of this Tempter, who tells you that you were wise in your youth, but that now you are a giant, and may depart from that wisdom! Remember, Mr. Speaker, I beseech you, remember, now, the uses of adversity! Let us take advantage of it, and be benefitted by it; for great is the man, and greater is the nation that can resist the enchanting smiles of prosperity.

In referring to our humble beginning, and our great and astonishing growth, I am induced to pause a moment, and ask, why is it that we should so lightly and carelessly treat propositions of this sort, which involve, as it is admitted this proposition does involve, the very principle by which we have grown to our present condition? What was the cost of this great and glorious Confederacy? We cannot find it by going back and searching the old Quartermaster's reports. We cannot find it in dollars and cents—we know not how to estimate it by this method. The true place to find the cost is on the battlefield of the Revolution—in the rags, the deprivations, the bleeding feet of your soldiers—the history of those brave men,

who fell in their youth. In this contemplation we cannot arrive at an estimate of the cost of these States. But I ask, if it is wise in this legislative assembly so lightly and carelessly to pass by the wisdom of our fathers? . . .

For myself, and for the American people, I can safely say, that we cannot look with indifference on the struggles which arise between freedom and oppression in any quarter of the earth. Our sympathies are warmed, our enthusiasm is kindled when we hear of the triumph of liberty over tyranny. We rejoice in revolutions tending to overthrow monarchies, without pausing to inquire into the causes, or to look to the end; hoping and believing that the fall of a tyrant or a king contributes its mite to the establishment of freedom. And in the expressions of these sentiments and feelings we are clamorous and loud and forward, so that the nations of the earth are surprised, that when the "tug of war" comes we are seen, afar off, standing upon our own high promontories of liberty, merely looking on and shouting. To those expressions of surprise I answer: Patriotism is always cold, cold, except to its own country! It is warmed only by the blazing fires of its home affections, and kindled at the altar of Allegiance to the Constitution! God save the Constitution for the wisdom which created it, and for the policies which have sustained, perfected and preserved it!

SPEECH IN OPPOSITION TO THE SECESSION OF ALABAMA

Delivered in the Alabama Convention, 1861, on his vote against the Ordinance of Secession.

Mr. President—I will not at this time express any argument of opposition I may entertain towards the Ordinance of Secession. I have many reasons for this course.

I have met here a positive, enlightened and unflinching majority. I have respect for them, and I despair of being able to move them.

In times like these, when neighboring States are withdrawing one by one from the Union, I cannot get my consent to utter a phrase which might be calculated, in the slightest degree, to widen the breach at home. My opposition to the

Ordinance of Secession will be sufficiently indicated by my vote; that vote will be recorded in the book; that book will take up its march for posterity; and the day is not yet come that is to decide on which part of the page of that book will be written the glory or the shame of this day.

It is important to the State that you of the majority should be right, and that I should be wrong. However much personal gratification I might feel hereafter in finding that I was right on this great question, and that you were wrong, that gratification would indeed be to me a poor consolation in the midst of a ruined and desolated country. Therefore, as the passage of the Ordinance of Secession is the act by which the destiny of Alabama is to be controlled, I trust that you are right, and that I am wrong. I trust that God has inspired you with His wisdom, and that, under the influence of this Ordinance, the State of Alabama may rise to the highest pinnacle of national grandeur.

To show, sir, that the declarations that I now make are not forced by the exigencies of this hour, I read one of the resolutions from the platform upon which I was elected to this Convention:

"*Resolved,* That we hold it to be our duty, *first,* to use all honorable exertions to secure our rights in the Union, and if we should fail in this, we will maintain our rights out of the Union—for, as citizens of Alabama, we owe our allegiance first to the State; and we will support her in whatever course she may adopt."

Thus, Mr. President, you will observe that the course I now take is the result of the greatest deliberation, having been matured before I was a candidate for a seat in this Convention; and there is a perfect understanding on this subject between me and my constituents.

It but remains for me to add, that when your Ordinance passes through the solemn forms of legislative deliberation, and receives the sanction of this body, I shall recognize it as the supreme law of the land; my scruples will fall to the ground; and that devotion which I have heretofore through the whole course of my public life given to the Union of the States, shall be concentrated in my allegiance to the State of Alabama.

THE BLESSINGS OF PEACE

Extract from a speech delivered in the Alabama Convention, 1861.

SIR, in every act of mine, in this Convention, I shall look towards peace. I would not wantonly provoke any nation nor would I favor a law which would not be likely to receive the approbation of the wisdom of the age.

There is no wisdom in war. It is the most brutal occupation of mankind. It should never be courted. The glory of American history is found in the fact that all her wars have been thrust upon her. We have conquered on almost every battle-field; we have vindicated our courage and our prowess before the eyes of the world; and have sent forth the historic heralds of our fame to proclaim to posterity, the achievements of our arms. We have a right now to rest—and to court the more inviting shades of peace without being suspected of cowardice, or charged with an inglorious disposition to avoid danger. Peace, then is our policy; for in peace alone can agriculture flourish. If COTTON IS KING his THRONE is peace, for WAR, that turns the ploughshare into the sword, will deprive him of the implements of his power and strip away the habiliments of his Royalty.

Sir, the blessings that are to come upon the State from this revolution, must be the blessings of Peace. You can do nothing without commerce—there can be no commerce without peace. You have achieved a revolution, but you have yet a great work to accomplish—you have a country to build up. You are not merely working out a dazzling reputation. You are not to be satisfied with having pulled down a government. You have not created a political storm for the unholy purpose of filling the history of the times with stirring events and disastrous accidents. You are not merely opening the womb of emergencies, that great warriors, great orators, great statesmen, and great poets may spring out of it. You are not only creating an era, an age—that may be an age of bronze—an age of iron—an age of gold—or an age of blood. You are here for the loftiest of all purposes—to build up a country—for the lasting happiness, and the permanent pros-

perity of the millions that inhabit the land. Look, then, to Peace—that stately and commanding Queen—

> Beneath whose calm inspiring influence
> Science his views enlarges, Art refines,
> And swelling Commerce opens all her ports.

FOREIGN ALLIES

Extract from a speech delivered in the Alabama Convention, **1861, on the** Ratification of the Constitution.

Sir, in what a strange position do we place ourselves, by calling in foreign allies for our *protection!* Our fathers conquered the Britons in the name of Liberty. We, their degenerate sons, *now* call in those very Britons to *aid us in the protection* of *that* Liberty! Thus, we place this goddess in the tyrannical hands of those from whom our fathers rescued her!

It is a sad day, sir, when an American has to admit that he depends upon *foreign allies* for his *protection.*

Protection! Sir, we proclaimed, in the so-called Monroe doctrine, that on those portions of the North American Continent not already under foreign dominion, no Power outside of America shall place its governmental foot. Shall we abandon this? Do we not abandon this when we look around for an alliance of defense!

We must not depend upon foreign alliances. Our institutions are too essentially different from theirs. They will always demand more than they give. They surrender shadows and demand substances. We have had some experience in these matters with England, as well as with France. The generous sacrifices of the immortal La Fayette, whose impulses were as magnanimous as his services were important, were followed at last by the most exorbitant demands by the French Government. The mission of Genet cannot be forgotten.

England will never forget her colonies. The gap in her crown, caused by the tearing away of those jewels, has not yet been filled. It is the dream of her political philosophy to see those jewels restored; and English pride, with English

ambition, is far reaching. Her revenge is as deathless as the oath of Hannibal. This never sleeping desire will run through generations. The same spirit of monarchy that crushed the last remains of Cromwellism in England, and pursued the regicides to the farthest limits of the earth, is still sleepless and vigilant, though biding its time, to restore the jewels of America to the English crown.

On this question, then, of the acknowledgment of our independence by foreign powers, there is nothing to apprehend except, indeed, the dangers that are to follow an unnatural alliance.

England and France will recognize us with joy; but not with the joy of true friends; it will be the joy of Tyrants that gloat over the prospective desolation—the joy of Royalty vaunting over the fall of Constitutional Liberty. Wilberforce, a great colossal prophet, though dead, still looming over the dome of the British Parliament, points with his bony fingers to dismembered America and exclaims, "Behold the fall of Constitutional Liberty," and towering above its ruins, "Behold the irresistible genius of universal emancipation!"

Let us beware, then, of foreign friends. England has no feelings in common with us. Her politicians are emancipationists; and it is but a year since Lord Brougham broadly insulted the American Minister in London, on account of American slavery. Nothing but the last necessity should induce a free nation to submit to an alliance for defense with a monarchical one. Monarchy is a political maelstrom, whose vortex is the oblivion of Freedom.

THE PURSUIT AND CAPTURE OF THE COUNTERFEITERS

From 'Reminiscences'

Great was the excitement in the village of Tuskaloosa, with its 2,000 inhabitants, when the news went abroad that the town had been *done for* by a gang of counterfeiters, and that several fifty-dollar counterfeit bills had been left in the hands of a prominent merchant for goods sold to that amount. Every cabin in the village was emptied of its inhabitants—

men, women, and children—agape for news, and craving revenge.

At that time the penalty for the crime of counterfeiting was *death*. And in this particular case the honor of the town called for pursuit, capture, and *execution*. Within two hours after the spreading of the news of this outrage, a band of bold citizens was organized for the pursuit; and Major James Childress, as leader, came rapidly riding into the village on a large iron-gray horse, accoutred with rifle and pistols, and in hunter's garb, followed by a lively pack of hounds, yelping in response to the mellow winding of the huntsman's horn.

This band was made up of the best and most daring of the citizens of Tuskaloosa and North Port, well armed and accoutred for the emergency, and, with a wagon drawn by two mules, supplied as if for a party on a *camp hunt*. The raiders took the road leading to Walker County, as it was known that the counterfeiters had come from that direction.

* * * * * *

About half a mile from the camp there was a rude log cabin on the edge of a small clearing of four or six acres of land, on which corn and cotton (the latter in a small patch) had been produced. In this cabin were found a woman and two small children. The cabin was of the rudest sort, but fresh built, only one room, about twenty feet square, a bed in each of the four corners. About fifty yards off was a row of small stables, of logs very strongly put together, four in number, by the side of a small but very substantial crib well filled with corn and oats. Our hunters agreed to spread themselves around the neighborhood as observers for the day. Childress and Prewitt visited the cabin and inquired for the master of the place. The woman said that her husband had gone to Huntsville, she did not know when he would be back, for it is "a good way out there." Loitering around, Prewitt looked in at the stables and noted that in each stall there was a horse freshly fed and groomed. And lo! in one of the stalls he saw his veritable filly! Upon his discovery he called Childress and exclaimed: "We have treed the coon! There stands my filly, it is all a lie about going to Huntsville. It takes *men* to look after stock in this way."

Childress was of the same opinion, and concluded from the

facts that the counterfeiters were in the adjacent woods. The party was speedily made acquainted with the facts, and every rifle and pistol was well prepared for whatever emergency might arise. Childress took pains to conceal from the woman in the cabin that he had made any discovery, and the idea of camp-hunters was sedulously cultivated. But Prewitt insisted that the stables should be picketed, and four men were detailed with special orders to keep an eye on the stables while the party carelessly scattered themselves up and down on the edges of the bluffs and cliffs of the creek, each with an eye for discovery.

If Clear Creek was in Switzerland it would be renowned for its scenery. It is a small stream, but its fierce waters dash along within their craggy confines uttering a sound as if made up of the mingling of a thousand rivulets, yet soft and distinct; the harmony never ceases. Here are crags to be castled in the future, with adjacent lands in valleys surpassingly rich. Here, for the distance of twenty sinuous miles, is room for as many mills, with natural power to drive enough spindles to clothe the population of a small empire. The whole is broken into numerous cascades, over one of which the water rolls without a break for the width of nearly one hundred feet and with a ten-foot plunge that seems the mimic of an echo of some far-off Niagara.

Near this, just above on one side, is a frightful crag, overlooking the bed of the stream, with a continuous threat to topple over, and bathe its rugged limbs in the lucid waters below, while, on the farther side, the bluff is of moderate height, declining gradually into a rich valley.

Just below the fall, comes in from the adjacent hill a frothing rivulet—a never-dying feeder to the larger stream, and empties itself, as if dropping its fleecy treasure from great baskets of snow.

But our camp-hunters are suddenly excited, and at the same time perplexed, by having discovered a very light curl of smoke issuing from a crevice in the edge of the crag, near the summit. Clambering up the locality of the bluish emission they discovered the mouth of a miniature crater about the size of the head of a large barrel. The conclusion was that the smoke came from a cavern below; and the gang began reconnoitering the place to find an entrance, having jumped at the

conclusion that the counterfeiters were concealed under ground. While our hunters were eagerly looking around for a trail a little girl, one of the children from the cabin aforenamed, came dashing down the hill with a little water bucket in her hand.

Major Childress hailed her, and looking into her little bright eyes which glowed like those of a scared minx in her full, round face, he inquired where she was going. "To the spring," she said, her face nothing exhibiting excepting the flushing eagerness natural to a child running. She was about six years old, very alert and active, in her bare feet; her long black hair was twisted into two rolls after the country fashion of putting up pig-tail tobacco.

Now just below this cascade the bed of the creek widened considerably, and the body of the water spreading out over a larger extent of space disclosed the rocky bottom, so that the stream was very shallow.

Twenty or thirty yards below, a row of rocks had been thrown, making a foot-path over which one could pass almost dry-shod. Over this path the child glided, and went up toward the cascade on the other side, where there was a spring, by which she sat down, resting her bucket on a stone.

In the meantime the hunters had crossed the rocky foot-path, and bent their course into the woods beyond. Childress, walking up to the spring where the little girl sat, said: "Will we find plenty of deer out in this direction?"

"Oh, yes; pap killed a buck over there yesterday."

The little girl kept her eyes on Childress, as he passed along, until she thought he was out of sight when she darted like an arrow, and disappeared under the waterfall.

Childress had seen her, and at once beckoned to his friends, who were on the lookout; and four of the gang, besides Childress, followed the child under the waterfall hastily.

There was a space of about three feet between the cascade and the bluff, serving as an opening, so that one could pass in and under, keeping at the same time perfectly dry. They found, over head, a flat rock extending the entire width of the creek, over which the waters rushed in a body with a regularity and precision as if the hands of man had made the dam out of solid timbers for the express purpose of letting

the stream pour over it. There was also under foot a solid rock, without a perceivable crack in it, and this was dry within a few feet of the plunge. Under the edge of the rock over which the waters poured, and for eight or ten feet inwardly, there was light enough to see clearly across the cavern, but beyond all was darkness impenetrable. The five men passed rapidly across and at the side beyond groped onward in the darkness, feeling every step of the way by pointing their rifles ahead, above, and under foot. The rock was firm beneath, while above and all around them was nothing visible. The hunters touched each other to assure themselves, said nothing, and moved on cautiously, listening.

Suddenly a gleam of light flashed upon them, as if from an opening shutter.

"What is it, Lizzie?" said a gruff voice at the opening.

"There's a gang of men here—hunters they say—just now crossin' the creek."

The opening was closed and the hunters advanced rapidly to the spot. Feeling, their hands came in contact with a rough plank or slab, upright, and firmly set as if in a wall. It was about two feet wide, six or seven feet high; on one edge of it was a strip of undressed raw-hide running all the way from top to bottom, and was nailed to the slab on one side and to a post on the other, and was undoubtedly used as a hinge for the slab to swing on. Childress made a light from his tinder-box and took the surroundings. There was a cavernous yawning on each side of them; in front a wall with a slab door. The men arranged themselves on the opening side of the slab, the light was extinguished, and they waited for events, supposing that the door would open directly to let out the little girl.

There were voices within, but unintelligible. In a very little while the door swung open, the girl passed out, and a naked, brawny, and stalwart arm was extended, grasping the edge of the shutter with intent to close it: Childress clutched the wrist of that arm in his left hand with a deathly grip, and with his right hand seized the man by the throat and dragged him at once out of the door and to the ground; placed his knees upon his breast, and cried out: "Enter, boys; I have got this fellow;" whereupon, in an instant, four rifles were leveled

at the occupants within—two men sitting on a bench, in front of a log-fire. The men sprang up.

"Hands up!" cried Prewitt, "and surrender or die—right here." The men were paralyzed, they offered not the slightest resistance. One of them, a tall, straight man, over six feet high, simply said: "Don't shoot, men," then turning to his comrades, exclaimed: "*The jig's up.*"

In twenty minutes the three were handcuffed, and led out of the den. In the den were found quantities of paper counterfeits on the North and South Carolina and Georgia banks, tools and implements for engraving bills, and dies for casting counterfeit coin of all denominations, and a quantity of poorly executed counterfeit metal dollars, half-dollars, quarters, and dimes.

The den was nearly triangular in shape, with rugged walls, but dry to the touch, and with a solid stone floor. On one side of the den was an opening to another and a darker cavern, which the hunters did not care to explore. A fire-place, quite snug, had been made in the corner, and over it was built up a sort of chimney by stones, adhering to the walls on the inside, so as to convey the smoke to the apex.

The submissive men were mounted on their own horses and well secured. Prewitt had captured his lost filly, on which he rode, "proudly pre-eminent." Childress wound his melodious hunting horn, the hounds yelped a long and sonorous response, when the hunters took up their homeward march. The raiders halted at Jasper for the night, and the prisoners, well ironed, were lodged in the cellar of old Jemmy Daniel's house. About three o'clock on the second day after this, the victorious raiders, with their prisoners, were entering the ferry boat, on the Black Warrior River, at Tuskaloosa.

THOMAS LOWNDES SNEAD

[1828—1890]

EDWARD A. ALLEN

THOMAS LOWNDES SNEAD, author of 'The Fight for Missouri,' was born in Henrico County, Virginia, January 10, 1828. He was graduated at Richmond College in 1846, at the University of Virginia in 1848, was admitted to the Bar, and in 1850 removed to St. Louis. In 1860-'61, he became editor and proprietor of *The Bulletin,* a newspaper published in St. Louis. At the outbreak of the Civil War, he promptly took sides with the South, and during the war period held several responsible positions, first as aide-de-camp of Governor Claiborne F. Jackson, then as Adjutant-general of the Missouri State Guard, and later as chief of staff of the Army of the West. His military career came to a close in May, 1864, when he entered the Confederate Congress as a member from Missouri.

At the close of the war, in 1865, he went to New York City and became managing editor of the *Daily News,* a Democratic paper of that city. Two years later he gave up journalism to resume the practice of law, and was admitted to the Bar of New York. In 1886 he published his 'Fight for Missouri,' (Charles Scribner's Sons), the first volume of a projected history of the war in the trans-Mississippi department, which was at once accepted by both sides as a fair and impartial history of the period it covers.

Colonel Snead died in New York City, October 17, 1890. His remains were brought to St. Louis for burial in Bellefontaine Cemetery, the Southern Historical Association attending his funeral in a body.

Of his charming personality and lovable nature his old-time friends and acquaintances speak with strong affection. His buoyant optimism and sunny disposition, always the same even in the most trying circumstances, his genial good-humor and inexhaustible fund of anecdotes on all occasions, inspired the most despondent with fresh courage and made him a welcome visitor in every circle. A friend writes of him that his nature rose superior to feelings of ill-will or revenge; and those who had been his stanchest opponents afterward became his warmest friends.

Edward A. Allen

FRANK BLAIR REBELS AGAINST THE STATE

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THIS letter* having been referred by the President to General Scott, the latter forthwith sent Lieutenant Robinson with a detachment of forty men, from Newport Barracks to St. Louis "to be placed by the department commander at the disposal of the Assistant Treasurer." This detachment reached St. Louis on the morning of the 11th of January, and was quartered in the Government Building, wherein were the custom-house, the post-office, the Federal courts and the Assistant Treasury.

This absurd display of force by the Government provoked the intensest excitement throughout the city. Extras were issued by the papers; great crowds began to gather around the post-office; and an outbreak would have followed had not General Harney wisely ordered the troops to the arsenal, and thereby quieted the people. No one seemed to be able to explain the coming of these Federal soldiers. The Assistant Treasurer kept himself prudently out of view. As soon as the fact had been telegraphed to Jefferson City, the Governor called the attention of the General Assembly to it, and Senator Parsons offered these resolutions:

"*Resolved,* That we view this act of the administration as insulting to the dignity and patriotism of the State, and calculated to arouse suspicion and distrust on the part of her people towards the Federal Government.

"*Resolved,* That the Governor be requested to inquire of the President what has induced him to place the property of the United States within this State in charge of an armed Federal force."

The removal of the troops from the post-office to the arsenal caused the General Assembly to drop the matter. But the incident had important consequences nevertheless, the very reverse, however, of what had been intended by Mr. Sturgeon; for it set both Union men and Secessionists to making

*Letter from the Assistant Treasurer to the President, suggesting the propriety of concentrating troops for the protection of the Government funds and the arsenal.

serious and diligent preparation to get possession of the arms in the arsenal.

It was now that Blair first began to convert the Wide-Awakes into Home Guards, and to drill, discipline, and arm them. He saw that the time for action had come. The State Government had, with the new year, passed into the hands of a Governor, who was an avowed sympathizer with the seceding States and was pledged to resist all attempts of the Federal Government to enforce its laws within those States, and he was supported by a General Assembly, one House of which was almost unanimously, and the other very decidedly, in accord with him. A law had already passed the Senate, and was pending in the House, to take away from the Republican Mayor of St. Louis all authority over the Volunteer Militia of that city, and to confer that power upon the Governor instead; and Blair knew that the object of this law was not only to deprive the Mayor of the means with which to help the Federal Government, in case of disturbances in St. Louis, but also to range the military companies of the city on the side of the Secessionists, if the latter should undertake to seize the arsenal, or if any conflict should take place between them and the Union men.

Blair did not hesitate. He never did. But, availing himself of the excitement produced by the bringing of Federal troops to St. Louis, he began the formation of companies of Home Guards, that self-same night. The work, once begun, was carried on actively by him, with the assistance of a committee of safety of which Oliver D. Filley, Mayor of the city, was chairman, and James O. Broadhead, secretary. Its other members were Samuel T. Glover, a Kentuckian; John How, a Pennsylvanian, and Julius J. Witzig, a German. Filley was a New Englander and Broadhead a Virginian.

The first company which they enrolled was composed of both Germans and Americans, and Frank Blair was elected captain. Eleven companies, aggregating about seven hundred and fifty officers and men, nearly all of them Germans, were soon drilling and getting ready for active service. Some of them were armed (partly by Governor Yates of Illinois, and partly by private contributions), but most of them were still

unarmed, at the time that the election of delegates to the State Convention took place.

The Governor and other Southern Rights men viewed these Home Guards with just apprehension; and consequently they put into the military bill, then before the Legislature, a clause which was intended to disband them. This clause required the commanding officer of each of the several military districts into which the State was divided to disarm every organization within his district, which had not been "regularly organized and mustered into the service of the State;" and to confiscate the arms of such organizations to the use of the State. Had this bill become a law in February, the course of events in Missouri might have been essentially changed.

The St. Louis Secessionists were no less active than the Union men. They were few in number; but most of them were young, ardent and full of zeal. They regretted the determination of the Cotton States to secede. They would rather have had them remain within the Union, and fight within it for their constitutional rights. But they believed nevertheless that these States had the right to secede and to establish a separate Government if they chose to do so. Whether this was a constitutional right, or a revolutionary right they did not care; nor ought they to have cared. For the God-given right of revolution is a higher and a more sacred right than any which is based upon the mere bargainings and concessions of men. The people who abandon it or fear to assert it always lose their freedom sooner or later and sink surely to the condition of serfs or slaves. To the exercise of this natural right in 1776 the Republic owes its existence. To the assertion of it by the South in 1861 the Republic owes its present grandeur, and its perfect unity.

When South Carolina seceded these young St. Louisians no longer doubted that all the Cotton States would secede and form a Southern Confederacy, that between this Confederacy and the Union war would ensue, and that in this war the whole country would take part. For themselves they were resolved to fight with and for the South, among whose people and upon whose soil most of them had been born.

Throwing aside all vain regrets and bravely accepting the inevitable, they began at once to fit themselves for war;

began to learn the rudiments of the art in the school of the soldier. They were very few, however, till Sturgeon's folly set fire to the passions of men and lit the flames of civil war on the soil of Missouri. Many then joined their ranks—many who had hitherto held aloof for love of the Union or for the sake of peace, but who now despaired of both.

Among these was Basil Wilson Duke, a young lawyer from Kentucky. He was about twenty-five years of age, able, enterprising, and bold; giving promise, even then, of those soldierly qualities which eventually made him John Morgan's most trusted lieutenant and the brilliant commander of a Confederate cavalry brigade. In the presidential election he had supported Douglas with great zeal and some eloquence, and since then had earnestly deprecated disunion and striven to stay the current that was setting toward secession in Missouri. Now he awoke suddenly to the conviction that the North was going to make war upon the South. That was enough for him. To go with his people when they were attacked; to stand by them when they were in danger, uncaring whether they were right or wrong; to share *their* perils, and to fight with them against *their* foes, was with him an instinct and a duty. He at once joined the small band of secessionists and became their most conspicuous leader. Among them he found men as brave and as earnest as he; some of them with ability equal to his own, and talents as useful, perhaps, though not so brilliant and attractive. One of these, Colton Greene, was a prosperous young merchant, hardly as old as Duke. A South Carolinian by birth, he sympathized earnestly with the people of that State and justified their conduct in seceding. With a rather delicate physical organization, and of a retiring disposition, he possessed fine sensibilities, a cultivated intellect which was both sharp and strong, courage, and determination. He was, withal, painstaking, laborious and earnest, upright and honorable.

These two, with Rock Champion, a great-hearted young Irishman, and a few others as daring, were as quick to organize the Secessionists into Minute Men, as Blair had been to organize his Wide-Awakes into Home Guards; and they did it boldly and openly, beginning it the very day that the Federal troops arrived at St. Louis.

Never was there a finer body of young fellows than these

Minute Men. Some were Missourians; some from the North; some from the South; and others were Irishmen. Among them all there was hardly a man who was not intelligent, educated, and recklessly brave. Some who had the least education were as brave as the bravest, and as true as the truest. Most of them fought afterwards on many a bloody field. Many of them died in battle. Some of them rose to high commands. Not one of them proved false to the cause to which he then pledged his faith. They established their head-quarters at the old Berthold mansion, in the very heart of the city, at the corner of Fifth and Pine Streets, and also formed and drilled companies in other parts of the city, against the time that they could arm and equip themselves. They were hardly three hundred in all, but they were so bold and active, so daring and ubiquitous, that every one accounted them ten times as numerous.

Like Blair and the Home Guards, they had their eyes fixed upon the arsenal, and expected out of its abundant stores to arm and equip themselves for the coming fight. In that arsenal were sixty thousand good muskets, while in all the Confederate States there were not one hundred and fifty thousand more. They were barely three hundred men, and more than ten thousand stood ready to resist them; but for love of the South, and for love of the right, and for the honor of Missouri, they were willing to peril their lives any day to get those muskets. And they would have gotten them or perished in the attempt but for the advice of their leaders at Jefferson City.

These counseled delay. They believed that it was better to wait till the people should, in their election of delegates to the Convention, declare their purpose to side with the South. They never doubted that the people would do this; never doubted that they would elect a Convention which would pledge Missouri to resist the subjugation of the South, and would put her in position to do it. Sustained by the voice of the people, and instructed by their votes, the Governor would then order General Frost to seize the arsenal in the name of the State, and he, with his brigade and the Minute Men, and the thousands that would flock to their aid, could easily do it.

THE BATTLE OF WILSON'S CREEK

From 'The Fight for Missouri.'

From the summit of Bloody Hill, Lyon could see the entire field. It all lay before him, its outmost limits hardly a mile away. He knew now that Sigel had been defeated, and that the troops which had put him to flight would soon be coming, all flushed with victory, to join the force which Price was getting ready to hurl again against his own disheartened men. He could see Gratiot hurrying even now with more than five hundred fresh troops to give vigor to the assault that was about to be made upon his own weary men, broken down as these were by a long night-march, and by five hours of the very hardest fighting; could see him clambering up the hill-side now, himself and his men eager to fight under the eye of the brave soldier that was leading them to death or to victory. He could also see the rest of Pearce's brigade forming on the opposite hill and about to bring their bright muskets into the thickening fight, muskets that had not yet been tarnished by the smoke of battle. And all through the valley that lay beneath him he could see Missourians, and Texans, and Arkansians—men who had as yet taken no part in the desperate fight that had been raging since day-dawn—thousands of men, taking heart again as they got used to the din of war, and clutching their shot-guns and rifles, resolved to be "in at the death." He saw all this and more; and there was no hope left within him but to dash upon Price with all his might and crush him to the ground before these gathering forces could come to his help.

He now brought every available battalion to the front. "The engagement at once became general, and almost inconceivably fierce along the entire line, the enemy" (these are the words of Schofield and Sturgis) "appearing in front, often in three or four ranks, lying down, kneeling, and standing, and the lines often approaching to within thirty or forty yards as the enemy would charge upon Totten's battery and be driven back."

Neither line of battle was more than a thousand yards in length. Price guarded carefully every part of his own. Wherever the danger was greatest and the battle most doubtful,

thither would he hasten and there would he stay till the danger was all past. In the intervals of the fight he would ride far to the front among his skirmishers, and peer into the thick smoke which tangled itself among the trees and the bushes, and clung to the ground as though it wanted to hide the combatants from each other; would peer wistfully into it till through its rifts he could discern what the enemy was doing, and then his voice would ring down the whole length of his line, and officers and men would quickly spring forward to obey it; for long before the battle was over they had all learned that they were fighting under one of the best and truest of soldiers, under one who knew how to fight them to the greatest advantage, one who would expose them to no useless danger, nor to *any* danger which he would not himself share. Many a time did they cry out to him as with one voice: "Don't lead us, General; don't come with us; take care of yourself for the sake of us all; we will go without you." Several times his clothing was pierced by bullets, one of which inflicted a painful wound in his side. Turning with a smile to an officer that was near him, he said: "That isn't fair; if I were as slim as Lyon that fellow would have missed me entirely." No one else knew till the battle was ended, that he had been struck. One of his aides, Colonel Allen of Saline, was killed while receiving an order; Weightman was borne to the rear, dying; Cawthon and his adjutant were both mortally wounded; Slack was fearfully lacerated by a musket-ball, and Clark was shot in the leg. Colonel Ben Brown was killed, Churchill had two horses shot under him, Gratiot one. Colonels Burbridge, Foster, and Kelly, and nearly every other field officer, were disabled. But in spite of all these losses Price grew stronger all the time, while Lyon's strength was fast wasting away.

Walking along his line from left to right, encouraging his men by his own intrepid bearing and by a few well-spoken words; rallying them where they were beginning to give way; steadying them where they still stood to their duty; inspiring them with his own brave purpose to make one more effort to win the day, while yet there was time to try, Lyon had nearly reached the advanced section of Totten's battery when his horse, whose bridle he held in his hand, was killed, and himself was wounded in the leg and in the head. Stunned and dazed

by the blow, and his brave soul cast down by the shock, he said in a confused sort of way to those that were nearest that he feared the day was lost. But he came quickly to his senses, and ordering Sturgis to rally the First Iowa, which was beginning to break badly, he mounted a horse that was offered to him, and swinging his hat in the air, called out to his men to follow. A portion of Mitchell's Second Kansas, which Lieutenant Wherry had just brought again to the front, closed quickly around him and together they dashed into the fight. The next minute Mitchell was struck down severely wounded, and almost instantly thereafter a fatal ball pierced Lyon's breast. He fell from his horse into the arms of his faithful orderly, who had sprung forward to catch him, and in another minute he was dead.

The command devolved upon Major Sturgis. He called his chief officers together. Price had already been reinforced by Gratiot, and now Dockery's Arkansas regiment and a section of Reid's battery were getting into position, and with them was the Third Louisiana, which for the first time since its encounter with Plummer in the early morning had been gotten together under its colonel (Herbert), and was eager to add to the laurels which it had already gathered in the fields on which it had defeated Plummer, and routed Sigel.

Sturgis decided to retreat. The order was given, and was silently obeyed, Steele's battalion of regulars covering the retreat, and marching away from the field in perfect order.

It was now half past eleven. Silence had again fallen upon Bloody Hill, on whose rough surface the dead of both armies lay in great heaps. The Confederates, stretched out among the bushes in which they had been fighting all day, were waiting for the enemy's next onset, or for Price's order to attack, and ready for either. Suddenly a cry rang along their ranks that the Federals were retreating; that they had already gotten away, and were ascending the hill from which they had begun the attack upon Rains at dawn of day; that they had *at last* abandoned the field for which they had fought so bravely and so well against unconquerable odds. Springing to their feet they gave utterance to their unspeakable relief and to their unbounded joy with that exultant cry which is never heard except upon a battle-field whereon its victors stand. It reached

the ears of Weightman—true soldier and true gentleman—whose life was fast ebbing away in the midst of the men that loved him. "What is it?" he asked. "We have whipped them. They are gone." "Thank God!" he faintly whispered. In another instant he was dead. Of him General Price well said, in his report that:

"Among those who fell mortally wounded upon the battlefield none deserve a dearer place in the memory of Missourians than Richard Hanson Weightman, Colonel commanding the first brigade of the second division of this army. Taking up arms at the very beginning of this unhappy contest, he had already done distinguished service at the battle of Rock Creek, where he commanded the State forces after the death of the lamented Holloway, and at Carthage, where he won unfading laurels by the display of extraordinary coolness, courage and skill. He fell at the head of his brigade, wounded in three places, and died just as the victorious shouts of our army began to rise upon the air."

Nothing could better attest the constancy, the courage, and the devotion with which both armies fought that day on the wooded summit of the Ozark hills, than do the losses which each sustained.

In the engagement between McIntosh and Plummer, in the cornfield east of the creek, the Federals lost eighty of the three hundred men who took part in the fight; and the Confederates, who were over one thousand strong, lost one hundred and one.

In the final attack upon Sigel, which McCulloch and McIntosh led, the Confederate loss was trifling, but Sigel, whose panic-stricken men were pitilessly cut down by the Missourians and Texans who pursued, lost two hundred and ninety-three men. Of these, one hundred and sixty-seven were either killed or wounded, and one hundred and twenty-six were taken prisoners. These losses were confined exclusively to Sigel's Infantry and Artillery, which aggregated about one thousand and fifty men. Captain Carr's squadron of United States Cavalry which formed part of his column was not under fire and did not sustain any loss. This fact did not, however, prevent Captain Carr from being brevetted for gallant and meritorious conduct on the field.

But it was on Bloody Hill that the main battle was fought,

and the heaviest losses were suffered. There Lyon and Price confronted each other, until, after four hours of desperate fighting, Lyon was killed; and still the battle raged for a time, till, overwhelmed by ever-increasing odds, Sturgis abandoned the unequal contest, and left the field. Here the Union Army lost not only its general, and so many of its field officers as to come out of the fight under command of a major, but of the 3,500 men that went into action nearly nine hundred were either killed or wounded. The First Missouri alone lost 295 men out of less than eight hundred, the First Kansas 284, and Steele's Battalion of regulars sixty-one out of 275 officers and men.

The Confederates lost in almost the same proportion. Of the 4,200 men who fought there under Price 988 were either killed or wounded. Nearly every one of his higher officers was disabled, and he was himself wounded. Churchill had two horses shot under him, and lost 197 of his 500 men.

The total losses of the Federals during the day amounted to 1,317 officers and men killed, wounded, and missing; that of the Confederates to 1,230 killed and wounded.

Never before—considering the numbers engaged—had so bloody a battle been fought upon American soil; seldom has a bloodier one been fought on any modern field.

THE RESULT OF THE BATTLE

From 'The Fight for Missouri.'

All this time, during all this disorderly retreat of a defeated army over difficult roads and through a not friendly population, more than twice its number of well mounted, and willing, Southern soldiers lay absolutely idle at Springfield. They might have easily captured the entire force, and its richly loaded train, worth more than $1,500,000, and with the captured stores could have armed, equipped, and supplied ten thousand Confederates. But McCulloch sulked in his tent, and his army melted away.

Nothing excuses that brave soldier's conduct on this occasion except the fact that the Confederate Government was then opposed to an aggressive war, and therefore objected to the

invasion of any State which had not seceded and joined the Confederacy. In entering Missouri at all he had violated both the orders under which he was acting, and the wishes of the Confederate Secretary of War, who had expressly cautioned him to remember that the main purpose of his command was to protect the Indian Territory, and had instructed him to assist the Missourians *only* when such assistance would subserve that "main purpose." But even these instructions hardly justify McCulloch's refusal to gather the fruits of a victory which would have been so valuable to the Confederacy, and which he could have gathered so easily and so abundantly.

He would, perhaps, have pursued even at the risk of displeasing his Government, had he not by this time become so prejudiced against the Missourians as to be wholly unable to recognize the skill with which they had been commanded, and the courage and constancy with which they had fought on Bloody Hill, from the beginning to the end of the battle. The distrust which he conceived the first moment that he saw their unorganized condition, and which had been increased by the behavior of a few of them at Dug Springs, had gone on increasing day by day ever since, and reached its height when, through his own fault, his army was completely surprised by Lyon and Sigel on the morning of the battle. "The fault was theirs;" he said to the Secretary of War, "the two extremes of the camp were composed of mounted men from Missouri, and it was their duty to have kept pickets upon the roads on which the enemy advanced." Though he ought to have known that one of these two extremes—the right—was composed of Texans and Arkansians of his own brigade, and that in any case it was his own duty to have kept his camp properly guarded, he unjustly attributed the blunder to the Missourians alone, and distrusted and disliked them more than ever. Nor could he help contrasting their condition with that of his own well-organized, well-disciplined, well-equipped, and finely uniformed brigade, with its full complement of quarter-masters, commissaries and ordnance officers, unlimited supplies of all kinds, and an overflowing army-chest. Many of them had not even enlisted, and had only come out to fight; thousands of them had not been organized into regiments; many of them were unarmed; none of them were uniformed; very few of

them had been drilled. Their arms were mostly shot-guns and rifles, and they had no other equipments of any kind; no tents at all; no supplies of any sort, and no depots from which to draw subsistence, or clothing, or ammunition, or anything. They had no muster-rolls and they made no morning reports. They bivouacked in the open air, they subsisted on the ripening corn, and they foraged their horses on the prairie-grass. McCulloch was not wise enough to see that they were, in despite of all these drawbacks, true soldiers, as brave as the bravest, and as good as the best, and he still distrusted them, even after they had unflinchingly borne the brunt of the battle for five hours, and with the aid of Churchill, Gratiot, and Woodruff, had won the main fight on Bloody Hill.

Both Schofield and Sturgis say in their reports of the battle that *after* the death of Lyon, "the fiercest and most bloody engagement of the day took place"; and that then "for the first time during the day, the Union line maintained its position with perfect firmness, till finally the enemy gave way and fled from the field"; that "The order to retreat was then given to Sturgis," and the whole column moved slowly to the high, open prairie, and thence to Springfield. Though these statements were doubtless believed at the time, the officers who made them would hardly repeat them now. If they had "driven the enemy precipitately from the field," they themselves would not have fled in such trepidation as to leave behind the dead body of their heroic commander.

The Union Army did leave in good order, but it left in a hurry; and Price, instead of being driven from the field, was still holding the line that he had taken at the beginning of the battle, nor had he been driven back one hundred yards from this line at any time during the entire day. But it is very easy to be mistaken as to what your enemy is doing on a battlefield, as any one can see who will take the trouble to study the reports of any hotly contested fight. Federals and Confederates alike made many such mistakes.

It is a noteworthy fact that the little army which fought under Lyon against Price and McCulloch furnished at least seven major-generals and thirteen brigadier-generals to the Union. Among the former were Schofield, Stanley, Steele, Sigel, Granger, Osterhaus, and Herron; and among the latter

were Sturgis, Carr, Plummer, Mitchell, Sweeny, Totten, Gilbert, and Powell Clayton.

Among the Confederates who became General officers in their service were McCulloch, McIntosh, Churchill, Greer, Gratiot, Dockery, Herbert, and McRae. Among the Missourians who rose to that grade were Price, Parsons, Slack, Shelby, John B. Clark, Jr., Colton, Greene, and Cockrell. Clark, who was one of the most gallant soldiers, is now Clerk of the United States House of Representatives, and Cockrell is a Senator from Missouri.

Out of the dust and smoke and out of the din and carnage of the battle Sterling Price emerged the leader of his people. Never till now had they known him. That he was just and upright, that he had been a successful general in the war with Mexico, that he had governed Missouri wisely and well for four years, and was a man to be trusted at all times and in all circumstances they knew; but not till now had they seen him display that genius for war which fitted him for the command of great armies. Calm, quiet and unimpassioned in the affairs of every-day life, and somewhat slow of thought and of speech, the storm of battle aroused all the faculties of his soul, and made him "a hero in the strife." When friends and foes were falling fast around him, and Life and Death waited upon his words, then it was that he saw as by intuition what was best to be done, and did it on the instant, with the calmness of conscious strength, and with all a soldier's might. Of danger he seemed to take no note, but he had none of that brilliant dash, of that fine frenzy of the fight, which men call gallantry, for he was great rather than brilliant. He was wise, too, and serenely brave, quick to see, prompt to act, and always right. From this time he was loved and trusted by his soldiers, as no Missourian had ever been; and never thereafter did he lose their trust and devotion, for throughout all the long years of war—years crowded with victories and with defeats—the virtues which he displayed that day grew more conspicuous all the time, while around them clustered others which increased the splendor of these—unselfish devotion to his native land, unending care for the men who fought under the flag, constancy under defeat, patience under wrongs that were grievous, justice toward all men, and kindness toward every one.

In its flight from Springfield the Union Army had again left the body of its General to the care of his foes. These caused it to be decently buried near the home of one of his friends.

Lyon had not fought and died in vain. Through him the rebellion which Blair had organized, and to which he had himself given force and strength, had succeeded at last. By capturing the State militia at Camp Jackson, and driving the Governor from the Capitol, and all his troops into the uttermost corner of the State, and by holding Price and McCulloch at bay, he had given the Union men of Missouri time, opportunity, and courage to bring their State Convention together again; and had given the Convention an excuse and the power to depose Governor Jackson and Lieutenant-Governor Reynolds, to vacate the seats of the members of the General Assembly, and to establish a State Government, which was loyal to the Union, and which would use the whole organized power of the State, its Treasury, its Credit, its Militia, and all its great resources, to sustain the Union and crush the South. All this had been done while Lyon was boldly confronting the overwhelming strength of Price and McCulloch. Had he abandoned Springfield instead, and opened to Price a pathway to the Missouri; had he not been willing to die for the freedom of the negro, and for the preservation of the Union, none of these things would have then been done. By wisely planning, by boldly doing, and by bravely dying, he had won the fight for Missouri.

SOUTHERN LITERATURE

A BRIEF SKETCH

It has been made sufficiently clear in the Introduction and the General Preface that the designation "Southern" is geographical, and is merely incidentally suggestive of sectionalism in any political sense. While it may connote provincialism, or rather provincialisms—for there are many smaller sections in this imperial domain—this means nothing more than that every great division of our common country has its peculiar characteristics. To-day it is just as appropriate to speak of the provincialism of New England, with its assumed superiority of culture, or of New York and its adjacent territory, with its confident authority of leadership, or of the Middle West, with its growing feeling of local independence and its protest against Eastern domination, or even of the Pacific Coast, with its westward look of longing for new markets, as to speak of the provincialism of the South. No one has thought that any of these forms of individuality augurs ill for the Union save that of the South. But is it not a trifle absurd to consider as detrimental to our National life a provincialism caricatured at its worst in a certain shiftlessness of life, carelessness of dress and bearing, drawl of speech, and an overplus of ardent and often ill-directed emotionalism and pictured at its best in a selfless chivalry of life, an Anglican culture of speech, a regnant idealism in society and affairs, and a heart-warm devotion to home, state, and country in the order named? Into the making of a national literature, especially our National literature, must go eventually all the local elements of these divers and diverse sections, and the charm of the final product will not be conventional uniformity but a variety that is forever surprising us with unexpected details and undefined gradations.

It will become more and more apparent as the pages of the Library of Southern Literature are turned that the South's contribution to the intellectual life of the Nation has been commensurate with its magnificent territorial gifts and its unreckoned political service. If ignorance, pardonable for the lack of some such book as this, has warped and distorted

our judgments of our literature as a whole, then this series may call for a complete revision of some of our conventional views and compel a changed perspective in the examination of our literary life.

To prove this is no part of the purpose of this general sketch of Southern literature; but from time to time the effort to correct, in passing, some present misapprehension may lead to a certain polemic or, at least, defensive tone. For this no further extenuation is needed and no further excuse is offered.

That our American literature had its beginning with the very settlement of Jamestown, in 1607, we owe to doughty John Smith, whose romantic history led almost inevitably to romances seeming to many but slightly historical. He was a doer of brave deeds that lost nothing of their signal prowess in his recitals. His style may have been a little stiffened, as were his fingers, by the firm grasp of his sword, but no less in the style than in the singular contents of his writings may be detected his spirit of romantic adventure, his wealth of personal resourcefulness, and his heartiness of outspoken independence, qualities that never have been lacking in his worthy Southern successors. The prosaic mind interprets his romantic "relations" as baseless figments of a highly wrought imagination; but, on the other hand, the reader endowed with that imagination that maketh alive, or with that higher imagination in quest of spiritual essence amid mere appearances, will as readily see here essential truth over-colored by the fancies of a life lived so romantically as to be wellnigh unintelligible to our duller age. Thus, too, his resourcefulness is translated into boastfulness, both American qualities but of vastly different intrinsic value. Yet this resourcefulness, established beyond peradventure in the salvation of that struggling and despairing colony, has reasserted itself over and over again in the South's long history, whether in overcoming with a smile the obstacles delaying prosperity or in meeting with a grim resoluteness on-coming adversity. The independence of Smith, with its origin in the heart and its utterance in a hundred ways, remained, and remains, a typical quality of the individualistic Southerner.

In the first flush of the discovery of a land differing in

flora and fauna from their home, the several chroniclers—and they are far more numerous than this book records—manifested wide-eyed astonishment and a frank enjoyment, without apologies, of these new delights. This worldliness, as many afflicted with other-worldliness deemed it, was not inconsistent with a profound sense of religion; for in every grant and in every official act Divine authority was invoked and Divine guidance sought, even in reducing to Christianity the rebellious savages. The first act of the colonists was to set up a cross where they first touched land, and their first employment after they had effected a landing was in solemn worship.

These qualities, suggesting others equally obvious, have been dwelt upon not by way of distracting attention from the relative poverty of this period of colonialism, when the daily contest was for sustenance and safety, but to impress the real worth of these early contributions to our literature. They may not reach the highest form, though the prose style is not inferior to the average prose of the average Englishman of that day, nor may we learn very much of substantial weight from the contents; but the inherent spirit revealing itself from that day to this in Southern writings makes this day of small beginnings illuminating. It is surprising to note how many characteristics of that early literature still persist as distinguishing marks of more recent writers.

From 1607 to 1676, then, the period of waxing colonialism during which in England and in the colonies alike the burning question was of the Colony's self-preservation and growth, there was only a small body of writings, and not all of that is as yet exploited. Its significance, however, may be found in the vigor and vitality of Smith, in Percy's "graphic sketches of brightness and gloom," in the vividness of detail in Strachey and Hamor, in the scholarliness of Whitaker, and the sprightliness of roistering Pory. None of these equals in literary import Colonel Norwood's thrilling account of his Virginia voyage. In this the naturalness and freshness, with its persistent evidence of first-hand observation and its aptness of expression, compel us to do homage to one of our first American stylists. Add to these the vigorous and enthusiastic sketch by Hammond entitled "Leah and Rachel," and Rich's crude,

rhymed chronicle of Gates and Newport, and the larger part of the tangible product of this first period is before us.

It is true that George Sandys was far more accomplished as a *littérateur* than any of these, but it is a violent assumption to include among American writers this brilliant translator, who spent but a few years on this side of the Atlantic. None of these writers, to be sure, had been born on American soil, though some of them had been transplanted and had taken fixed root: but Sandys, by the fortunes of official position, was given opportunity to spend but a few years here, and in these he sought solace for the hours of his weariness in continuing the translation already well under way when he came.

The year 1676 is a convenient dividing line, whether it be considered as closing an old era or opening a new one. Nor need there be any haggling over this. Suffice it to say that colonial life never could be quite the same after Nathaniel Bacon had asserted himself, had fought a good fight, and had died what seemed a futile death. In the days before him, Colonialism, the spirit of loyal allegiance to the mother-country, had waxed steadily stronger. As yet no questions had arisen as to England's claims, no boldness had been shown in confronting her governors, and no desire or hope of asserting their own rights had been manifested. In one dramatic episode of our National history, the Bacon Rebellion, the authority of England and the personal privileges of her governors were flatly assailed and the inherent rights of the Colonists were vigorously proclaimed and stoutly defended. With Bacon's death faded the vision that had thrilled these hardy Virginians, but its memory remained. The first declaration of independence had been written not in imperishable words but in a courageous life that set for his countrymen a new standard of self-reliance and self-sacrifice. No wonder that there grew up around this noteworthy adventure a wealth of legend and of story, and as little wonder that in literature as in life the colonist should then have become a trifle self-conscious. Had he not come to know himself in these experiences that had suddenly thrust upon him a new sense of responsibility? Out of this dramatic incident came, as was right, the best poem of our colonial days, the "Threnody on the Death of Bacon." If we could be quite sure that it was a contemporary produc-

tion we should be less guarded in according it the highest place in this period.

If from 1676, standing like some signal-post between the years that count the struggle for existence and the years that, coalescing in their sameness, settle back into social and political supineness, we could stretch the line of our country's progress to 1776, another year of singular pivotal distinction, we might note how, like any other cord stretched from two high points, there was the inevitable decline for a space, and then the gradual climb to the other height. This second pivotal point may be drawn closer by a few years, for contemporary historians, like David Ramsay, are sure that the year 1764 marks the end of our Colonial existence in fact though not in name. After the Bacon Rebellion and its failure there were the natural reaction and the rapid reëstablishment of the Colonial status. For a season, say to about 1737, midway between the birth of Washington and that of Jefferson, no pressing questions of personal or colonial rights arose, no problems of right adjustment between motherland and colony had to be solved. For thirty years, from Bacon's Rebellion to Beverley's History, intellectual progress was not rapid. It is true that William and Mary College had been founded, but the South was without educational system or adequate provision for the training of her youth. The printing-press had not been needed, and the libraries, in individual cases of rare value, had been collected by young men educated in England as Englishmen. The first newspapers belong to about 1736, and intellectual contact hardly antedates them.

In 1705 Beverley, by a sort of Providential interposition, wrote a simple, sensible, and attractive history of Virginia, with the historian's aim to be accurate in truthfulness and the historian's temptation to sacrifice his aim in the interest of sheer readableness. Hugh Jones was even simpler because he was more intent upon being understood in correcting errors as to his new home. Space cannot here be found for characterizing the work of James Blair, William Stith, and many others; but no account of Southern letters would be satisfactory that did not draw particular attention to William Byrd. Without posing as a man of letters, he became our first author of unique yet universal merit. His literary work was a day-

by-day avocation, as he pursued the tasks of his leisurely yet busy life. "These casual jottings in the diary of a man of affairs combine the ease of the polished gentleman, the wit of an accomplished courtier, the breeziness of the observant woodsman, and the humor of the genial philanthropist. Criticism can do little toward defining the charm of these sketches unstudied in their frankness, warm in their humanity, natural in their vitality."*

Unquestionably there had been sporadic flashes of humor in America before Byrd's day, but no single writer had so clearly accepted humor as a part of the philosophy of life. His humour is not accidental nor incidental, it is essential and pervasive. There is through all his writings the warmth of a vital good cheer, and at times the sudden flame of lambent wit is so clever and fascinating as to place him at the head of our long line of Southern humorists. Indeed, he developed a capacity for almost all forms of humor save that of misspelled words.

It is singular that between 1736, when the first book was printed in the South, and 1764, when the National spirit was born, so little of literary significance was achieved. In these years, when Nationalism was carried in the womb of time, there were the retirement, reserve, and sane quiet that promised virile offspring. Colonialism was declining, though as yet there was no display of antipathy to England's dealings with her colonies. The fullness of time was awaited with a self-satisfied patience born of helplessness. It was a period without dreams or visions, without compelling fears or constraining hopes, without glory in a past or confident faith in a future. But in the quiet of these stagnant years men were being born and unconsciously trained for the large tasks of an ampler day. Nationalism came to birth in 1764, or, if we dare not be so specific in fixing a date for a great movement, somewhere about the time when the accession of George III forced America to reflect upon England's blind stupidity, and compelled England to know the potency of an aroused will. As sudden as the birth-cry came the voice of this new Nationalism in the impassioned oratory of the early 'sixties. The pent-up silence of a generation burst forth with lusty strength,

*'Virginia Literature,' by Carol M. Newman, University of Virginia.

and the world was aware that a new life had begun in a new land. Faces that had turned toward England with longing in their glances now fronted the orbing of a new nation. Souls unstirred by the prosaic tasks of making a living quivered under the ennobling excitement of making a Nation. Men hitherto unchallenged to large endeavors now uttered challenges and essayed deeds that might mean death.

It would be pleasant to dwell on this period, so satisfying to honest Southern pride because so rich in opportunities for oratory, statesmanship, and military efficiency, fields in which the Southerner has ever had his triumphs. The roll of Southern names in this period would alone lend it a majesty, for what country in what time could furnish a longer or a nobler list?

That the Revolutionary orations lacked written form, in which they could be preserved for our cavilling scrutiny, need not diminish one jot our appreciation of their effectiveness. Our formal analytical judgments may be less secure but the power of these incomparable orators in their crucial times is sufficiently attested. The penalty of greatness in this sphere lies in the fact that its success in achieving its object reduces its value when the object is achieved and takes its place among the settled questions. Cold-blooded afterthought may consider verbose, bombastic, and exaggerated what its own age considered eloquent, ardent, and convincing. Fashions in oratory change, but any fashion may be good that serves its own high purpose in a trying time. But this was not an age given to oratory, to "mere oratory" with the implied insinuation that the power of expressing significant thought suitably is unworthy of admiration; it was preëminently an age of calm, deliberate thinking. Statecraft occupied the largest share of incisive attention. The Declaration of Independence was among the first of that series of unmatched state papers commanding the respect of mankind. To some this seems less a state paper than a sophomoric outburst of metallic oratory; but these are they who confuse sophomoric with the divine fire of youth and oratory with the gift of words. This paper, rooting itself in George Mason's Declaration of Rights and formulating the new-born Nationalism, was not written in the "dry-light" of academic detachment, but in the "moist-light"

of personal and national participation. For every word hearts had throbbed in expectation and should throb again in suffering and in sorrow. This paper would one day be punctuated with battles and bloodshed and despair akin to death.

After this war had passed, and the great Southern general, whose fame gains luster as he looms larger through growing distance, had given to his countrymen a land that was now their own, statecraft turned to the serious task of building a nation out of the several colonies with which England had made peace. Out of the brain of some single individual, and out of the richer wisdom of conferences and conventions, in which Southern men were prominent as leaders, came lasting papers making and defending constitutions and providing the "checks and balances" against the changes that were feared.

Beyond oratory and state papers this period (1764-1800) offered little of literary value, but this little should be mentioned. There were orators in the pulpit tempted to forget their higher mission in their interest in the absorbing cause of nation-making; there were several plays, as those by Guilford, Burk, Robert Munford, and Williamson; there were narrative poems by Godfrey, Breckenridge, Johnson, Ivor, and Robert and William Munford; and poems of a certain lyric quality by St. George Tucker, James McClurg, and others. There were patriotic poems besides, like "Virginia Hearts of Oak;" but most of these literary ventures and vagaries seemed in general to have no higher purpose than to afford a respite from the strenuous times in which their authors lived.

The independence declared had been successfully defended and a new nation had been created. To its head had been called, as a matter of course, its executive creator, but there were misgivings as to the form of government and as to the fate of the people under this new order to which the old had given place. But these same people were placated and their confidence was restored when authority glided smoothly from federalist to democrat. With 1800 our nationalism was confirmed, beyond all cavil, and it remained now to enjoy it and to make large use of its rich opportunities. The effect of the Revolution and its success had been to give a new meaning to American life and to expand immeasurably its horizon. Ramsay asserts that the Americans had profited in every way

except in individual morality, and this had rather "marked time" than materially retrograded. With tasks now demanding their finest ability, and possibilities far exceeding their enlarged outlook their chief concerns were growth, progress, increase in wealth and power, and general expansiveness. The student of American literature discerns clearly that between 1800 and 1850 there was surprising activity in the intellectual life of our Nation. The fact that the larger part of this activity belonged to New England has been permitted to depreciate too much the products of other sections, notably the Middle States and the South. The splendor of that New England period has been fully recognized, and it cannot detract from its real merit that in the South also there was commendable progress.

This period from 1800 to 1850, divided for convenience where it divides itself in fact, extends from Jefferson to Jackson and from Jackson to the Clay Compromise. When the long line of English presidents, English in temper, training, and culture, gave way to Jackson, a pioneer American indebted to his own country for all the training and culture he possessed, and certainly for his remarkable personality, literature also experienced its transformation from Anglican to American color. Not that these were essentially different, for America is the daughter of England, but that the fashion and form—and perhaps more vitally and no less perceptibly the spirit—changed from a loyal adherence to English models, standards, and tests to a willingness to be American, wherever this meant something different from being English, and to use American themes and treat them for American appreciation. In government as in letters, it meant a spiritual glorification of America. The great religious revivals that swept over the newer country about this time were a deep manifestation of the new enthusiasm and zeal that were burning within the breasts of these regenerated Americans. Before 1829 the Presidents were chosen largely because they had demonstrated their power of statesmanship and political leadership; after 1829 largely because as military heroes they had fascinated the imagination of an adventure-loving people or because the sharp conflicts of partisanry had made them logical candidates. Their debt was not to the traditions of England but to the favor of their

countrymen. Jackson, for example, was little concerned about his country's relations, diplomatic or otherwise, with foreign countries, but was immensely concerned about the internal improvement of the land over which he had been fortuitously called to preside. With a glint of the warrior's eye he gazed on the mountains and plains of the undeveloped West, which had given him his strength of body and mind. This devotion on the part of the President, and the people that believed in him, to the growth of America meant a literary independence, declared best, perhaps, in Emerson's famous address on "The American Scholar," but discernible as well in the work of nearly every Southern and Western writer. It meant independent thinking and utterance, with agitation and activity following fast on the heels of thought.

But to revert to the period from 1800 to 1829. Southern literary productions during this period were not very numerous nor overwhelmingly significant. "The Star Spangled Banner," by Francis Scott Key, was its emblem, and true to this sentiment were its thirteen novels, fifteen plays, and several metrical romances, but their literary style was not equal to their literary intention. By sheerest accident the year 1800 was the noticeable initial year of this period, for in it appeared the first Southern biography and the first Southern play. The biography was of the greatest American citizen, George Washington, and was the work of that puzzling and tantalizing figure, Parson Weems. This was soon followed by a wiser and weightier life of the same great hero by his personal friend, John Marshall. William Wirt's biography of Patrick Henry was less judicial, for Wirt was a lawyer, not a judge; but it has the greater interest attaching to a brief by an interested barrister on a subject worthy of his highest power. The names of Marshall, Madison, and Monroe, with others of note from other States, avouch the solidity of this period; while Jefferson, Wirt, Randolph and others illustrate its versatility and keenness. With biography so well grounded there could be no fear that this literary type would be thereafter neglected. The first play by Williamson, director of the theater in Charleston, South Carolina, had nothing to do with local history, but some of the plays that immediately followed it were patriotic directly or by indirection. Charleston is intimately associated

with the development of the dramatic art, with particular encouragement of the drama of classical *motif* and movement.

The first Southern novel was 'Delavel,' published anonymously. This was followed by others of hardly more than curious interest to the student to-day, though some are of value in reproducing the life and manners of that day. For this, however, one turns more confidently to the lighter descriptive essay, as those by William Wirt.

Education made a gigantic stride when Jefferson, after the long delays that tried the patience of this sage, succeeded in founding the University of Virginia, which threw open its doors before the first quarter of the century passed. With its history are connected Madison and Monroe, who served on its directing board; Wirt, who was elected professor of law and to whom its presidency was tendered; and Edgar Allan Poe, who was among the students of the second session.

The poets of this early period, omitting Poe, whose fame was secured later, were Shaw, Allston, Crafts, Wilde, and Pinkney. The Pinkney family, already famous, had found its best representative in William Pinkney, to whom some historians accord the honor of having delivered in the United States Senate the ablest speech up to that time. It is an interesting commentary on the transiency of things political in contrast with the permanency of things literary that William Pinkney is best known to-day as the father of Edward Coote Pinkney, the promising young poet of Baltimore. The poet's life was of promise rather than of performance, though his completed poems entitle him to high rank among the earliest of Southern poets of genuine merit. Among his contempararies was Richard Henry Wilde, a brilliant but melancholy young Irishman, who caught attention by a single poem and held it by a romantic career. His largest contribution to Southern life was the impulse he gave to the love of the artistic. In this he was not the equal of Washington Allston, but Allston, though Southern by heredity, became by environment and attachment an Englander, New and Old. His friendships as well as his artistic work, both in painting and in poetry, gave him a deserved preëminence. Other poets of more or less merit, and poems of more or less sustained quality, might be mentioned, but our attention turns insensibly to the begin-

ning of Poe's artistic career, which never has been surpassed in its resolute singleness of purpose and its love of the highest he had known.

But his story belongs to those sturdy years of stanch Americanism between 1829 and 1850. With this new era a new vitality was infused into Southern letters, not associating itself with one type, much less with one name. Novels and plays ran into the hundreds and reached their highest mark in the novels of Kennedy and Simms. Oratory grew with every year, finding its largest service in affairs of State, and in that realm equaling the splendid exhibition of similar gifts in the England of Macaulay, Cobden, and Bright. Periodicals sprang up overnight, and revealed in their short lives the presence of unexpected and unusual powers among cultivated Southern gentlemen and ladies. Humor was rampant in recitals of lawyers riding their circuits and explorers seeking their fortunes as pioneers. Above all, poetry and the short story were developed with such masterly skill by one artist that the age might well be called the Age of Poe. It will be of consequence to review these claims.

That the short story existed in the South before Poe is probably true, but there is little or no evidence that for his transcendent skill in making plots or in providing for "totality of effect" he was under obligations to his American predecessors in either the South or the North. His intrinsic power in this sphere enabled him so to transmute whatever he may have discovered in foreign or domestic sources as to leave no traces of his borrowings. On the other hand, his successors have not only felt their obligation to him but have raised themselves in the appreciation of others when they have claimed, rather than confessed, spiritual kinship with him. Of his critical powers he made such good use in the periodicals with which he was connected as to convert this often dull and unprofitable department into the sprightliest and most informative pages. His recognition now as a poet of high merit, if not of the highest yet exhibited in America, is national and international, and even his most ardent admirers must now be satisfied with the place accorded him. The danger that he may be unwittingly overestimated and overpraised is now so apparent as to be readily avoided.

But Poe was not an isolated Southern poet, though there was no other of his rank in that region or in all America. His exact contemporary in birth-time and his exact compatriot in birth-place was Albert Pike, who became known to the British public before Poe, and who had the honor, never vouchsafed to Poe, of having his poems first published in British reviews. His poetry is far more Southern in theme, atmosphere, and feeling than Poe's, and its musical quality falls behind only so far as his ear for complex harmonies was less true and acute than Poe's for simpler, searching melodies.

Judge Meek is primarily a historian, but he found time amid this and other occupations to indulge his taste both for reading and composing poetry. Doubtless he, as other Southern poets, would have won the Muse's favor more consistently had he wooed her with more constancy. Of his Southernism of subject and sentiment there can be no question among those who know his native State. Philip Pendleton Cooke, with his art flowering in a single poem, O'Hara, making a universal appeal in a poem for one occasion, and Simms, with his double province of poetry and prose, are a few of the more important poets of this period.

These poets, who eschewed humor though they faced fresh and verdant life, were the contemporaries of some brilliant observers who eschewed the poetry of life because they saw so obviously its humor. The humor of William Byrd, spontaneous, persistent, and original, based upon first-hand observation and not despising the homely even when it was streaked with coarseness, though never depicting coarseness for its own sake, is the exact prototype of the humor of the school to which belonged Longstreet, Baldwin, Hooper, Thompson, Crockett, and others, who unconsciously emulated one or the other of his qualities. Not all of this school belongs to the period before 1850, for men laughed and sought occasion for mirth even in the face of impending disaster. The source of their humor was largely the fresh, mirthful, resourceful, self-reliant pioneer life. These humorists were a part of the life they depicted, and therefore personal kindness, not heartless scorn nor supercilious contempt, is the prevailing mood of contemplation. Humor has always been a mark of the Southern temperament, and a large share of American humor,

perhaps even that of Mark Twain, may be traced to this section. That it is not better known is the public's loss, though the world never will laugh again as it has laughed, for the life so faithfully depicted seems in the light of our conventionalized civilization rather the figment of fancy than the facts of a turbulent existence.

From these pioneer humorists, revealing the life of their times, it is an easy step to the novelists who, without discarding the aid of humor, essayed in different fashion the same task. Of course these novelists did not always portray their own times, but they did generally picture their own land. The past, immediate or more remote, had its fascinations, to which Carruthers and Simms and Kennedy yielded without protest. No roll can here be called of the writers of fiction, for they were too numerous, but an examination of the best will convince the unbiased of the independent excellence of these early romances and lead him to wish for new and attractive editions of these neglected treasures.

There were still the lighter descriptive essays in the periodicals, but the Leagarés, and the other scholarly contributors to the dignified Southern magazines, preferred the academic essay, with its ample scope for exploiting their wide reading and substantial classical attainments. The fact is, that when these statesmen-scholars had aught to say of the problems of the day they sought the platform and spoke to men face to face. For they were, by nature, devotion, and practice, public speakers with a freedom approaching volubility and a love of ornamentation tempting to indulgence in high coloring. Injustice, however, has been done these great speakers in the very praise bestowed so ungrudgingly upon them. Their eloquence has been extolled as if it were a thing apart from the significance of their thought, and their oratorical gifts as if they were the mere accompaniments of display. Turn to Hayne's speeches, worthy of Webster's greatest force and adroitness in debate, to see the inaptness of such a judgment. Nor was display or its corollary ornament at all the characteristic of the irrefutable logic of Calhoun or the basis of the popular triumphs of Clay. In fact, it is the exception rather than the rule, though the exceptions were far too numerous for our calmer, modern taste. Demonstrative oratory was culti-

vated sedulously in the days of Edward Everett and his next in succession, William C. Preston, and speakers sure of the applause of their admiring audiences were not afraid that learning would seem pedantry and oratorical fire mere physical heat.

The period of "division and reunion" may be counted as that generation or less extending from 1850 to 1876, the dates of which are convenient and provisional rather than final and imperative. The death of Edgar Allan Poe, in 1849, and those of the great leaders, Clay and Calhoun, by 1852, seem of themselves to indicate a crisis in the course of events, both political and literary. The Clay Compromise accomplished nothing except to retard a controversy it could not avert. From the days of Andrew Jackson and Nullification, the contest as to the structure of our government, as to internal improvements, national banks, tariff, slavery, and States' Rights had become more and more acute, with opinions and feelings more and more divergent and hostile. The South had not suffered any losses in the war of words. Their debaters had lost no ground and had often routed completely their worthy adversaries. On the hustings and in the forum they were victorious, but the trend of the times and the spirit of the age were against them. The expansiveness that was creating a Western world, with boundaries steadily moving in from the water line, was itself a chief argument against a construction of the Constitution that seemed too narrow and strict. As the crisis approached, the ten years from 1850 to 1860 were years of fervid and even feverish premonition. There were many signs that the division of sentiment was becoming deeper and wider, and that the lines of allegiance were drawing closer and closer. It was a significant sign that Southern youth patronizing Northern institutions of learning withdrew and threw in their lot with Southern institutions, from which so many of them marched straight to glorious death. The University of Virginia saw its most prosperous ante-bellum sessions in the late 'fifties, and it was her privilege to furnish more soldiers to the cause she espoused than any other college or university in America.

The war focussed itself in four years, no long term in the life of a man and brief beyond notice in the existence of a nation; but, measured by sacrifice, suffering, woe, death, and

loss of hope, it seemed a veritable age. The South never has been ashamed of its part in that crisis of our National history, for the right of local self-government, involving the right to defend their homes against hostile invasion, was an Anglo-Saxon right which their British ancestors had defended with their lives. It was a time of testing, too; and the world saw a civilization that it had been inclined to consider ultra-aristocratic, feudal, and anachronistic, producing men of unexcelled virility in full-orbed manhood. No hardier soldiery ever went to fields of hardship than these that came from homes of comfort and luxury, and none ever more willingly stripped themselves of all the trappings of life when called to choose between them and life itself, which is honor and fidelity to duty. War has been declared brutal, and by inference brutalizing, but in the heart of that fierce struggle the South's leaders set such examples of purity of heart, loftiness of soul, unselfishness of life, and chivalry born of a profound Christian faith as might well last through our opening century. America can point with pride to its war, but what shall history make of that Era of Reconstruction? The most charitable will call it a huge blunder, the most judicial an unpardonable folly, and the less reserved a national crime. The dire effects of it lasted and last through the lives of those who bore in their own persons the marks of its woes worse than war. The era as such may be historically pronounced a closed incident in 1876. In that year the troops were withdrawn from Louisiana; Hampton, the popular idol of South Carolina, was elected Governor; the Hayes-Tilden controversy was settled peaceably when in other circumstances war might have ensued; and, as if to put a seal upon these factors of reconciliation, the Centennial of our National life was celebrated in the City of Brotherly Love.

But what of the literary history of the South during these adverse years? Paradoxically, it was in some important respects the most prosperous. For instance, it would take seven full pages to catalogue the novels, plays, and narrative poems of the ten years from 1850 to 1860. The older novelists were still at their tasks and new names were added annually.

No fear of impending struggle prevented the hearty laughter that greeted Baldwin, or Bagby, or even George Washington Harris. Travel never was made more subservient to the

entertainment of others than in Madame LeVert's 'Souvenirs of Travel,' and the whole world moved merrily. The great speakers were still present, many of them in the United States Senate, where their farewell addresses, such as those of Davis and Toombs, were epoch-making utterances. During the war there was of course relative stagnation in literary production, for men were then offering their country their lives, not their letters; but after the war there was occasion again for the oratorical powers of men like Hampton, Butler, Vance, Hill, and others of like high stature. Gradually men found their tongues again, after a period of silent suffering, and rubbed the rust from their unused pens. The lives of the heroes of battle must be told while facts were fresh in living memories. Biographies followed one another in rapid succession, written frequently with more of personal enthusiasm than critical *aplomb,* but filled with material of great import for the fuller realization of those troublous times. Biographies of modern heroes recalled older ones, and these too came in for their share of recognition in sketch and volume. From the lives of men to the incidents, tragic or comic, in which they had participated was an easy step. More sketches and larger productions were devoted to these, now and then in the form of short story with bases of fact, more frequently the historical sketch, sometimes with polemic purport. As this desire to defend a cause for which men had given their lives clamored for fuller treatment, great treatises of permanent worth were sent forth by men fitted by experience to speak with authority; or, if the spirit of romance prevailed, novels of war-time, with its grim humor and courageous suffering, were published. The most noticeable testimony of these novels is to the unexpected unifying power of this great struggle. The wide differences between large areas, which through long years had grown more and more distinct, had led to disrespect and discourtesy, especially in journalism and fiction; the experiences of this prolonged contest had not reconciled the differences but they had increased the respect of the combatants for one another. It is no longer the purpose of the novelists to exploit and establish these differences but to reveal life softened frequently by the gradual coalescing of these distinct civilizations. But by far the most interesting fact of this period from 1850 to 1876

remains to be recorded, though for convenience the dates may be shifted a trifle.

From the death of Poe (1849) to the death of Lanier (1881) reaches the fullest and finest period of poetry that the South has known. It is conceded, of course, that Poe surpasses in many ways all other poets of the South, but Poe's forty-seven poems are too slight in volume and too separate in character to constitute a poetic period or movement. And while the South rightly claims him, since he claimed her, his poetry is more cosmopolitan than Southern. The poets that immediately succeeded him were primarily Southern and then swept into wider circles. Hayne and Timrod, Thompson and Hope, Mrs. Preston and Dr. Ticknor, were born between 1820 and 1830; Father Ryan and James Ryder Randall in 1839, and Lanier in 1842. Their writings fall mainly between 1850 and 1881, by which latter date Timrod, Ticknor, Thompson, Hope, and Lanier had passed away. Father Ryan and Hayne died in the later 'eighties, Mrs. Preston in 1897, and Randall, outliving them all, died in 1909. These statistics serve to group them together as contemporaries, and, better than that, in many cases personal friends. Had they lived within some smaller area, such as favored the New England poets, their work would doubtless have profited by mutual advice, encouragement, and criticism. Hayne and Timrod were Charlestonians; Thompson, Hope, and Mrs. Preston, Virginians; Father Ryan was Virginian by birth and Alabamian by longer residence; while Ticknor and Lanier by birth, with Randall and Hayne by adoption, were Georgians. With this group of American poets no other group of a section or a period in America, save the great New England period, is comparable. Individually these poets have enjoyed appreciation, largely restricted, however, to their own land and too much to their own time; but the general judgment of their place in American literature underrates their real deserts. Hayne's love of the sea, which echoed in his soul, mingling with the vocal breezes in his Georgia pines and with the entrancing songs of his favorite birds, his gift of soft and liquid phrasing, his ear for music and his art sense, particularly in the limits of the sonnet, commend him to lovers of man, nature, and music and, in spite of a certain thinness, due to the amount and the expanse of his poetry, rank him

high among our poets of art. To his friend Timrod, the gift of poesy came more directly from the Divine, and his use of the gift shows a more unerring feeling for its highest values. Of Hayne we know the very best he could do, but we suspect in Timrod resources of which he made no avail and powers he never exercised. His achievements, however, are enough to command the high esteem of our best lovers of poetry and to challenge the further study of the critics. His poem on the "Cotton Boll" merits comparison with Lanier's on "Corn," of which, after all, it may have been the forerunner.

John Reuben Thompson, man of culture and of literary enthusiasms, who in a time of struggle gave his life to letters, has been too little known as a poet, but known by his best will be counted among that small body of men who devoted themselves entirely to the things of the mind. James Barron Hope will come into larger and larger recognition, both because of his poetic thought in general and especially because of his occasional poems. While no individual poem of his quite equals the few very best occasional American poems, no one of his brother poets ever was officially summoned to so many large occasions or responded with poems so ample and aspiring. That in their length they sometimes missed sustained excellence is true, but that at other times they attained an excellence of far more than transient value is likewise true. There are passages in each of these larger poems that might well be cherished for their intrinsic and lasting value.

Among the limited number of American women who deserve high rank as poets, Mrs. Preston's place is secure wherever she is known. Her background of culture and intellectual power, her sensitiveness and acute poetic insight, her catholicity and gracious art, reveal themselves in all of her poetry. There are poems that rise easily above the general level of her art, but none that fall far below it. Her touch was sure, her ear true, her judgment sound. Dr. Ticknor has had the good fortune to be known widely by his one best poem, but the misfortune to have his other poems overlooked. While his busy life left no large spaces to be filled with poetic activities, he had the knack of finding in his daily practice themes for his chastened hand. Into his poetry go the kindliness, gentleness, and

human sympathy of his profession without its accompaniments of depression, gloom, and despair. Father Ryan and James Ryder Randall, born about the same time, have this in common that they were alike devoted to their Church and their country. If Father Ryan in his poetic ministrations seems more priestly than his colleague, Randall does not excel him in poems that have to do with earthly loves nor outstrip him in his fervid loyalty to a cause which he has sanctified with prayers and penances. Randall's fame, like Ticknor's, rests too much on a single poem, though he wrote many, while Ryan's depends not upon his single poems but on his loyalty as priest, patriot, and man, and on his peculiar skill in producing rhetorical and poetical effects by some of the simpler devices of his art. By the use of repetition, parallelism, and refrain he varies his poems from the lilt of lighter music to the monotone melody of a haunting *recitatif*.

Lanier was born after all these poets, but he outlived no more than a meagre majority of them. His place in the group may be questioned because his work fell after the war, and much of it after the horrors of the reconstruction period had been endured; but he was a Southern soldier, subject like his greatest compeers to suffering from war, poverty, and disease, and like them bearing in his own bosom the penalties of his age and state. He was more fortunate, perhaps, than they in following his twin arts, music and poetry, away from the impoverishment and depression of his devastated home, but most fortunate in that these arts beckoned him onward and upward into the charmed realm where idealism reigns. However, his idealism did not enjoin isolation, but rather the companionship of kindred spirits, nor separateness from the scenes of his earlier life, but rather the glorification of these as, softened by lapse of time, they haunted his memory and directed his inventive mind. His themes were therefore Southern and his handling of them characteristic of that overmastering chivalry and purity which governed his life and his letters. In him was no bitterness nor hate, but a brotherly love as universal as his confidence in the All-Father was unlimited. Why, with the writing, should the name of Lee somehow link itself with Lanier unless it be that the rugged soldier, turning

from his spotless defeat, and the ragged poet, released from his galling imprisonment, both took up life in the same spirit of selfless chivalry and with the same fundamental faith that the "artist's price" as well as the patriot's was "some little good to man." The world came quickly to a keen appreciation and, in the main, a just judgment of Lanier's rare and unique poetry. Indeed, it was because his poetry was rare and differentiated from that of his contemporaries that English critics have most admired him, for to them Americanism, which they would commend, must consist of things un-English, things apart from the conventions that tend to become fixed. But Lanier need not be valued by his peculiarities. His merits are far other than mere vocal exercises or irregular line-lengths. He is a genuine poet in life and in soul, and if he fail at all in utterance it is not because he lacks knowledge or sense of form but because, "bent on no middle flight," he at times essayed poetic feats that dare failure.

There was other poetry in this period, but we cannot now dwell on war-songs or on isolated poems, on women's tears congealed in verses or on men's daring thrown into metrical form. As a matter of fact, the songs and poems that came directly from the war were neither so numerous nor so meritorious as a war so fraught with sentiment and so purified by patriotic sacrifice and undaunted idealism might have produced. This would be strange were it not true that in the South the poets were bearing arms and found little time or taste for poetic employment amid the exacting tasks of camp life and of campaigning.

From 1876 to this day we may name our Second National Period, and in full enjoyment of all its privileges and promises we are in a mood little suited to a critical estimate of its accomplishments. With its opening there was an outburst of local-color and dialect stories, developing by stages into longer stories or into romances based on Colonial, Revolutionary, or modern history, or into novels of character delineating the suave, superstitious, and essentially humorous negro, the bold, rough-hewn, but substantially forceful mountaineer, the sensitive, delicate, and artistic Creole, with his love of all the pleasures of life and all the solaces of religion, and his para-

doxical adherence to France in his American loyalty. History enlarged its scope from dramatic incident of war to fuller and more accurate studies of the origin and growth of the several States, or of their organization into a Confederacy, with a government less than four years old functioning in every part. These histories were based upon closer and calmer research, from which we may yet expect more valuable contributions to the knowledge of our Southern life.

Akin to these historical studies are essays and treatises dealing with large and perplexing social problems, and tractates on education and on the expanding occupations of a resilient people. But propagandas in the South must still be carried forward by public speech. Oratory never has lost its charm for the warm-hearted Southern temperament, sensitive to the vibrant music of the resonant human voice, and schooled through generations in responsiveness to the uttered word. Older men, whose voices had been hushed by civil discord, took up again with noble courage the tasks of leadership and pleaded earnestly for a readjustment of inter-state relations so that the South might come back into her full partnership in civic pride and uses. Younger men, loyal to the South, and especially to the heroes of their boyhood, but unwilling to be tethered by traditional sentiments that under changed conditions made all progress difficult, were no less earnest in asserting their rights and in proclaiming their faith that no sacrifice of Southern principle was demanded of the loyal American and that no disloyalty to the memories of the past was involved in adjusting one's self fully to the American citizenship of to-day. These men are apostles of education, because convinced of its necessity; of a virile and self-respecting citizenship trained to the duties and services of a complex century and of determination to meet with all the strength the old South can give the problems that the new South cannot shirk. With all this there is the danger in this flood-tide of prosperity of crashing against the rock of a rooted materialism. In gaining all that the soul seems to desire we may lose the soul itself. Perhaps the most hopeful offset to this fear is in the persistent romanticism of our poets and in the fact that poetry still lives and

thrives. It may be pointed out that much of this poetry is not of primal excellence nor destined for long life, and that the poets seem to have suffered no profound experiences and to have beheld no visions blinding in their glory. But all this may be said of English and American poetry in general. On the other hand, there is much right feeling about nature, man, and God, and much heartiness in unabashed verse marked by grace, ease, smoothness, and a technique not due to chance but to knowledge. The present poets in the South are several score in number and are widely distributed, and there is not one that does despite to the higher life or proves untrue to his ideal of art. Poetry is used for purposes lowly but not low, for subjects that are trivial but never for trifling with things revered and sacred. In this lies a large hope, when coupled with the sound conservatism in morals and religion existing in a people more purely Anglo-Saxon than can be found elsewhere. Out of this sturdiness of moral fibre, this earnestness in material progress, this steadying faith in sane and saving idealism, and a fixedness in a higher faith in a holy religion, may grow a literature more significant than any yet produced, for these people love color and sound, live amid the odors of flowers, are given to emotion, revel in imagination, and have an art sense that does not mislead even when unschooled by laws and undisciplined by practice.

The South need not be ashamed of her literary life, save as all Americans may rightly feel that in the majestic progress of our country we have not yet achieved the intellectual greatness that may be destined for us; on the contrary, she may well be proud of the cleanness and honesty of her printed page. Refined courtesy and gentle demeanor are its signs-manual, save where fidelity to the rugged and uncouth in the pioneer life has forced a certain rudeness of tone and coarseness of conception. But the South has her greatest opportunity now. Educational advantages are more common and more valuable to-day than ever before and more easily accessible. Wealth, or at least freedom from the taxing strain of the struggle for existence, is imminent, and the sense of self-reliance and self-appreciation, without which the highest ventures are not essayed and the highest endeavors fall short of full achieve-

ment, grows apace. It may be that the South shall attest again what Palestine and Greece and Italy and Spain have abundantly established: that literature finds fruitful soil in Southern lands and flourishes under the balmy influences of Southern skies.

CORNELIA PHILLIPS SPENCER

[1825—1908]

W. C. SMITH

THAT conservative Institution, the University of North Carolina, has in the course of its long life of more than one hundred and thirteen years, conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. upon only one woman—Mrs. Cornelia Phillips Spencer. This it did in 1895 in recognition, so the authorities declared, of her distinguished services and attainments.

Cornelia Ann Phillips, the youngest child and only daughter of James Phillips and Julia Vermeule, his wife, was born in Harlem, New York, March 20, 1825. The father, a younger son of a clergyman of Cornwall, England, was educated at an English military school, and, after nine years' service as teacher in his native country, removed in 1818 to America, where for forty-nine years he continued actively engaged in the work of his profession. The mother, an American of Dutch descent, was a woman of refinement and culture, strong in the household virtues, and, in the words of one who knew her, "well educated and literary." In May, 1826, the parents with their three children, Charles, Samuel and Cornelia, moved to Chapel Hill, North Carolina, the father there entering upon his duties as professor of mathematics in the State University. The children were educated together, all three beginning their studies under their mother, and the sister later keeping abreast of her brothers in the classical course of the University by studying with them and under the instruction of her father and other University professors.

Each of the three was destined to be distinguished in after life. Charles Phillips, D.D., LL.D., followed in the footsteps of his father and was for more than a quarter of a century professor of mathematics in the University of North Carolina. In the history of that institution by Dr. Kemp P. Battle his ability and usefulness are recorded. Samuel F. Phillips, LL.D., became one of the ablest lawyers in North Carolina. He was for a number of years professor of law at his *alma mater,* and in the course of his distinguished career held, under the State, the positions of reporter, auditor, and Speaker of the House of Commons, and, under the United States for three successive administrations, the high office of Solicitor-general.

In keenness of intellect, in force and vigor of understanding, and in scholarly attainments, Cornelia Phillips was no whit inferior to her

brothers. Nor have there been wanting able and conservative men and women to declare that in variety, versatility, and brilliancy of service she has surpassed them both. In 1853, she was happily married to James Magnus Spencer. With him she settled in Clinton, Alabama, where she remained until his death in 1861. Mr. Spencer was a lawyer, and is spoken of by Dr. Battle as "an alumnus of large brain and great force of character." After his death the widow, accompanied by her only child, Julia J. Spencer, returned to Chapel Hill, and there resided until 1894, when she moved to Cambridge, Massachusetts, whither the daughter had preceded her as the wife of Professor James Lee Love, of Harvard University. Mrs. Spencer died March 11, 1908.

The thirty-three years of Mrs. Spencer's residence in North Carolina following her return to Chapel Hill, in 1861, were years of abundant usefulness. Her influence upon men and events in North Carolina during the critical period of the Civil War, and the yet more critical period that followed, was probably greater than that exercised by any other one man or woman of her generation. Governors, statesmen, judges, and university presidents have placed themselves on record as finding in her a wise and trusted counselor. The list of those who sought her advice, personally and by letter, is a long one, and includes nearly all the men of the period who were prominently identified with important public movements. Among these may be mentioned Governors Swain, Morehead, Graham, Vance, and Scales. Swain and Vance conferred with her throughout the trying period of war and reconstruction. Three University presidents in succession were wont to rely upon her for advice in matters relating to the welfare of the University and the cause of public education. It was at the solicitation of President Swain that she wrote many valuable historical sketches, more particularly her published volume, 'The Last Ninety Days of the War.' President Battle has repeatedly borne testimony to the great value of her services in effecting the restoration of the University in 1875. Dr. George T. Winston, who as student, professor, and president was indebted to her for help and inspiration, speaks of her as the "daughter of the old University and living genius of the new" and, in a late address delivered at the dedication of a building named in her honor at the North Carolina State Normal and Industrial College, declares: "In the long list of brilliant and strong men who were graduated from the University in the generations immediately preceding, during, and following the Civil War, there were few who were not influenced by her, either in their college life or subsequent careers, and through them she contributed largely to shape the destinies of North Carolina."

These are high tributes, and the number might easily be multiplied

far beyond the containing limits of this brief sketch. It is well that they and others have spoken, for otherwise we should know little of the wider field of influence exerted by this modest, unassuming gentlewoman. Hers has been no feverish struggle for public recognition, but the quiet, useful, happy life of the typical Southern house-mother. The same hand that penned burning words to the people of her beloved State, calling upon them to rise with renewed hope and zeal amid the ruin of war and the ensuing spoliation of "carpetbag" misrule, was instant in good works among the helpless and the lowly. She shrank from any approach to publicity, and only from a strong sense of duty did she undertake a public service; even then her work was accomplished through others or through the unobtrusive agency of the pen. No one ever heard her deliver a public address nor was she ever seen to occupy a seat on any public rostrum. Her chief work, her greatest pleasure, was in the home. She was thus an embodiment of Paul's ideal—a woman well reported of for good works, having brought up children, lodged strangers, ministered to the saints, relieved the afflicted, and diligently followed every good work. "She has not," writes a member of her household, "welcomed the admission of women to the Universities, nor has she ever manifested other than hostility to any movement tending to bring women into men's places in the world."

Mrs. Spencer was a reader of the best literature, and while she never lost interest in current events and books she was fond of the Latin and Greek authors. Her favorite book, however, was the Bible. To its teachings her life was attuned, and from its inspired pages came her last message to the young women of the North Carolina State Normal College, that message being: "I will, therefore, that the young women marry, bear children, guide the home, and give no occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully."

Mrs. Spencer wrote much, but only a small part of her work has been published in enduring form. Her writings consist for the most part of letters and newspaper and magazine articles. For a number of years she was a regular contributor to the columns of *The North Carolina Presbyterian,* and her articles were the feature of the paper. It was her contributions to the North Carolina papers that kept alive the interest of the people in the University during the dark days of Reconstruction and that ultimately resulted in its re-opening in 1875. Many of her biographical and historical sketches appeared in *The University Magazine.* She is the author also of a number of patriotic lyrics and college songs. The hymn sung at the re-opening of the University was of her composing, as is also one of the songs in popular use there to-day. A number of her songs were, we believe, published in pamphlet form about 1880.

Her works published in book form are 'The Last Ninety Days of the Civil War in North Carolina,' and 'First Steps in North Carolina History.' The first named appeared serially in *The New York Watchman,* then under the editorship of the Rev. Charles F. Deems. In 1866 it was issued in book form by the Watchman Publishing Company of New York. The recent demand for the work has been such that last year it was reprinted serially in the Sunday editions of *The Charlotte Observer.* The 'First Steps In North Carolina History' appeared in 1889. It was designed for the use of elementary pupils in the public schools of North Carolina. For a number of years it has been on the adopted list of books used in the North Carolina schools, and it is to-day perhaps the best known and most popular work on the history of the State. It may be well to note here that this work in its published form is not what it was when it left the hands of its author. Mrs. Spencer wrote with her characteristic frankness and strength, but the publishers, without consulting her, saw fit to place the manuscript in the hands of a well known politician. He revised it in parts relating to war and politics, and in a modified and diluted form it was given to the public. A word from the preface will reveal Mrs. Spencer's patriotism and at the same time indicate her characteristic breadth of spirit:

"Ours is the story of a quiet, contented, somewhat unambitious people, not studious of change, not easily provoked—a people loyal to Law and to Religion, steady, modest, sincere, and brave; generous but not enterprising; prodigal of their best when called upon by others or in defence of their own rights, but moving too slowly and cautiously when not under the strong stimulus of special occasions."

Simple truth this, and had all Southern literature been characterized by a like modesty and sincerity of statement it might, perhaps, have been less open to the charge of provincialism.

On whatever subject Mrs. Spencer wrote she was sure to be interesting. Her biographical sketches were thoughtful studies displaying a penetrating analysis of character, an admirable insight into motives, and a sympathetic but just and conservative estimate of results. Her letters to the newspapers were models of animated writing—optimistic, stimulating and wholesome, as the letters of cultured women are apt to be. Her simple songs were spirited and patriotic; her reviews just, discriminating, and honest; and her histories true and graphic accounts of men, measures, and events. Her written work gives the general impression of being the fluent utterance of an acute and well stored mind. Her style is not bookish but simple, straightforward, and possessed of both dignity and strength. Not infrequently her pages are lightened by humor and, when the subject or the occasion demands it, ringing invective is not wanting. Charitable judgment,

a sincere admiration for all that is good, and a fearless condemnation of selfishness, corruption, and moral cowardice, pervade her writings. On the whole, they convey the impression of an author who has enjoyed the best society among men and books, and who, out of a full mind, writes with unselfishness, sincerity, and strength in the interests of truth and of human good.

H. C. Smith.

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LEE'S MEN

From 'The Last Ninety Days of the War.'

So we endeavored to play out the play with dignity and self-possession, watching the long train of foragers coming in every day by every highroad and byway leading from the country, laden with the substance of our friends and neighbors for many miles (though in many cases, let me say, the Government made payment for food and forage taken after peace was declared) watching them with such feelings as made us half ashamed of our own immunity, wondering where it would all end, and that we should have lived to see such a day; reviewing the height from which we had fallen, and struggling, I say, to wear a look of proud composure, when all our assumed stoicism and resignation was put to flight by the appearance on a certain day, of a squad of unarmed men in gray, dusty, and haggard, walking slowly along the road. A moment's look, a hasty inquiry, and *"Lee's men!"* burst from our lips, and tears from our eyes. There they were, the heroes of the army of Virginia, walking home, each with *his pass* in his pocket, and nothing else. To run after them, to call them in, to feel honored at shaking those rough hands, to spread the table for them, to cry over them, and say again and again, "God bless you all; we are just as proud of you, and thank you just as much as if it had turned out differently"; this was a work which stirred our inmost souls, and has left a tender memory which will outlast life. Day after day we saw them, sometimes in twos and threes, sometimes in little companies, making the best of their way toward their distant homes, penniless and dependent on wayside charity for their food, plodding along, while the blue jackets pranced gayly past on the best blood of Southern stables. But I am glad to record that wherever a Federal soldier met any of them, he was prompt to offer help and food, and express a kindly and soldierly cordiality. Grant's men, they all said, had been especially generous. There was something worth studying in the air and expression of these men, a something which had a beneficial and soothing effect on the observers. They were not unduly cast down, nor had any appearance of the humiliation that was burning into our souls.

They were serious, calm, and self-possessed. They said they were satisfied that all had been done that could be done, and they seemed to be sustained by the sense of duty done and well done, and the event left to God, and with His award, they had no intention of quarreling. It was a fair fight, they said, but the South had been starved out; one dark-eyed young South Carolinian said, for his part he was going home to settle down, and if any body ever said "secesh" to him again, he meant to knock 'em over! Many looked thin and feeble; and a gallant major from Fayetteville told me himself that when ordered to the last charge, he and his men, who had been living for some days on parched corn, were so weak that they reeled in their saddles. "But we would have gone again," he added, "if Lee had said so."

The news of the death of President Lincoln, received at first with utter incredulity, deepened the gloom and horrible uncertainty in which we lived. That he was dead simply may not have excited any regret among people who for four years had been learning to regard him as the prime agent in all our troubles. But when the time, place, and manner of his death came to be told, an unaffected and deep horror and dismay filled our minds. The time has not yet come for Southern people to estimate President Lincoln fairly. We never could admire him as he appeared as a candidate for the Presidency, nor look upon him as a great man, in any sense of the word. But even if we had recognized him as a lofty and commanding genius, fit to guide the destiny of a great nation through a crisis of imminent peril, the smoke of the battlefields would have obscured to us all his good qualities, and we should have regarded him only as the malignant star, whose ascendency boded nothing but evil to us. He was always presented to us in caricature. The Southern press never mentioned him but with some added *sobriquet* of contempt and hatred. His simplicity of character and kindliness of heart we knew nothing of; nor would many now at the South, much as they may deplore his death, concede to him the possession of any such virtues. They judged him by the party which took possession of him after his inauguration, and by his advisers. But a sense of remorse fills my mind now as I write of him, realizing how much that was really good and guileless, and well-intentioned and generous, may

have come to an untimely end in the atrocious tragedy at Ford's Theatre. The extravagance of eulogy by which the Northern people have sought to express their sense of his worth and of his loss, has had much to do with our unwillingness to judge him fairly. To place the Illinois lawyer by the side of Washington would have been an offense against taste and commonsense; but to compare him to the *Son of God,* to ascribe to him also the work of "dying the just for the unjust," is an impious indecency which may suit the latitude of Mr. Bancroft, and the overstrained tone of the Northern mind generally, but whose only effect at the South is to widen the distance between us and the day when we shall frankly endeavor to understand and do justice to President Lincoln.

AFTER THE SURRENDER

From 'The Last Ninety Days of the War.'

North Carolina had nothing to retract, nothing to unsay, no pardon to beg. She had acted deliberately in joining the Southern cause. She had given her whole strength to it, with no lukewarm adherence; and now, in the hour of acknowledged defeat and failure, she did not attempt to desert, or abjectly bespeak any favors for herself on the ground of her anti-secession record or proclivities. And when the negotiations were completed and peace was finally announced, it would not be difficult to say what feelings most predominated amongst us. We had desired peace—an end of bloodshed, and to the impending starvation of women and children. Peace we had longed and prayed for; but not *this* peace. The reunion was not *this* reunion. With all her former attachment to the old Union—with all her incredulity as to the stability or possibility of a separate independent Confederacy of the Southern States, even in case of its triumphant establishment—with all her sober conservative principles—I will venture to say, that there were not five hundred decent men within the limits of North Carolina who could be found to rejoice in her military subjugation, or who, under such circumstances, welcomed the reappearance of the Star and Stripes as our national emblem. I have never yet seen one who did, or who was, at any rate

willing to avow it. At the same time, I must say, I have never seen one who evinced any intention of other than an honest acceptance of the situation, and a determination to do their whole duty and make the best of the inevitable.

Looking back at our delusions, errors, and miscalculations for the four years of the war, the wonder is, that the Confederacy lasted as long as it did. The last six months of its existence were indeed but mere outside show of seeming. That Richmond was doomed, was patent to all shrewd observers in the fall of 1864; and there was probably not a member of the Confederate Congress who did not know it when he took his seat at the beginning of its last session. It certainly reflects very little credit on the wisdom or patriotism of that body that they did not, before adjourning, take some steps in concert to notify their respective constituents of their opinion as to the situation, and give some indication of the course they judged their States should pursue.

Respect for President Davis, who was well known to be extremely averse to any movement looking toward reconstruction, and who refused to contemplate the event of our subjugation as possible—due respect for him may have influenced the extraordinary reticence of our Congress; but it is more probable that an undue regard for their own political reputation and influence was the prime object with most of them. Whatever it was, history will point with a dubious expression to our representatives, each nudging his neighbor and desiring him to go forward—all convinced of the hopelessness of the cause, yet almost no man bold enough to say so publicly.

The Confederacy did not fail for want of genius to direct our military operations, nor for lack of the best qualities that go to make good soldiers in our armies, nor for lack of devotion and self-sacrifice among our people; for they who most doubted the wisdom of our policy or of our success gave as freely as the most sanguine. The history of the rise and fall of the Confederate currency will be a singularly interesting and instructive lesson if it should ever be honestly written. Its steady, unchecked decline but too surely marshaled us the way we were going, and in the successive stages of its destruction we may read as in a mirror the story of our own facile descent.

TIME WILL HEAL THE WOUNDS

From 'The Last Ninety Days of the War.'

THE benefits of the war in our State should not be overlooked in summing up even a slight record concerning it. It brought all classes nearer to each other. The rich and the poor met together. A common cause became a common bond of sympathy and kind feeling. Charity was more freely dispensed, pride of station was forgotten. The Supreme Court Judges and the ex-governors, whose sons had marched away in the ranks side by side with those of the day-laborer, felt a closer tie henceforth to their neighbor. When a whole village poured in and around one church building to hear the ministers of every denomination pray the parting prayers and invoke the farewell blessings in unison on the village boys, there was little room for sectarian feeling. Christians of every name drew nearer to each other. People who wept, and prayed, and rejoiced together as we did for four years, learned to love each other more. The higher and nobler and more generous impulses of our nature were brought constantly into action, stimulated by the heroic endurance and splendid gallantry of our soldiers, and the general enthusiasm which prevailed among us. Heaven forbid we should forget the good which the war brought us, amid such incalculable evils; and Heaven forbid we should ever forget its lessons—industry, economy, ingenuity, patience, faith, charity, and above all, and finally, humility, and a firm resolve henceforth to *let well enough alone.* That North Carolina has within herself all the elements of a larger life and hope, and a more diffused prosperity than she has ever known, is not to be doubted by those who are acquainted with the wealth of her internal resources and the consummate honesty, industry, and resolution of her people.

TIME will heal these wounds yet raw and bleeding; the tide of a new and nobler life will yet fill her veins and throb in all her pulses; and taught in the school of adversity the noblest of all lessons, our people will rise from their present dejection when their civil rights have been restored them, and with renewed hope in God will go on to do their whole duty as heretofore.

Silently they will help to clear the wreck and right the ship; silently they will do their duty to the dead and to the living, and to those who shall come after them; silently and with the modesty of all true heroism they will do great things, and leave it to others to publish them. Remarkable as North Carolinians have ever been for reticence and sobriety of speech and action, it is reserved for such epochs as those of May twentieth, 1776, and May twentieth, 1861, and for such great conflicts as succeeded them, to show what a fire can leap forth from this grave, impassive people—what a flame is kindled in generous sympathy, what ardor burns in defense of right and liberty. They are now to show the world what true and ennobling dignity may accompany defeat, surrender and submission.

I close these slight and inadequate sketches of a memorable time with the words of my first sentence. The history of the great war is yet to be written, and can scarcely be fairly and impartially written by this generation. But it is our imperative duty to ourselves and to our dead to begin at once to lay up the costly material for the great work. Every man should contribute freely according to his ability, gold and silver, precious stones, iron and wood; and with this motive, I have ventured to present such an outline of events in the last ninety days as circumstances would permit me to gather.

HYMN

Written on the occasion of the Reopening of the University of North Carolina, September 16, 1875.

Eternal Source of light and truth!
To Thee again our hearts we raise;
Except Thou build and keep the house,
In vain the laborer spends his days.

Without Thine aid, in vain our zeal
Strives to rebuild the broken walls;
Vainly our sons invoke the Muse
Among these sacred groves and halls.

From off Thine altar send a coal
As burning seraphs erst have brought;
Relight the flames that once inspired
The faithful teachers and the taught.

Pour on our path th' unclouded light
That from Thy constant favor springs;
Let heart and hand be strong beneath
The shadow of Almighty wings.

Recall, O God! the golden days;
May rude unfruitful Discord cease,
Our sons in crowds exulting throng
These ancient haunts of white-robed Peace.

So shall our upward way be fair
As that our sainted fathers trod;
Again the "Priest and Muse" declare
The Holy Oracles of God.

FRANK LEBBY STANTON

[1857—]

CHARLES W. HUBNER

FRANK LEBBY STANTON, poet and journalist, unquestionably, by the grace of genius, one of the most popular singers of the South, was born in Charleston, South Carolina, February 22, 1857, the son of Valentine and Catherine R. (Parry) Stanton. During his early childhood the family moved to Savannah, Georgia. In the war between the States his father was a soldier in the Confederate Army. Frank was sent to the public schools of the city, but at an early period developed a fondness for type-cases and printing-presses, and served his time as a printer's apprentice. Like many another bright American boy who in after life acquired distinction in literature and journalism, Frank received the larger part of his education at the "case," fitting himself by his own efforts to graduate in due time into the seductive world of journalism. Being an ambitious boy, with a talent for literary composition, he began his newspaper career on the Savannah *Morning News,* then edited by William Tappan Thompson, a noted editor of the old régime and author of that famous book of Southern humor, 'Major Jones's Courtship.' The late Joel Chandler Harris, the world-famous "Uncle Remus," was on the staff of the *News* at the same time, already achieving a more than local reputation by his witty and pungent paragraphs.

In 1887 Mr. Stanton moved to Smithville, in southwestern Georgia, where he married Miss Leona Jossey, and became the owner and editor of the Smithville *News,* doing also in great part the necessary mechanical work. Under his management and editorship this little country paper at once became one of the most noted weeklies in Georgia, for its racy editorials, its witty comment on current events, its sparkling humor, its graphic dialect verse and stories. This rare original matter was copied by the press throughout the South. Thus was laid the foundation for Mr. Stanton's present assured eminence as one of our most popular writers—certainly the South's foremost poet of the people. In 1888 he moved to Rome, Georgia, and became associated with the Honorable John Temple Graves on the *Daily Tribune* of that city; on that paper he did some of his best work. In 1889 he accepted a call from the managers of the *Constitution* of Atlanta; and he has since then occupied a prominent position on its editorial staff. To this paper, during all

these years, Mr. Stanton has contributed an extraordinary amount of rich literary matter in prose and verse, brief essays, short stories, comical comments, negro and "cracker" dialect verses, and frequently poems of exquisite quality. His fecundity as a writer is amazing, and, considering the great aggregate quantity of these effusions, their average merit is no less remarkable.

Mr. Stanton's special feature on the editorial page is a column under the caption "Just From Georgia," which for years has been one of the most attractive departments of the *Constitution*. This column, with its wit and wisdom, its quaint sayings, its sunshiny humor, its perfect dialect, love-songs, and beautiful poems, furnishes the exchange editors in all parts of the country with a favorite and succulent pasturage for their omnivorous clipping-scissors.

Mr. Stanton's pen is in demand for poetical contributions to leading American magazines and illustrated weeklies, and has been frequently represented in prominent English periodicals. Personally, Mr. Stanton is courteous and amiable, an interesting talker, with a large fund of humorous anecdotes always at command. He has a remarkably retentive memory, being able to quote at will, page after page from Shakespeare, and long extracts from other classic poets, English and American. He resides in a comfortable cottage in the west end of the city, not far from the charming home of his late distinguished friend, Joel Chandler Harris. His family consists of his wife and three lovely children, two boys and a girl. These are his "household gods" and to them he has dedicated many a sweet and tender lyric. Mrs. Stanton possesses fine literary taste, and recently has met with encouraging success as a public reader of her husband's poems.

The musical tone of Mr. Stanton's verse, with its flowing meter and rhythm, appeals especially to musicians, and many of his poems have been set to music by well known composers. Mr. Stanton is an optimist, and the rosy hue of his mental and spiritual atmosphere is reflected in his art. In his theory of life the darkest hour is always just before daybreak. Joy follows sorrow and glorifies its shadows. Life is, indeed, worth living, provided we live it in the sunshine of love, in an atmosphere of cheer and good will, in intercourse with kind hearts, in applauding as well as in doing generous deeds; we must have faith in the ultimate happiness of everybody, and have absolute confidence in the fact of the existence of a wise, beneficent, overruling Providence, as ideally expressed by Browning:

> "God's in his heaven,
> "All's right with the world."

This, condensed into a paragraph, is the governing *motif* in Stan-

ton's art, the keynote to the music of his melodies, the deepest source of his inspiration in the best of his poems, when he conceives the higher themes, and brings into flower and fruit the lyric gift with which he is so liberally endowed. He does not attempt the metaphysical, the philosophic, the epic, the pseudo-scientific, nor the stately measures of heroic blank verse. He is satisfied with homely themes, with household joys and sorrows, with the humorous or pathetic aspects of ordinary daily life, with things that touch the hearts of the common people. He plays with the feelings that respond either with heartsome laughter because of the comical realism of the picture he paints, or melt the soul with pity, because the poet pictures for us some of the frailties or afflictions to which mankind is subject, doing this, sometimes, merely by a couplet or a stanza injected unexpectedly into his song, with the suddenness of a sunbeam shot through the clouds of an April shower. Of course, in the columns of the *potpourri,* made up of fun, wit, epigram, gossip, dialect, and sentimental verse, a measured quantity of which Mr. Stanton is required to furnish day after day for the editorial page, there is a good deal that is ephemeral and of no literary value; but even amid this perfunctory dross the reader will frequently meet with the glitter of the pure gold of poetry and find some little gem which he will select for his scrapbook at home.

It is in his serious work in its various forms, found between the covers of his books, that the value of Mr. Stanton as a poet must be judged—a judgment which will result in placing him among the foremost of our living American minor poets. He has been aptly called the James Whitcomb Riley of the South. Like Mr. Riley he is a people's poet, appealing to the masses for the approval and acceptance of his work. Like Mr. Riley, Mr. Stanton is a master of dialect, although in this form he has an advantage over his brother in the West, the latter confining himself to the "Hoosier" dialect, whereas Mr. Stanton is a past-master in both "cracker" and negro dialect. Both of these gifted men reach excellence in their poems and songs for and about children. They express the grief and the joy, the dreams and desires, the whole beautiful life-world of childhood, in a way that proves that the power to conceive and to write a genuine child's poem is one of the surest tests for establishing a writer's claim to the title of poet. In this rare class Riley, Eugene Field, and Stanton occupy front places in America. Reference to Mr. Stanton's volume, 'Little Folks Down South' (Appleton's, 1904), will bear out this assertion.

It cannot be claimed that Mr. Stanton's poetry is perfect in artistic form. He has his mannerisms; errs sometimes in his grammar; uses words, figures, and phrases which have become shop-worn by

too frequent repetition; and manifests other occasional flaws and defects, usually due to hasty work and over-crowded production. The critic who stickles for the observance of the very letter of the classic canons of prosody, and who, with academic solemnity, applies to Stanton's verse the traditionary tape-line to measure its syllables, but shuts his heart against the sweet influence of the spirit throbbing and glowing within the lilting melodies—such a critic will find a number of really immaterial things to condemn in Stanton's poetic work. But we hold that what he lacks in artistic finish, in super-refinement of art, is more than counterbalanced by the exquisite tenderness, the direct appeal to the heart, the ethereal brightness of his songs, by the homely truthfulness, the reverent tone, the "touch of nature" which "makes the whole world kin" that characterize his serious poems, revealing him in his deepest moods.

Joel Chandler Harris, in his introduction to Mr. Stanton's 'Songs of the Soil,' pertinently says: "In a period that fairly reeks with the results of a sham culture, that is profoundly ignorant of the verities of life, and a sham philosophy that worships mere theories, it is surely something to find a singer breathing unceremoniously into Pan's pipes, and waking again the woodland echoes with snatches of song that ring true to the ear because they come straight from the heart."

Mr. Stanton loves Georgia, loves the South, its people, its homes, its history, its romance and traditions, its sunny skies, its lovely landscapes—all that is beautiful to the eye and dear to the heart of the sons and daughters of this fair land, he loves with the ardor of a devoted and favored lover. He is on familiar terms with nature, and she keeps few of her divine secrets from him. He is her chosen interpreter in Georgia, and lives in sweet communion with her. When anything appeals to Stanton for poetic expression, he is able to respond immediately, spontaneously. For him to sing is

> "No more difficile
> Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle."

It is as natural for him to write poetry as it is for a bird to fly. Nature has taught him his art; her seasons in succession teach him knowledge; the birds bring him messages; every flower is a revelation of divinity. Every aspect of nature reflects itself in his imagination; insistent voices call to him from sod and star, wooing him, compelling him, to dip his pen into his heart and write, and interpret for us the spirit and the meaning of the good, the true, and the beautiful.

Charles W. Hubner

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WEARYIN' FOR YOU

From 'Songs of the Soil.' Copyright, D. Appleton and Company, and used here by permission of the publishers.

Jest a-wearyin' fer you—
All the time a-feelin' blue;
Wishin' fer you—wonderin' when
You'll be comin' home again;
Restless—don't know *what* to do—
Jest a-wearyin' fer you!

Keep a-mopin' day by day:
Dull—in everybody's way;
Folks they smile an' pass along,
Wonderin' what on earth is wrong;
'Twouldn't help 'em if they knew—
Jest a-wearyin' fer you!

Room's so lonesome, with your chair
Empty by the fireplace there
Jest can't stand the sight o' it!
Go out doors an' roam a bit:
But the woods is lonesome, too,
Jest a-wearyin' fer you!

Comes the wind with sounds that' jes'
Like the rustlin' o' your dress;
An' the dew on flower an' tree
Tinkles like your steps to me!
Violets, like your eyes so blue—
Jest a-wearyin' fer you!

Mornin' comes, the birds awake
(Them that sung so fer your sake!),
But there's sadness in the notes
That come thrillin' from their throats!
Seem to feel your absence, too—
Jest a-wearyin' fer you.

Evenin' comes: I miss you more
When the dark is in the door;
'Pears jest like *you* orter be
There to open it fer me!
—Latch goes tinklin'—thrills me through,
Sets me wearyin' fer you!

* * * * * *

Jest a-wearyin' fer you—
All the time a-feelin' blue!
Wishin' fer you—wonderin' when
You'll be comin' home again;
Restless—don't know *what* to do—
Jest a-wearyin' fer you!

THE LOVE FEAST AT WAYCROSS

From 'Songs of the Soil.'

It was in the town o' Waycross, not many weeks ago.
They had a big revival there, as like enough you know;
An' though many was converted an' fer pardon made to call,
Yet the Sunday mornin' love feast was the happiest time o' all!

'Twas a great experience meetin', an' it done me good to hear
The brotherin an' the sisterin that talked religion there;
You didn't have to ax 'em, ner coax 'em with a song;
Them people had religion, an' they told it right along!

Thar was one—a hard old sinner—'pears like I knowed his name,
But I reckon I've fergot it—who to the altar came;
An' he took the leader by the han', with beamin' face an' bright,
An' said: "I'm comin' home, dear fren's; I'm comin' home to-night!"

Then a woman rose an' axed to be remembered in their prayers:
"My husband's comin' home," said she, a-sheddin' thankful tears;
"I want you all to pray fer him; he's lived in sin's control,
But I think the love o' Jesus is a-breakin' on his soul!"

Any shoutin'? Well, I reckon so! One brother give a shout:
Said he had so much religion he was 'bliged to let it out!
An' the preacher jined the chorus, sayin': "Brotherin, let 'er roll!
A man can't keep from shoutin' with religion in his soul!"

I tell you, 'twas a happy time; I wished 'twould never end:
Each sinner in the church that day had Jesus fer a friend;
But a good old deacon said to 'em, while tears stood in his eye:
"There's a better time 'an this, dear fren's, a-comin' by an' by!"

I hope some day those brotherin'll meet with one accord
In the higher, holier love feast, whose leader is the Lord;
An' when this here life is over, with its sorrow an' its sighs,
May the little church at Waycross jine the big church in the skies!

SAINT MICHAEL'S BELLS

From 'Songs of the Soil.'

I wonder if the bells ring now, as in the days of old,
From the solemn star-crowned tower with the glittering cross of gold;
The tower that overlooks the sea whose shining bosom swells
To the ringing and the singing of sweet Saint Michael's bells.

I have heard them in the morning when the mists gloomed cold and gray
O'er the distant walls of Sumter looking seaward from the bay,
And at twilight I have listened to the musical farewells
That came flying, sighing, dying from the sweet Saint Michael's bells.

Great joy it was to hear them, for they sang sweet songs to me
Where the sheltered ships rocked gently in the haven—safe from sea,
And the captains and the sailors heard no more the ocean's knells,
But thanked God for home and loved ones and sweet Saint Michael's bells.

They seemed to waft a welcome across the ocean's foam
To all the lost and lonely: "Come home—come home—come home!
Come home, where skies are brighter—where love still yearning dwells!"
So sang the bells in music—the sweet Saint Michael's bells!

They are ringing now as ever. But I know that not for me
Shall the bells of sweet Saint Michael's ring welcome o'er the sea;
I have knelt within their shadows, where my heart still dreams and dwells,
But I'll hear no more the music of sweet Saint Michael's bells.

Oh, ring, sweet bells, forever, an echo in my breast
Soft as a mother's voice that lulls a loved one into rest!
Ring welcome to the hearts at home—to me your sad farewells
When I sleep the last sleep, dreaming of sweet Saint Michael's bells!

THE WOODLAND THRUSH

From 'Comes One With a Song.' Copyright, Bobbs-Merrill Company, and used here by permission of the publishers.

In the deep woods remote
A sweeter minstrel dwells
Than ever piped a morn or twilight note
In all the song-swept dells.

It is no voice that soars
Unwearying to the blue;
Transient—elusive—even while Love adores:
A phantom of the dew!

A sense of silver bells
Swayed by light winds—a thrill
Keen as the leaf feels when the spring sap swells
And sculptures it at will.

And ere the lips can say
A song hath been—aware
Of mystery the soul hath lost its way—
Doubting and dreaming there,

As one in shadowed bowers
Of Sleep may hear a strain
Which haunts the memory in his waking hours,
Nor makes its meaning plain.

Soft as a ripple's plash
Against the shore's shelled walls—
O that the mystic melody would dash
Down like the waterfalls!

Yet all the wood is stirred
From violet to pine;
And I have heard—and yet I have not heard
A melody divine!

Voice of the woodland thrush!
Dewdrop of song, that fears
The rustling of a leaf—a rose's blush,
And dies when Love appears;

I lose myself in thee
  As one who, billow-tost
And drowning, hears strange music in the sea,
  Lulled by the sound and . . . lost!

ONE COUNTRY

From 'Comes One With a Song.'

I

After all,
One country, brethren! We must rise or fall
With the Supreme Republic. We must be
The makers of her immortality;
Her freedom, fame,
Her glory or her shame—
Liegemen to God and fathers of the free!

II

After all—
Hark! from the heights the clear, strong, clarion call
And the command imperious: "Stand forth,
Sons of the south and brothers of the north!
Stand forth and be
As one on soil and sea—
Your country's honor more than empire's worth!"

III

After all,
'Tis Freedom wears the loveliest coronal;
Her brow is to the morning; in the sod
She breathes the breath of patriots; every clod
Answers her call
And rises like a wall
Against the foes of liberty and God!

THE GRAVEYARD RABBIT

From 'Comes One With a Song.'

In the white moonlight, where the willow waves,
He halfway gallops among the graves—
A tiny ghost in the gloom and gleam,
Content to dwell where the dead men dream,

But wary still:
For they plot him ill:
For the graveyard rabbit hath a charm
(May God defend us!) to shield from harm!

Over the shimmering slabs he goes—
Every grave in the dark he knows;
But his nest is hidden from human eye
Where headstones broken on old graves lie.

Wary still!
For they plot him ill:
For the graveyard rabbit, though skeptics scoff,
Charmeth the witch and the wizard off!

The black man creeps, when the night is dim,
Fearful, still, on the track of him;
Or fleetly follows the way he runs,
For he heals the hurts of the conjured ones.

Wary still!
For they plot him ill;
The soul's bewitched, that would find release,
To the graveyard rabbit go for peace!

He holds their secret—he brings a boon
Where winds moan wild in the dark o' the moon;
And gold shall glitter and love smile sweet
To whoever shall sever his furry feet!

Wary still!
For they plot him ill;
For the graveyard rabbit hath a charm
(May God defend us!) to shield from harm!

HIS GRANDMOTHER'S WAY

From 'Comes One With a Song.'

Tell you, gran'mother's a queer one, shore—
  Makes yer heart go pitty-pat!
If the wind jest happens to open a door,
She'll say there's "a sign" in that!
An' if no one ain't in a rockin'-chair
An' it rocks itself, she'll say: "Oh, dear!
    Oh, dear! Oh, my!
I'm afeared 'at somebody is goin' to die!"
    An' she makes me cry—
    She makes me cry!

Once wuz a owl 'at happened to light
  On our tall chimney-top,
An' screamed and screamed in the dead o' night,
  An' nuthin' could make it stop!
An' gran'ma—she uncovered her head
An' almos' frightened me out the bed:
    "Oh, dear! Oh, my!
I'm certain 'at some one is goin' to die!"
    An' she made me cry—
    She made me cry!

Jest let a cow lean over the gate
  An' bellow, an' gran'ma—she
Will say her prayers, if it's soon or late,
  An' shake her fingers at me!
An' then, an' then you'll hear her say:
"It's a sign w'en the cattle act that way!
    Oh, dear! Oh, my!
I'm certain 'at somebody's goin' to die!"
    Oh, she makes me cry—
    She makes me cry!

Skeeriest person you ever seen!
  Always a-huntin' fer "signs";
Says it's "spirits" 'at's good, or mean,
  If the wind jest shakes the vines!

I always feel skeery w'en gran'ma's aroun'—
An' think 'at I see things, an' jump at each soun':
"Oh, dear! Oh, my!
I'm certain 'at somebody's goin' to die!"
Oh, she makes me cry—
She makes me cry!

THE WARSHIP DIXIE

From 'Comes One With a Song.'

They've named a cruiser "Dixie"—that's what the papers say—
An' I hears they're goin' to man her with the boys that wore the gray;
Good news! It sorter thrills me and makes me want to be
Whar the band is playin' "Dixie" an' the "Dixie" puts to sea.

They've named a cruiser "Dixie," an', fellers, I'll be boun'
You're goin' to see some fightin' when the "Dixie" swings eroun'!
Ef any o' them Spanish ships'll strike her east or west,
Jest let the ban' play "Dixie" an' the boys'll do the rest!

I want to see that "Dixie"—I want to take my stan'
On the deck of her, an' holler: "Three cheers for Dixie lan'!"
She means we're all united—the war hurts healed away,
An' "Way Down South in Dixie" is national to-day!

I bet she's a good 'un! I'll stake my last red cent
Thar ain't no better timber in the whole blamed settlement!
An' all their shiny battleships beside that ship are tame,
Fer, when it comes to "Dixie," thar's somethin' in a name!

Here's three cheers an' a tiger—as hearty as kin be,
An' let the ban' play "Dixie" when the "Dixie" puts to sea!
She'll make her way an' win the day from shinin' east to west—
Jest let the ban' play "Dixie" an' the boys'll do the rest!

LI'L' FELLER WID HIS MAMMY'S EYES

From 'Songs From Dixie Land.' Copyright, Bobbs-Merrill Company, and used here by permission of the publishers.

All dat I got on de whole plantation,
All dat I love in de whole creation—
In de roun', green worl', or de big blue skies,
Is a fat li'l' feller wid his mammy's eyes—
Li'l' feller wid his mammy's eyes!

He play in de san', en he roll in de clover,
He watch fer me w'en de day wuck over;
He look so cunnin', en he look so wise—
Dat fat li'l' feller wid his mammy's eyes—
Li'l' feller wid his mammy's eyes!

Fur ways off he kin see en know me,
En I h'ist 'im up on de mule befo' me;
En I rides 'im home, en his mammy s'prise
At dat fat li'l' feller wid his mammy's eyes—
Li'l' feller wid his mammy's eyes!

He's got sich ways en tricks erbout 'im,
I knows dat I can't git 'long widout 'im;
En I thanks de Lawd, in de big blue skies,
Fer dat fat li'l' feller wid his mammy's eyes—
Li'l' feller wid his mammy's eyes!

SWEETES' LI'L' FELLER

From 'Songs From Dixie Land.'

Sweetes' li'l' feller—
  Everybody knows;
Dunno what ter call 'im,
  But he mighty lak' a rose!

Lookin' at his mammy
  Wid eyes so shiny-blue,
Mek' you think dat heaven
  Is comin' clost ter you!

W'en he's dar a-sleepin'
In his li'l' place,
Think I see de angels
Lookin' thoo' de lace.

W'en de dark is fallin'—
W'en de shadders creep,
Den dey comes on tip-toe
Ter kiss 'im in his sleep.

Sweetes' li'l' feller—
Everybody knows;
Dunno what ter call 'im,
But he mighty lak' a rose!

AT BAY

From 'Songs From Dixie Land.'

Ay, come in, if you will—you froth of the frenzied night!
I shall wreak the rage of my soul as I trample your crest of white!
Trample you—trample you down, as the world has trampled me—
Come in, you wraiths of the clouds—you ghosts of the hills and sea!

Rattle the icy panes where the sleet-drop pelts and reels—
Wind that bites the beggar—a baying hound at his heels!
Ay, come in to this icy hearth, where the fires of life are dim,
And rock the roof and the casement with the howl of your hated hymn!

Ne'er knock at a beggar's door—O Spirit of Storm and Night!
Hurl your thunders against it and beat it down with your might!
Never a right hath a beggar—no word at court shall he win:
Down with the doors, I charge you! let the wolves come snarling in!

The beggars crouch by the casements, and the saintly souls condemn:
They cry to the Lord for shelter, and He sends His storms on them;
A curse on a beggar's crying—a curse on his homeless head!
And preach of a far Christ dying for these that their hands strike dead!

I dare the worst! I am one with the wind and snow and dashing sleet—
Enemies they; but I mock them, and fearless their fury meet.
Have they not hounded me far? and when that I groaned in pain,
Did they ever cease for mercy? The pang and the prayer were vain!

The world shall slay a man when he dreams that the gods have given
The unspeakable fire to his soul: they shall slay him in sight of heaven!
They shall grind him down as they grind the stones—beaten, driven and led,
They shall give him rags for his shivering bones—a crust when he cries for bread!

There was a song in my soul—of Right in a world of Wrong;
And sweet to me was the singing, though the tears fell with the song;
Sweet as the sound of harbor bells that sing to the ships at sea—
As the dew is to the clover—as the bloom is to the bee.

And I sang for the joy of singing—not for the crown of years:
And there was peace in the pain for me, and there was light in the tears;
For a spirit came in a dream and whispered the hidden thing;
And the stars streamed down in splendor, and I heard the Morning sing!

And Love came from the copses—Love in his April-youth;
And I sang his praise in the cities, and crowned his brow with Truth;
And ever a rainbow shone for me over the storm and strife,
And I saw the light in the darkness, and garlanded Death with Life.

I gave my tears and my prayers, and the voice of my soul; and lo!
My answer comes in the beggar's den—in the pitiless pelting snow—
In the roar of the icy winds that envy the feeble flame
That flickers here in the ashes where I trace the Spirit's name!

Come in, O Ghosts of the Night! Knock not, O Wind, at my door!
Batter the barrier down and shake the roof with your roar!
What right—what wrong hath a beggar? No favor at court he'll win:
Enter—all foes and hatreds! let the wolves come snarling in!

And this is the end of all . . . of the toiling and the tears!
But I face the last undaunted; and reck not of the years;
Is the love of the world a lie, as the gold of the world is dross?
The bells are ringing the Christ in. . . . Come on—come with the Cross!

THE WAY TO THE MELON PATCH

From 'Up From Georgia.' Copyright, D. Appleton and Company, and used here by permission of the author and the publishers.

Don't want no moon, en not one match
Fer ter light my way ter de melon patch;
Night or day
(Dat what I say!)
I kin shet my eye en fin' my way!

De road ez white ez a streak er light;
But I takes de path whar de san' ain't bright
Kaze de white man wait
By de shotgun gate,
Fer ter blow me clean 'cross Georgy state!

So, take yo' moon, en keep yo' match;
I knows my way ter de melon patch!
Night or day
Whilst you watch en pray,
I shets my eye en I fin's my way!

THE BACKWOODS SCHOOL

From 'Little Folks Down South.'

Mis'ry Jinkins!—Whar she at?
Ketch her arm, en shake her!
Come here, on dem foots so flat—
Rise up, en spell "Baker!"
"B-a, ba—
(Ain't dat de way?)
K-e-r, ker, baker!"
(Sence she spell
Dat word so well
Head de class I'll make her!)

Knock-knee Jinkins!—Whar he at?
Come out dar, en blossom!
Hit you on dat head so flat
Ef you don't spell "Possum!"
"P-o-s—
(Dunno de res'!")
Well, I'll give you sorrer
'Less you go
Whar 'possum grow,
En ketch me one termorrer!

All tergedder now in class—
Ever' li'l' sinner!
Don't you let de nex' word pass!—
Rise up, en spell "Dinner!"
"D-i-n—"
(Gentlemen!
Dis here ain't no funnin'—
Dar dey go!
En lightnin' sho'
Can't beat dem chillun runnin'!)

THE RIVER

From 'Little Folks Down South.' Copyright, D. Appleton and Company and used here by permission of the publishers.

Wish I could get back to-day
To the meadowy fields of May
Where we went the shadowy way
To the river;
Where a little world of joys
Blossomed round the barefoot boys
As they went with jocund noise
To the river.

Splash! Splash!
The wavelets dash,
And the splintered sunbeams flash
Where the maples
Used to quiver
On the cool road
To the river!

Wish I could get back to-day
Where the mosses trailed in gray
And the lilies felt the spray
Of the river;
Where, above its banks of green,
Well I loved to loll and lean
In the shadow and the sheen
Of the river.

Splash! Splash!
The wavelets dash,
And the splintered sunbeams flash
Where the oak leaves
Used to quiver
On the cool banks
Of the river.

Wish I could get back to-day!
But the gold has left the gray;
Long the winter, brief the May,
And the river

With its gloom and with its gleams,
Where life's dying sunset streams,
Ripples through an old man's dreams
Faintly ever.

THIS WORLD

From 'Comes One With a Song.'

This world that we're a-livin' in
Is mighty hard to beat;
You git a thorn with every rose,
But *ain't* the roses *sweet!*

THE MARSEILLAISE OF THE FIELDS

I

"What of the Night, O Watchman, are the shadows fast in flight?"
And the watchman cries: "O dreamer, the broad hills blaze with light!
The valley its voice has lifted, the color takes the clod,
And the harvest song rings clear and strong where the great fields smile to God."

II

Light all the loved land blesses: Autumn a garland weaves,
And with her glimmering tresses the reapers bind the sheaves;
The grainy fields a-glitter, as if, where the life-line runs,
God scattered the gold of the stars there, and the silver of the suns.

III

O fields, where the skies rain manna! where the fervid summers shed,
Burn beauty in the bloom, and change the wind-waved blades to bread!
You are reading now the story of Toil in the lavish land,
And the seed that dreamed of the harvest, low in its cell of sand.

IV

Ye knew the travail of heaven—the storm, with its thunder train
Of clouds, o'er the red stars driven: ye have thirsted for the rain,
When the seven-fold furnace-fires of the Sun came blinding-bright,
And the rose was a-flame, and the lily, only ashes of light!

V

Ye heard, in the midnight stillness, the murmur of hill and glen;
The world-winds wafted to you the voice of the dreams of men;
Ye heard the steps of the Morning—echoes of sweet prayers said
In the holiest hush of Heaven—"Give us our daily bread!"

VI

And ye answered, in the harvest—in the breath of all your blooms—
In a voice of low, sweet music—in the waving of bright plumes;
As ye received from heaven, so did ye ever give:
Your raiment to the needy—your life, that a world might live!

VII

But lo, your golden guerdon!—It blossoms in sweetest dreams:
In the whirr of the wheels, fleece-freighted—in the deep, barque-burdened streams;
In flame-lit cots and cabins, where joy in the light's impearled
And the lambs of the fold are sheltered from the dread wolves of the world.

VIII

Your fame, far-flown o er the waters, to the fettered and the free—
In the shouting of the captains—in the deep song of the sea;
A song of the sea-winds echoed from far Atlantic strands,
As the brave barques cleave the billows, with joy for the waiting lands.

IX

Sing me no song of battles—of guns and glittering shields:
Sing me the soil's song—Poet—the Marseillaise of the Fields!
There wave your Freedom-banners—there stand the bright brigades
Life in their glistening columns—Liberty in their blades!

X

Hear what the Soil sings to you—borne on the inland gales:
"Ye bind the high heaven's blessings as ye bind my sheaves and bales:
I answered the toil of the human, where the plowshare clave the sod,
And the labor of mute millions—the dumb brutes, serving God!

XI

"O'er the naked world the splendor of my raiment I have thrown;
The City's firm foundations are strong in my strength alone;
For me ascend to heaven the Temple's thunder-strains—
The litany of my lilies, the pæan of my plains!

XII

"My sons, they bear me witness from ample east to west;
They stand in the courts of Kingdoms, who knew my mother-breast;
But for food and raiment, would ye build your towers strong?
Your seas were shipless deserts, your cities, a dreamer's song!"

XIII

Thanks for the Soil's brave lesson! Where the humblest daisies nod,
Each breath is praise, all perfect—each bloom is a Thought of God!
And the world shall wear a garland of the Harvests' gold and white,
Till toil is done, and the reapers shall sing Life's last "Good-night."

HENRY THROOP STANTON

[1834-1899]

CHARLES W KENT

HENRY T. STANTON was born in Alexandria, Virginia, on June 30, 1834. His father, Richard H. Stanton, a native Alexandrian, was the son of Richard Stanton, a Virginian by birth and of English descent. The grandfather was a soldier of the War of 1812, but moved later in life to Memphis, where he died in 1846. The father, Richard H. Stanton, was educated at Hallowell Academy in Alexandria, and in pursuance of his choice of a profession, read law. In 1833 he married Miss Asenath Throop, the daughter of the Rev. P. Throop, a minister in the Methodist Church. In 1834 a son, Henry T., was born to them, and in the next year the small family moved to Kentucky, where many good Virginians go. Dr. Broadus used to call Kentucky an *edition de luxe* of Virginia. Richard H. Stanton edited the Maysville *Monitor* until 1841, when he saw his way clear to devote himself exclusively to the law. To be a lawyer and a Virginian presaged a political career, upon which he entered in 1849 as a member of the House of Representatives. He was returned several times, and during a part of his career had the pleasure of serving with his brother, who represented a Tennessee district. He served his county as Commonwealth Attorney and his State as Circuit Judge, being recognized by his legal writings as an authority of weight.

Henry T. Stanton was educated in the Maysville Seminary, where before him had been trained Ulysses S. Grant, William N. Haldeman, and other well-known men. He studied also at La Grange and at Shelby colleges, and became a West Point Cadet in 1849, the year his father went to Congress. For some reason he left in 1851 and accepted an unimportant government position under James Guthrie, another Kentuckian of Virginia lineage. In 1855 he followed his father's footsteps by becoming editor of a Maysville paper, *The Express,* and also by studying law. In 1856 he joined his father in the practice of law, continuing until 1860, when he went to Memphis, Tennessee, to find a larger field; but he was immediately recalled by the war alarm. He came back to Kentucky, raised a company, and with it joined General John S. Williams. Serving as Adjutant-general with this officer until 1864, he later occupied a similar posi-

tion successively with Generals Morgan, Breckinridge and Echols, receiving his parole on May 1, 1865, in Greensboro, North Carolina. Of his gallant service throughout the entire war and in uncounted engagements, numerous reports, official and private, are current. Returning to Maysville with the retiring rank of major, he combined the employments of practitioner of the law and editor of the Maysville *Bulletin*. In 1870 he moved to Frankfort as State officer, and remained as editor of the Frankfort *Yeoman* from 1876 to its suspension in 1886. It was by his editorial work on this paper that he increased his reputation for scholarly form and peculiar aptitude of expression.

Later he moved to Louisville, Kentucky, but returned to Frankfort in 1897, and after a period of broken health passed away without pain on May 9, 1899.

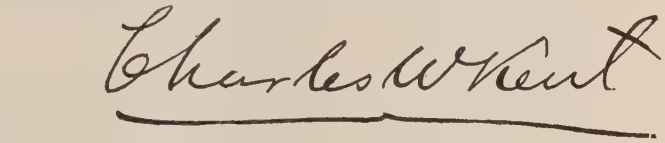
In 1856, when he joined his father in the practice of law, he married Martha R. Lindsay, and this union was blessed with nine children, all of whom were living in 1896 when Colonel J. Stoddard Johnston wrote, for the 'Memorial History of Louisville,' the sketch to which the author of this meager story is indebted for his facts. It is not by his gallant services as a soldier, his loyalty as a Democrat or his virility as an editor that Major Stanton lives, but by his poetry, which made him known as the Poet Laureate of Kentucky.

His mother, a lady endowed with unusual gifts, had transmitted to her son her intellectual powers, and had impressed his plastic mind with her own cultivated taste and her love of poetry. He began writing verse early, and so mastered the simple laws of his art as to avoid, within his limited scope, all errors of technique and blemishes of inartistic form. His most famous poem, "The Moneyless Man," was among his earliest, and established the fact that his poetic gift was rather a permanent possession than a developing power.

In 1871 he collected his poems, fifty-four in number, into a small volume entitled 'The Moneyless Man, and Other Poems.' In 1875 he issued a smaller volume, 'Jacob Brown, and Other Poems.' In the very brief preface to this small volume he states rather than defends his view that humor is the most desirable quality of verse. In 1900 some friends prepared a little volume called 'Poems of the Confederacy.' This volume contains but one poem not contained in the other volumes, namely, "Heroic Sleep," delivered at the unveiling of a Confederate Monument in Chicago, in May, 1895.

"The poetry of Major Stanton," wrote Colonel Johnston, "is characterized by a faultlessness of measure and a smoothness of rhythm combined with vigor of thought and strength of expression. His versatility has a wide range, his poems embracing all subjects.

from the discussion of grave problems to most humorous incidents. He is a true son of Nature, and never sings more sweetly than in his bird songs and communings with the trees and fields and flowers. No one is readier as the writer of impromptu verse, and an epigram or acrostic comes as readily from his pen as water from a perennial spring. By universal accord he has worn for many years the title of Poet Laureate of Kentucky, and has, without fee or reward, filled the honorary part, without challenge or competition."



THE MONEYLESS MAN

From 'The Moneyless Man, and Other Poems.'

Is there no secret place on the face of the earth
Where charity dwelleth, where virtue has birth?
Where bosoms in mercy and kindness will heave,
When the poor and the wretched shall ask and receive?
Is there no place at all, where a knock from the poor
Will bring a kind angel to open the door?
Ah, search the wide world wherever you can,
There is no open door for a Moneyless Man!

Go, look in yon hall where the chandelier's light
Drives off with its splendor the darkness of night,
Where the rich hanging velvet in shadowy fold
Sweeps gracefully down with its trimmings of gold
And the mirrors of silver take up, and renew,
In long lighted vistas the 'wildering view:
Go there! at the banquet, and find if you can,
A welcoming smile for a Moneyless Man!

Go, look in yon church of the cloud-reaching spire,
Which gives to the sun his same look of red fire,
Where the arches and columns are gorgeous within,
And the walls seem as pure as a soul without sin;

Walk down the long aisles, see the rich and the great
In the pomp and the pride of their worldly estate;
Walk down in your patches, and find, if you can,
Who opens a pew to a Moneyless Man.

Go, look in the Banks, where Mammon has told
His hundreds and thousands of silver and gold;
Where, safe from the hands of the starving and poor,
Lies pile upon pile of the glittering ore!
Walk up to their counters—ah, there you may stay
'Til your limbs grow old, 'til your hairs grow gray,
And you'll find at the Banks not one of the clan
With money to lend to a Moneyless Man!

Go, look to yon Judge, in his dark-flowing gown,
With the scales wherein law weigheth equity down;
Where he frowns on the weak and smiles on the strong,
And punishes right whilst he justifies wrong;
Where juries their lips to the Bible have laid,
To render a verdict—they've already made;
Go there, in the court-room, and find, if you can,
Any law for the cause of a Moneyless Man!

Then go to your hovel—no raven has fed
The wife who has suffered too long for her bread;
Kneel down by her pallet, and kiss the death-frost
From the lips of the angel your poverty lost;
Then turn in your agony upward to God,
And bless, while it smites you, the chastening rod,
And you'll find, at the end of your life's little span,
There's a welcome above for a Moneyless Man!

THE PATH

From 'The Moneyless Man, and Other Poems.'

Just by the road we are journeying fast,
  Down to the Lake of Tears,
A blind old man has tottered at last,
Out of the Present into the Past,
  Over the brink of years.

What were his virtues, what were his crimes,
  Nobody cares to-day;
Once he was ours—now he is Time's—
For lives are but as murmuring chimes,
  Coming and going away.

Up on the hill there's a patter of feet—
  A voice in the flowers wild;
Carelessly down to the busy street,
Many to pass, and many to meet,
  Rambles a little child.

This is "the dead man's son and heir"
  Coming along the road;
He gathers the lightest treasures there,
The violet bloom and crocus fair,
  Bearing a childish load.

Soon he will be in the hurrying crowd,
  Pushing his way ahead—
Some of them broken—some of them bowed,
Some for the altar and some for the shroud,
  Some who are leading and led.

Soon on the way to the Lake of Tears,
  The little one's feet must go;
For thorns are thick in the path of years,
And the way to death is a way of fears,
  All down to the silent flow.

THE BIVOUAC

From 'The Moneyless Man, and Other Poems.'

A soldier lay on the frozen ground,
With only a blanket tightened around
  His weary and wasted frame;
Down at his feet, the fitful light
Of fading coals in the freezing night
Fell as a mockery on the sight,
  A heatless, purple flame.

All day long, with his heavy load,
Weary and sore, in the mountain road,
  And over the desolate plain;
All day long, through the crusted mud,
Over the snow, and through the flood,
Marking his way with a track of blood
  He followed the winding train.

Nothing to eat at the bivouac
But a frozen crust in his haversack—
  The half of a comrade's store—
A crust, that, after a longer fast,
Some pampered spaniel might have passed,
Knowing that morsel to be the last
  That lay at his master's door.

No other sound on his slumber fell
Than the lonesome tread of the sentinel—
  That equal, measured pace—
And the wind that came from the cracking pine,
And the dying oak, and the swinging vine,
In many a weary, weary line,
  To his pale and hollow face.

But the soldier slept, and his dreams were bright
As the rosy glow of his bridal-night,
  With the angel on his breast;

For he passed away from the wintry gloom
To the softened light of a distant room,
Where a cat sat purring upon the loom,
And his weary heart was blest.

His children came, two blue-eyed girls,
With laughing lips and sunny curls,
And cheeks of ruddy glow;
And the mother pale, but lovely now,
As when, upon her virgin brow
He proudly sealed his early vow,
In summer, long ago.

But the réveille wild, in the morning gray,
Startled the beautiful vision away,
As a frightened bird in the night;
And it seemed to the soldier's misty brain
But the shrill tattoo that sounded again,
And he turned with a dull, uneasy pain,
To the camp-fire's dying light.

A PIPE AFTER TEA

From 'The Moneyless Man, and Other Poems.'

Bring me a coal for my old clay pipe—
A coal that is glowing and red,
And draw up my chair
To the fireside there,
And hasten the children to bed:
We have finished our task and finished our tea,
And the evening prayer is said.

Now place at the hearth a faggot or two,
And carry the kettle away;
I'm thinking, my wife,
Of the pleasure in life
We have known this many a day;
For our hearts are warm and our spirits young,
Though our heads be turning gray.

Ah, now you look, with your knitting, there,
So cheerful and pleasant, my dear
That I feel, full well,
My old heart swell
As it did in its bridal gear,
And I know it throbs as faithful still
In the Autumn-time that's here.

Come back with me to the early day,
The Spring of our tender love,
When a fair young bride,
At the altar-side,
Looked up to the Heaven above,
And God was nigh, and His summer wind
Sang joyous in the grove.

Our fathers were there, our mothers too—
We cherish the blessings they gave;
And tears must fall
To know they're all
In the cold and silent grave,
Where the slow years pass
In the dropping glass,
And willows o'er them wave.

But all of us die, and day by day
We pillow each other to sleep,
And the tears may rise
To our saddened eyes
From the heart in its sorrow deep;
But God hath an eye to the sparrow's fall,
And the humblest soul will keep.

For two score years we have kept our faith,
And true to our earliest tryst,
We have found the goal
Of a quiet soul,
That many a heart hath missed,
And many a spirit hath wandered away
To the tones we would not list.

Ah, wife, I feel my old blood course
And tingle away in my veins,
When I think how true
Both I and you,
Together, have guided the reins,
With nothing on earth to mar our love,
And fret and bother our brains.

And here we sit, on this Winter night,
A cozy and happy old pair,
And loving as true
As we used to do
When I was young and you were fair,
And the silver thread from the loom of years
Came not in your raven hair.

I shake the coal from my old clay pipe,
For now it is blackened and dead,
And the faggot gone,
And the fire wan,
And the lamp-wick nearly fled,
And the clock, with a nervous stroke, says TEN,
And it's time to go to bed!

THE LITTLE BOY GUIDING THE PLOW

From 'The Moneyless Man, and Other Poems.'

When a bugle-note rang in the quivering trees,
And a drum beat the nation to arms,
Our people came up from the shore of the seas,
And away from their blue-mountain farms;
All stalwart and strong as the hardy old pines,
Or the wave-breaking rocks of the shore,
They came in their long gleaming columns and lines,
Till the bugle-note sounded no more.
There are hearts in the ranks, as light as the foam;
There are those of a gloomier brow;
And some who have left but a mother at home,
With her little boy guiding the plow.

There are silver-haired men, the tide in their veins
  Leaping down the red alleys of youth,
All fresh as the water-fall thrown to the plains,
  And as pure as the beautiful truth;
There are sons, too, and sires—the old and the young—
  In the midnight and morning of life,
Who came from the hills and the valleys among,
  To be first in the glorious strife;
And many, how many beneath the blue dome,
  Are bending in solitude now,
To plead for the weal of a mother at home,
  And her little boy guiding the plow!

Oh, the pang of his heart, and the keenest of all
  That a wandering father may know,
Is the vision of home with its agony-call,
  Its hunger and shivering woe;
And who would not chafe in the sacredest chain
  At a memory bitter as this,
Though he knew in his heart that each moment of pain
  Would but hallow his future to bliss?
And who would not weep in a vision of gloom,
  When the Evil One whispered him how
The toil grew apace to the mother at home,
  And her little boy guiding the plow?

But courage, keep courage, oh, parent away!
  Be noble, and faithful, and brave!
And the midnight shall pass, and the glorious day
  Shall be shed over tyranny's grave!
Though a desolate thing is a fenceless farm,
  And as dreary, a furrowless field,
Still, God in his mercy shall strengthen the arm
  Of the little boy asking a yield;
And the stubbornest clay shall be as the loam,
  When the patriot spirit shall bow,
And ask for a friend to the mother at home,
  And her little boy guiding the plow.

Oh, God will be kind to the needy and poor
  Who shall suffer from tyranny's hand;
His foot-print shall be by the loneliest door,
  And his bounty shall cover the land;
And broken the glebe in the valley and mead,
  Where the poorest and weakest shall be,
And plenty shall spring of the promising seed,
  Till a people shall live to be free;
And never, oh, never shall tyranny come,
  With iron-bound bosom and brow—
May God give him back to the mother at home,
  And her little boy guiding the plow!

THE MIDNIGHT ROSE

From 'Jacob Brown, and Other Poems.'

There is a flower that loves to shun
The kisses of the morning sun;
There is a rose that never knew
The sparkle of the morning dew.

But when the mellow evening dies
Upon the glinting summer skies,
It gently breaks the sepal close
And opens out—a perfect rose.

Oh, ye who wander down the days,
In crocus, fern, and fennel ways,
There has not broken on your sight
The rose that glorifies the night!

Go call the buttercup that yields
Its gold florescence to the fields—
Go gather all your noons disclose,
But leave to me my midnight rose!

DOWN THE ROAD

From 'Jacob Brown, and Other Poems.'

The overhead blue of the summer is gone,
The overhead canopy gray'd;
The damp and the chill of the winter is on,
And the dust of the highway laid.
I sit in the glare of the simmering beech,
At the hearth of the old abode,
And I look with a sigh at the comfortless reach
Of the farm-lands down the road.

The wind is astir in the camp of the grain,
The tents of the grenadier corn;
The sentinel stalk at the break of the lane
Hath a wearisome look and lorn;
Yet it hasn't been long since into the blades
The sap of the summer-time flowed
When I and my ox-team loitered the shades
Of the oak-trees down the road.

There wasn't a day that I didn't go by
The house at the swell of the hill—
The cattle had broken the close of the rye,
Or something was wanted at mill;
And Kitty—she stood in the porch at her wheel,
And the gold to her shoulder flowed;
And what did I care for the "turn of the meal,"
Or the rye-field down the road?

In the seeding-time, when I followed the plow
And furrowed the mellow ground,
There wasn't that labor-like sweat of the brow
That honester husbandry crowned;
For the fairy was there at her wheel and spun
As I plowed or planted or sowed,
And my labor was never right faithfully done
In the grain-fields down the road.

And then in the heat of the harvesting-day,
When the sickle and scythe went through,
It was only the veriest time for play
That ever a harvester knew;
For there was the maid at the humming wheel yet
Just fronting the swath that I mowed,
And the scythe ran slow, for my eyes were set
On the old porch down the road.

Then the autumn at last came into the year,
And life took a mellower mood;
We gathered the grain, and the quail with a whirr
Went out of the field to the wood.
And I tried to be steady and brisk, but still
It was hard to be plying the goad
When my indolent oxen balked at the hill
By the farm-house down the road.

Now Kitty has eyes of the tenderest blue,
And hair of the glossiest gold,
But never a word of my loving so true
To Kitty have ever I told.
And the winter is here and the winter may go
And still I can carry the load—
The green of the spring cometh after the snow
In the grain-fields down the road.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS

[1812—1883]

LOUIS PENDLETON

AMONG the Southern statesmen of the old régime, Alexander H. Stephens is a peculiarly interesting figure, commanding attention not merely because, as Vice-president of the ill-fated Confederacy, he was always a battling representative of state sovereignty (his life covering practically the whole period of disunion agitation in the United States), but because, among all the Confederate leaders, he was the ablest defender of the right of secession. His 'Constitutional View of the Late War Between the States' presents the most scholarly, and perhaps the most literary, argument to be found in any of the controversial works dealing with that subject.

When a delicate male child was born on a Georgia farm in 1812, no local prophet could have found the slightest basis for the prediction that he would become a great lawyer; that he would serve with distinction in the forum of the nation for many years; that he would be chosen Vice-president of the Southern Confederacy; that, after the tragic collapse of the secession movement, in spite of lifelong physical frailty, he would survive the nightmare of reconstruction, write enduring history of great events from intimate knowledge, retain his hold on the confidence of his people, and die in the Governor's mansion of his native State. For such was the poverty and obscurity of his family that only through the aid of a charitable institution was he enabled to secure a college education. Like most of the leaders of men in this country's earlier period, he was what might be called an accident, rising to power and fame from humble surroundings, and illustrating afresh the truth that the fire of genius, raining down from the stars, may light a flame where least expected.

When a striving young lawyer, constitutionally frail and worn by his excessive labors of preparation for admission to the Bar, Stephens wrote in his diary: "My weight is ninety-four pounds, my height sixty-seven inches, my waist twenty inches in circumference, and my whole appearance that of a youth of seventeen." The rising lawyer and legislator was mistaken for a boy even when he was past thirty, and was often addressed as "son" or "buddy." During one of his earlier political campaigns the landlady of a way-

side inn, entering the public room where he was resting exhausted in the one easy-chair, while another man stood, said to him reprovingly: "My son, give the gentleman this seat." He was thirty-eight years old when the Washington correspondent of the *Philadelphia Inquirer,* while comparing him to John Randolph and paying enthusiastic tribute to his powers as an orator and debater, described him as "slender in stature, with the face and head of a young girl." Throughout life he was the victim of physical frailty, being practically a brain without a body; and to this may in part be attributed the incurable melancholy that plainly afflicted him during his entire career.

But, unlike John Randolph's, Stephens's bodily infirmity did not sour his temper. On the contrary, it developed his capacity for human sympathy and strengthened his desire to help others to reach the happiness he seemed unable to secure for himself. After prosperity came to him, his works of philanthropy were constant and countless. He was lavish of hospitality and gave to all who asked, the unfortunate and even the undeserving, such pity and sympathy as only a tried and travailing spirit could feel. He provided a college education for more than fifty young men and women. He was the friend of all, including his own and other negro slaves. In a letter written to his brother in 1842 he tells of securing the acquittal of a negro "charged with the offence of assault and battery, with intent to murder, on a white man." Later he volunteered in defence of a slave woman in his own county who was accused of poisoning, but of whose innocence he was convinced, and secured her release. In 1850 he wrote from Washington consenting to the marriage of one of his female slaves, directing that a wedding gown and a pair of fine shoes be purchased for her, that "a good wedding supper," with a roast pig and pound-cake, be prepared, and that the couple be married by a minister "like Christian folks." Being once asked late in life what he considered the highest compliment he had ever received, Stephens gravely replied by telling how a white-haired old negro at Crawfordville, in answer to the inquiry of a stranger as to whether he knew the master of "Liberty Hall," said: "Yas, suh, I knows Mars' Aleck—I knows him mighty well; he's kinder to dawgs'n other mens is to people." Stephens's extraordinary influence over a jury was due to this sympathy for the lowly and unfortunate, as well as to his intellectual force, logic, and persuasive eloquence.

His powers as an orator on the floor of Congress perhaps never received a more genuine tribute than when Abraham Lincoln wrote to his law partner in Illinois in 1848: "I take up my pen to tell you that Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, a little, slim, pale-faced, consumptive

man, has just concluded the very best speech of an hour's length I ever heard. My old, withered, dry eyes are full of tears yet." In 1849 *The Pennsylvanian,* though opposed to him politically, spoke of Stephens as the ablest member of the House, referred to his "towering, commanding intellect which has held the congregated talent of the whole country spellbound for hours," and added: "You feel convinced that the feeble being before you is all brain—brain in the head, brain in the arms, brain in the legs, brain in the body—that the whole man is charged and surcharged with the electricity of intellect—that a touch would bring forth the divine spark!"

The critical modern reader of the speeches of our earlier statesmen is apt to wonder a little at the profound effect they produced and the enthusiastic praise they evoked. The explanation of this feeling of disappointment is perhaps to be found in a letter written by Stephens in 1846 complaining of the imperfect reporting of one of his speeches, and stating that "the reporter's notes" preserved the order of his utterances, but neither his language nor the structure of his sentences.

Stephens's career in Congress, from the period of the Mexican War to the secession of the Southern States, was one of continuing activity and brilliant achievement. As a Whig, he boldly and scathingly attacked the policy of President Polk in forcing a war on Mexico with the un-American aim of territorial aggrandizement and in order to distract public attention from the humiliating issue of the Oregon boundary dispute. Driven into the Democratic party by the violence of the slavery controversy, and by the long and bitter fight over the question of the extension of the institution into the territories, he was no less determined and successful in tearing the mask from those Northern leaders who pretended to stand by a Constitution providing for slavery and protecting it, yet hearkened more and more to the "higher law" doctrine and connived at the enactments of a dozen Northern States nullifying the Constitution by repudiating a fugitive-slave law which was only an elaboration of a provision of the Federal Constitution itself. Speaking once in 1845 from the standpoint of a peculiarly sympathetic and humane individual, Stephens declared that he was "no defender of slavery in the abstract" and that he would "rejoice to see all the sons of Adam's family in the enjoyment of those rights which are set forth in our Declaration of Independence;" but then, and until the argument was closed by the sword, he contended that the natural and necessary position of the imported negro was one of subservience to a directing superior, going to the Old Testament for confirmation of his view that, under certain conditions, slavery was a divinely-permitted

and a desirable institution. He labored with all his power for the cause of the extension of slavery into the territories, and after secession he even suggested the reopening of the slave trade, which had been brought to an end in 1808 by a provision of the Constitution itself. Probably the greatest mistake of his career was his speech at Savannah on March 21, 1861, in which he exalted negro slavery as ideal and as the very "corner stone" of the new and proud edifice of the Confederacy. It is true enough that such a race as the negro, when placed in association with Americans or Europeans, must inevitably occupy a subordinate position; but to see in this unquestionable condition an excuse and mandate for either formal or actual slavery is to confuse two distinct things. Stephens did this in all honesty, and imagined that where this subject was concerned he and the later Southern leaders were wiser than Washington, Jefferson, and the other slavery-condemning "fathers" of the South. The modern student wonders that in this "corner stone" speech, which all the world was to hear, a man of Stephens's foresight should have so emphasized the "peculiar institution" instead of dwelling on the violated Constitutional rights of the Southern States as the imperative cause of secession.

Opposed to secession in 1861 only as bad policy, and having always upheld the theoretical right, there was no inconsistency in his acceptance of the office of Vice-president of the Confederacy, but his views, habits, and tendencies unfitted him for that station. He was too uncompromisingly devoted to the principle of separate state sovereignty, too enthusiastic an advocate of strictly constitutional government, even in the midst of revolution, and too outspoken when adopted policies did not meet his approval, to take part in a government that was born one day and compelled to fight for its life the next, and that could have little hope of success without a resort to desperate measures. His openly expressed criticism did much damage to the cause he represented. His attack on Davis before the Georgia Legislature in 1864, and the "peace resolutions" of that body, which he inspired, succeeded only in encouraging the North and disheartening the South. At the Hampton Roads conference he labored ably and valiantly, but could gain nothing because the conference itself, as Lincoln shrewdly perceived, was a confession of the South's despair.

As a rebuilder after the war, Stephens ranks high among constructive statesmen. In the dark days of reconstruction he set himself to the noble task of lifting up a fainting people, binding their wounds, and suggesting to them how they might do the best for themselves amid almost unparalleled misfortunes. He was not of

those who stood aloof in proud despair, but was even willing to be accused of kissing the hand that smites in order to conciliate in every way consistent with honor and thus serve his people by hastening the return of good feeling between the sections.

It was during the earlier part of this period, when disfranchised and thrust aside, that he undertook the most important of his historical writings. Although handicapped by physical weakness and not infrequent attacks of severe illness, he accomplished in about two and a half years (1867-'70) the task of writing his 'Constitutional View of the Late War Between the States,' a book of fourteen hundred pages in two octavo volumes. His replies to his critics were published later in a volume entitled 'Reviewers Reviewed.' A brief history of the United States, afterward extensively employed in Southern schools, was written in 1870-'72. A more ambitious and extensive 'History of the United States' was then undertaken, and was published during the last year of his life (1883), but, owing to growing infirmities, the want of the same keen interest in a subject in large part already handled, and the distractions of a resumed political career, the book lacked the vigor of his earlier work and did not achieve the same success.

His 'Constitutional View' is worth the attention of all students of American history, not only as the ablest defence of secession that has been written, but as a masterly appeal for home rule and constitutional government as opposed to Federal centralization of power. Discussing the first volume in April, 1869, the disinterested London *Saturday Review* said:

"In justice to a brave, high-minded and most unfortunate people it is even now worth while to hear what a scholar, a man of deep political learning, of moderate opinions and temperate spirit, has to say in defense of principles which the South deemed worth upholding with her whole wealth and her best blood. . . . It is impossible, within our limits, to give a fair idea of such an argument; much more to convey a just impression of the lucidity, power of thought, vast and appropriate reading, and vigorous reasoning by which it is sustained. It would be difficult to name a more perfect masterpiece of constitutional reasoning and political disquisition; a work which might with greater advantage be placed in the hands of a young lawyer, who desired to see how those high questions, which are the common ground of the lawyer, the historian and the statesman, can be treated by one who combines the qualifications of all three. . . . The book is indispensable to every one who wishes to understand either the Federal Constitution or the Civil War."

The Latin phrase, *Non sibi sed aliis,* on the tomb of Georgia's

"great commoner" at Crawfordville is not mere official eulogy, but tells the true story of his life. Though not a source of strength to the warring Confederacy, Alexander H. Stephens served the South well before the great crisis; and after it his wisely directed efforts, including his masterly historical defence of a defeated cause, were no small factors among the forces that brought to an end the era of passion and despotism. Of his wider usefulness it may be said that the thanks of all American patriots are due to him as an untiring champion of constitutional government and State rights as opposed to threatening encroachments of the Federal branch of our dual system. For these he wrought mightily when they were most imperiled; and the possible day when the republic of North America shall be merged into the all of empire except the name has been made more distant as a result of his efforts.

Louis Pendleton

THE SEAT OF PARAMOUNT SOVEREIGNTY

From 'The War Between the States.'

We are then, it seems, by the assent of all, brought to the conclusion that the Constitution of the United States was formed by separate, distinct, and Sovereign States. This is the conclusion to which we are all, however willingly or reluctantly, compelled to come at last, not only by the testimony of witnesses of the highest order, and by the decisions of the judicial tribunal of the highest authority, the Supreme Court of the United States, Chief Justice Marshall at its head, but by the everlasting records themselves, by all the great facts of our history, which can never be obliterated or effaced.

We have seen that the Union existing between these States, anterior to the formation of the new Constitution, was a Compact, or as Judge Marshall expressed it, nothing but "a league" between Sovereign States.

We have seen that in remodelling the Articles of the old Confederation, it was not the object, or design of any of the parties, to change the nature or character of that Union; but

only to make it more perfect, by an enlargement of the delegation of powers conferred upon the Government thereby established with such changes in its organic structure, touching the mode and manner of exercising them, as might be thought best to attain the object of their delegation.

We have also seen, both by the instrument itself, and by the understanding of all the parties at the time, that this was what was done by the adoption of the present Constitution, and nothing more. In other words, we have seen, and come to the conclusion from a review of all the facts, that the Constitution, as the Articles of Confederation, is a Compact between "the Sovereign members of the Union" under it, as General Jackson styles the States.

With these essential points first settled, beyond dispute or question, we are now prepared to go a step further and approach the end of our immediate and important inquiry, touching the nature and character of the Government, so formed and constituted, and to see clearly where, under it, Paramount or ultimate Sovereignty necessarily resides.

That the Government of the United States is a Confederated Republic, or Confederacy, of some sort, and not a Consolidated Government, is now no longer a matter of investigation or question. Whatever other characteristics, peculiar or anomalous, it possesses, it is beyond doubt, cavil, or dispute, Federal in its nature and character.

That it presents, in its structure, several new features, wholly unknown in all former Confederacies of which the world's history furnishes examples, all admit. This was well understood at the time of its formation, as well as ever since. No exactly similar model is to be found amongst all the nations of the earth, or in the annals of mankind, in the past or present. But we have seen the model which was in the minds of its authors at the time it was framed, and which formed the basis of their conceptions and designs. That was the model of a Confederated Republic given by Montesquieu. This model was not only in the minds of the Convention which framed the Constitution, but in the minds of all the Conventions of the States which adopted it. This has been shown from the proceedings of those bodies. That model exhibited several small Republics so united into a larger one, for foreign

and inter-State purposes, as to present themselves in joint Combination to the world, as one Nation, while as between themselves each one retained unimpaired its own inherent, innate Sovereignty and Nationality. This was the ideal before all the States of this Union, at the time of the formation of the Constitution. According to this model, which was as far as the wisdom of men then had gone in forming Governments for the preservation of free institutions, and to prevent the principle of universal Monarchical Rule, the action of the larger and conventional State or Nation, so formed for external or foreign purposes, was confined in its internal operations exclusively to the integral members of the Union or Confederation. No power was conferred upon this joint agent of all to interfere, in any way or under any circumstances, with the individual citizens of the separate Republics.

But a new idea had for sometime been in embryo. It was then struggling into birth. Jefferson's brain had first felt the impulse of its quickening life. The framers of the Constitution saw its star, as the wise men of the East saw the star of Bethlehem. They did homage to it, even in the manger, where it then lay in its swaddlings, as the political Messiah just born for the regeneration of the down trodden Peoples of the Earth. That idea was to apply a new principle to the model before them, to improve upon it by a division of its Powers, and by extending its operations, without changing the basis upon which it was formed. It was simply for these separate Republics to empower their joint agent, the artificial or conventional Nation of their own creation, to act, in the discharge of its limited functions, directly upon their citizens respectively, and to organize these functions into separate departments, Executive, Judicial and Legislative, as their own separate systems were organized. This, it is true, was a new and a grand development in the progress of the science of Government, which, of all sciences, unfortunately for mankind, is the slowest in progress.

But this was the idea—this the design, and this was just what was done.

The great object was to obviate the difficulties and the evils, so often arising in all former Federal Republics, of resorting to force against separate members, when derelict in

the discharge of their obligations under the terms and covenants of their Union. Difficulties of this sort had already been felt under their own Confederation, which they were convened to remedy. Some States had failed to meet the requisitions upon them for their quota of taxes to pay the common expenses, and to sustain the common public credit. By the laws of Nations, the Confederates of States thus derelict, had the clear right to compel a fulfilment of their solemn obligations, though the very act of doing it would necessarily have put an end to the Confederation. The question of coercion in the collection of unpaid requisitions, on the part of some of the States, had been raised during the old Confederation. Jefferson saw that this would be necessary if that system could not be amended. All, however, saw that a resort to force, in such cases, would result in war which might become general, and the loss of the liberties of all might, perhaps, ensue. This newly born idea presented an easy solution of the whole vexed question. It was adopted, by the Parties agreeing in the Compact itself, that in the collection of the taxes for the common defence and general welfare, and in some other cases, this common agent of all the members of the Confederacy, should act directly upon the individual citizens of each, within the sphere of its specific and limited powers, and with a complete machinery of functions, for this purpose, similar to their own. This is the whole of it.

It is this exceedingly simple, but entirely new feature, in Confederated Republics, which has so puzzled and bewildered so many in this as in other countries, as to the nature and character of the United States Government. It is this feature, in the American plan, which struck the learned and philosophic De Tocqueville, who, of all foreigners, seems most deeply to have studied our institutions, and to have become most thoroughly imbued with their spirit and principles. On this point he says:

"This Constitution, which may at first be confounded with the Federal Constitutions which have preceded it, rests, in truth, upon a wholly novel theory, which may be considered as a great discovery in modern political science. In all the Confederations which preceded the American Constitution of 1789, the allied States, for a common object, agreed to obey

the injunctions of a Federal Government; but they reserved to themselves the right of ordaining and enforcing the execution of the laws of the Union. The American States, which combined, in 1789, agreed, that the Federal Government should not only dictate, but should execute its own enactments. In both cases, the right is the same, but the exercise of the right is different; and this difference produced the most momentous consequences."

In all this he is perfectly right. The principle thus introduced was a new one. It was unknown to the old world. Unknown to Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Grotius, Puffendorf, or Montesquieu. It was, indeed, a grand discovery. The honor, the glory, of this discovery, was reserved for this Continent, and for those who had first proclaimed the great truth that all "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." From this simple discovery, did, indeed, follow the most momentous consequences. From it sprang that unparalleled career of prosperity and greatness which marked our history under its beneficent operations for nearly three quarters of a century!

These momentous consequences in rapid growth and development, and the unsurpassed happiness and prosperity, resulted from this simple, but wonderful improvement made by the Fathers, in 1787, upon Montesquieu's model of a Confederated Republic. This new feature, however, in the workmanship of their master-hands has been what has caused so much confusion in the minds of many as to the nature and character of the Government. They do not seem to understand how this new feature is consistent with a strictly Federal System. The difficulty with them seems to arise entirely from the fact, that none such ever existed before. They have no specific name for this new development or discovery in the science of Government. Hence the great variety of sentiments in the several State Conventions, some calling it a consolidated Government, and some of its friends styling it a mixed Government—partly Federal and partly National—Federal in its formation and National in its operation. Of this class was Mr. Madison. And hence, also, some in later times have styled it a Compositive Government.

A little analysis and generalization may enable us to bring

order out of this confusion. In one sense it is a National Government. In this, however, there is nothing new or peculiar in the Government established by the New Constitution. In the same sense in which it is National, and none other, was the old Confederation National. The United States, under that, we have seen was called and properly called a Nation, for certain purposes. For the same purpose, and in the same sense, and none other, may they now properly be called a Nation. Their present Government is National in the same sense in which the Governments of all Confederated Republics are National, and none other. The very object in forming all Confederated Republics is to create a new and entirely artificial or conventional State or Nation, which springs from their joint Sovereignties, and which has no existence apart from them, and which is but the Corporate Agent of all those Sovereignties creating it, and through which alone they are to be known to Foreign Powers, during the continuance of the Confederation. This Conventional Nation is but a Political Corporation. It has no original or inherent powers whatever. All its powers are derived—all are specific—all are limited—all are delegated—all may be resumed—all may be forfeited by misuser, as well as non-user. It is created by the separate Republics forming it. They are the Creators. It is but their Creature—subject to their will and control. They barely delegate the exercise of certain Sovereign powers to their common agent, retaining to themselves, separately, all that absolute, ultimate Sovereignty, by which this common agent, with all its delegated powers, is created. This is the basis, and these are the principles, upon which all Confederated Republics are constructed. The new Conventional State or Nation thus formed is brought into being by the will of the several States or Nations forming it, and by the same will it may cease to exist, as to any or all of them, while the separate Sovereignties of its Creators may survive, and live on forever.

A Government so constructed, being itself founded on Compact between distinct Sovereign States, is necessarily Federal in its nature, while it at the same time gives one national character and position amongst the other Powers of the world, to all the Parties constituting it! In this sense, all Confederated Governments are both Federal and National. The Gov-

ernment of the United States is no exception to the rule. In this sense, Washington, Jefferson, and Jackson, spoke of the United States under the Constitution as a Nation, as well as a Confederated Republic. In this sense, it is properly styled by all a Nation. This was the idea symbolized in the motto, "E pluribus unum." One from many. That is, one State or Nation—one Federal Republic—from many Republics, States or Nations. This is what is meant by the Nation when properly applied to the United States. It is not the whole people, in the aggregate constituting one body united on the principles of a social Compact, but that conventional State which springs from and is dependent upon the several State Sovereignties creating it, as in all other cases of Confederated Republics. The bare fact that it operates on the individual citizens of the several States, in specified cases, and has in its organization the requisite functions for this purpose, does not change, in the least, the nature of the Government, if this arrangement is agreed upon in the Compact between the Sovereign Parties to it. That depends entirely upon the great fact which we were so long in establishing, that the Government itself, with all its powers as well as machinery, was founded upon Compact between separate and distinct Sovereign States. If this be so, as has been conclusively established, then the Government, so constructed, must of necessity be Federal, and purely Federal, in its character. This character is not changed by the adoption of any machinery, for its practical workings, which may be thus agreed upon. For it is perfectly competent for independent and Sovereign Nations, by treaty or compact, to make any agreement they please touching the enforcement of such treaties, or the terms of such compacts, over their respective citizens or subjects, and by such agencies as they may please jointly to agree upon, without the least impairment whatever of their respective Sovereignties.

The great question, therefore, in this investigation was, is the Constitution a Compact between Sovereignties? If so, the Government established by it is purely, entirely, and thoroughly Federal in its nature, and no more National in any sense than all former Federal Republics. All those features in its operation directly upon individuals, instead of upon States, which give rise to ideas of Nationality, or of its being of a

mixed nature, spring themselves from the Federal Compact. Ours, therefore, is a pure Confederated Republic, upon the model of Montesquieu, with the new principle referred to incorporated into the system, without changing, in the least, the basis of its organization—at least, so thought the Fathers by whom it was established. It is true we have as yet no apt distinctive word in political nomenclature, by which to characterize this specific distinctive improvement in the purely Federal system. This only shows the barrenness of language. Actualities often precede nomenclature. And, hence, De Tocqueville, perceiving this in our system, said of it, that "the new word, which ought to express this novel thing, does not yet exist." "The human understanding," says he, "more easily invents new things than new words, and we are hence constrained to employ many improper and inadequate expressions." No truer remark was ever made about the Government of the United States. All the difficulty or confusion on the subject, however, relates only to the name. It is one of nomenclature, and not substance. That stands out perfectly distinct in all its features, however unlanguaged it, with these features, may yet be. This want of a suitable name applies, also, only to its specific character, that name which will perfectly characterize its specific difference from other Confederacies, ancient or modern. There is no difficulty as to the proper generic term applicable to it. That is unquestionably Federal. Its genus, with all the incidents of the class, is a Federal or Confederated Republic. That is fixed by the fact that it is founded upon Compact—Confederation between distinct Sovereign Powers.

What makes any Government Federal, but the fact that it springs, with all its powers and functions, to whatever character, from covenants and agreements between the Sovereign contracting parties creating it! And is it not as competent for a Sovereign State to agree, that the Federal agent or Government shall act upon her citizens, in specified cases, as it is for her to agree, that the same agent or Government may act upon herself? May pass edicts of equal force and obligation upon her, which she is equally bound by the Compact to execute by her own machinery of laws? Where is the difference? What makes the Union between any States Federal is not the

manner of its action, but the Foedus, the Covenant, the Convention, the Compact upon which it is founded!

So much for the nature of the Government of the United States, and the terms by which it may be characterized.

Where, under the system so constituted, does Sovereignty reside? This is now the great and last question. It must reside somewhere. It must reside, as all admit, with the people somewhere. Does it reside with the whole people in mass of all the States together, or with the people of the several States separately? That is the only question. The whole subject is narrowed down to this: Where, in this country, resides that Paramount authority that can rightfully make and unmake Constitutions? In all Confederated Republics, according to Montesquieu, Vattel, and Burlamaqui, it remains with the Sovereign States so Confederated. Is our Confederated Republic an exception to this rule? If so, how does it appear? Is there any thing in its history, anterior to the present Compact of Union, that shows it to be an exception? Certainly not; for the Sovereignty of each State was expressly retained in the first Articles of Union. Is there then anything in the present Compact itself that shows that it was surrendered by them in that? If so, where is the clause bearing that import? None can be found! Again: if it was thereby surrendered, to whom was it surrendered? To whom did it pass? Did it pass to all the people of the United States? Of course not; for not one particle of power of any sort, much less Sovereignty, is delegated in the Constitution to the people of the United States. All powers therein delegated are to the States in their Sovereign character, under the designation of United States. Is it then surrendered to the United States jointly? Certainly not, for one of the main objects in forming the Compact, as before stated, and as clearly appears from the instrument itself, was, to preserve and perpetuate separate State existence. The guarantee to this effect, from the very words used, implies their Sovereignty. There can be no such thing as a perfect State without Sovereignty. It certainly is not parted with by any express terms in that instrument. If it be surrendered thereby it must be by implication only. But how can it be implied from any words or phrases in that instrument? If carried by implication, it must be on the

strange assumption that it is an incident only of some one or all of those specific and specially enumerated powers expressly delegated. This cannot be, as that would be making the incident greater than the object, the shadow more solid than the substance. For Sovereignty is the highest and greatest of all political powers. It is itself the source as well as embodiment of all political powers, both great and small. All proceed and emanate from it. All the great powers specifically and expressly delegated in the Constitution, such as the power to declare war and make peace; to raise and support armies, to tax and lay excise duties, etc., are themselves but the incidents of Sovereignty. If this great embodiment of all powers was parted with, why were any minor specifications made? Why any enumeration? Was not such specification or enumeration both useless and absurd?

All the implications are the other way. The bare fact that all the powers parted with by the State were delegated only, as all admit, necessarily implies that the greater power delegating still continued to exist.

If, then, this ultimate absolute Sovereignty did reside with the several States separately, as without question it did, up to the formation of the Constitution; and if, in the Constitution, Sovereignty is not parted with by the States in express terms; if, as Mr. Webster said, in 1839, there is not a word about Sovereignty in it; and if, further, this greatest of all political powers cannot justly be claimed as an incident to lesser ones, and thereby carried by implication; then, of course, was it not most clearly still retained and reserved to the people of the several States in that mass of residuary rights in the language of Mr. Jefferson, which was expressly reserved in the Constitution itself?

It is true it was not so expressly reserved in the Constitution at first, because it was deemed, as the debates in the Federal Convention, as well as the State Conventions, clearly show wholly unnecessary; so general was the understanding that it could not go, by inference or implication, from any thing in the Constitution; or in other words, that it could not be surrendered without express terms to that effect. The general understanding was the universally acknowledged principle in public law, that nothing is held good against Sovereignty by

implication. But to quiet the apprehensions of Patrick Henry, Samuel Adams, and the Conventions of a majority of the States, this reservation of Sovereignty was soon after put in the Constitution amongst other amendments, in plain and unequivocal language. So cautious and guarded were the men of that day that the Government had hardly commenced operations before all inferences that had been drawn against the reserved Sovereignty of the States, from the silence of the Constitution, in this particular and some others, were fully rebutted by several amendments, proposed by the States, in Congress assembled, at their first session. These amendments were preceded by a preamble, which shows that they were both declaratory and restrictive in their object. Here is what was done:—

"The Conventions of a number of the States, having, at the time of their adopting the Constitution, expressed a desire, in order to prevent misconstruction or abuse of its powers, that further declaratory and restrictive clauses should be added: And as extending the ground of public confidence in the Government, will best insure the beneficent end of its institution;

"Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, two thirds of both Houses concurring; that the following Articles be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States, as amendments to the Constitution of the United States, all, or any of which Articles, when ratified by three fourths of the said Legislatures, to be valid to all intents and purposes, as part of the said Constitution."

The language of one of the amendments then proposed, on the subject we are now upon, is as follows: "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States, respectively, or to the people."

This amendment, which was promptly agreed to by the States unanimously, declares that all powers not delegated were reserved to the States respectively; this, of course, includes, in the reservation, Sovereignty, which is the source of all powers, those delegated as well as those reserved. This reservation Mr. Samuel Adams said, we have seen in the

Massachusetts Convention, was consonant with the like reservation in the first Articles of Confederation. And such was the universal understanding at the time. Most of the other amendments, then proposed, were likewise agreed to by the States, but not unanimously.

Can any proposition within the domain of reason be clearer, from all these facts, than that the Sovereignty of the States, that great Paramount authority which can rightfully make and unmake Constitutions, resides still with the States? Does not this declaratory amendment, added to the original covenant in the Constitution, which provides for its own amendment, show this beyond all doubt or question? Why were further amendments to it to be submitted to the States for their ratification before they could be binding, but upon the indisputable principle or postulate that Sovereignty, which alone has control of all such matters, still resides with the States severally? There is, my dear sirs, no answer to this.

The Government of the United States, however new some of its features are in the machinery of its operation, is no exception to the general rule, applicable to all Federal Republics, as to where the ultimate absolute Sovereign or Paramount authority resides. According to that rule, in all of them, it is retained by the Parties to the Compact. Such was the case in the model of Montesquieu. Such is the case in all Confederacies of this character, according to Vattel, as we have seen. Such is, necessarily, the case in our system, built upon these models. All unions of separate States, under Compacts of this sort, are founded upon the same essential basis. Sovereignty, with us, therefore, upon these fixed and indisputable principles, now resides, as I said before, just where it did in 1776—just where it did in 1778—and just where it did in 1787: that is, with the people of the several States of the Federal Union. This Sovereignty, so residing with them, is the Paramount authority to which allegiance is due. Allegiance, a word brought from the Old World, of Latin origin, from *ligo,* to bind, means the obligation which every one owes to that Power in the State, to which he is indebted for the protection of his rights of person and property. Allegiance and Sovereignty, as we have seen, are reciprocal. "To whatever Power a citizen owes allegiance, that Power is his Sov-

ereign." To what Power are the citizens of the several States indebted for protection of person and property, in all the relations of life, for the regulation of which Governments are instituted? Certainly not to the Federal Government. That Government, in its operations, has no right to interfere, in any way whatever, with the citizens of the several States, but in a few exceptional cases; and then, not for protection, but in the enforcement of laws, which the State would have been bound, by her plighted faith, to execute herself, had not this new feature been introduced into the Federal system. The Government of the United States, in its internal polity, is known to the citizens of the several States only by its requisitions upon individuals, instead of States, except in a very few specified cases. In its National character, it gives ample protection abroad. This was one of its main objects. In its postal arrangements, it furnishes many conveniences, for which it is duly paid. In these particulars, there is no difference between the Constitution and the first Articles of Confederation. But it was no part of the objects of either to afford protection to the citizens of the States, respectively, in all those relations of life which mark the internal polity of different States and Nations. These, now, as before, all depend upon the Sovereign will of the States. This Sovereign will fixes the status of the various elements of Society, as well as their rights. In the States, severally, remains the great right of Eminent Domain, which reserves to them complete jurisdiction and control over the rights of person and property of their entire population. With them remains, untrammelled, the power to establish codes of laws—civil, military, and criminal. They may punish for what crimes they please, and as they please, and the Government of the United States cannot interfere. To their own Legislatures, their own Judiciaries, their own Executives, their own laws, established by their own Paramount authority, do all the citizens of all the States look for whatever protection and security they receive, possess, or enjoy, in all the civil relations of life. In all such matters as require that protection to which allegiance is due, the Government of the United States is unknown to them.

It is true that the States did covenant, in the Constitution, that no State should "pass any law, making any thing but gold

and silver coin a legal tender in the payment of debts; pass any bill of attainder, or *ex post facto* law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts;" but this, in no wise, changes the principle. Those provisions were put in by each State, to protect the rights of her citizens against the unjust legislation of other States, and not against her own legislation. By the Constitution, the citizens of each State have all the privileges and immunities of all the citizens of the several States, in their intercourse with each other. Hence, the propriety and wisdom of these provisions. It is, in itself, only a negative protection, and such as each State provided, in the Compact, for the protection of her own citizens, in other States, against the acts of the other States, and not against their own. It was inserted from no such view as that the citizens of the several States were to look to the Federal Government for that protection, in any sense, which is the foundation of all allegiance. The guarantee of rights, in the amendments to the Constitution, such as the right to bear arms, freedom from arrest, etc., apply, exclusively, to the Federal Government. They were but bulwarks, thrown around the citadel of State Rights, to protect the citizens of the respective States from the exercise of unjust powers over them by the General Government. They were not inserted with any view of protecting the citizens of the respective States from the action of their own State Governments.

On the several State authorities, therefore, are all the citizens, of all the States, under our system, entirely dependent for the protection of all those civil rights and franchises, for which, mainly, human societies are organized, and for which, mainly, Governments are instituted by men. To this several State authority, when properly expressed, is the allegiance proper of every citizen due. This is his Sovereign.

These things being so, I think I have made it very clearly appear, why I acted as I did, in going with my State, and obeying her high behest, when she resumed the Sovereign Powers she had delegated to the United States, by entering into a Compact of Union with them in 1788, and asserted her right to be a free and independent State, which she was acknowledged to be by George the Third of England, in the treaty of peace, in 1783.

The rightfulness of this act, on the part of the State, is now the question. We will come to that presently. But the question now is, was it not the duty of all her citizens to go with her in her solemn Resolve? Was not every one bound to do so, or become guilty of incivism, the highest of all political offences against the society of which one is a member? Would not every one, refusing to obey the mandate of the State, in such case have subjected himself to her laws against treason to her Sovereignty? In that case, could the United States, either *de jure* or *de facto,* have saved him or afforded him any protection whatever against the prescribed penalty? By the very terms of the Compact, if that was still in force, if he had escaped, and gone into another State, he would, necessarily, upon demand, have been delivered up to the State for trial and punishment! But in point of fact, the United States had not an officer, civil or military, within the State. All had retired, either voluntarily or by compulsion. Not an emblem even of their authority was to be found within her borders. To whose authority then could any citizen look for any sort of protection, but the authority of the State? Was not obedience both proper and due to that authority which alone could accord proper protection, both *de jure* and *de facto?*

Now as to the rightfulness of the State's thus resuming her Sovereign powers! In doing it she seceded from that Union, to which, in the language of Mr. Jefferson, as well as General Washington, she had acceded as a Sovereign State. She repealed her ordinance by which she ratified and agreed to the Constitution and became a party to the Compact under it. She declared herself no longer bound by that Compact, and dissolved her alliance with the other parties to it. The Constitution of the United States, and the laws passed in pursuance of it, were no longer the supreme law of the people of Georgia, any more than the treaty with France was the supreme law of both countries, after its abrogation, in 1798, by the same rightful authority which had made it in the beginning.

In answer to your question, whether she could do this without a breach of her solemn obligations, under the Compact, I give this full and direct answer: she had a perfect right so to do, subject to no authority, but the great moral law which governs the intercourse between Independent Sovereign Pow-

ers, Peoples, or Nations. Her action was subject to the authority of that law and none other. It is the inherent right of Nations, subject to this law alone, to disregard the obligations of Compacts of all sorts, by declaring themselves no longer bound in any way by them. This, by universal consent, may be rightfully done, when there has been a breach of the Compact by the other party or parties. It was on this principle, that the United States abrogated their treaty with France, in 1798. The justifiableness of the act depends, in every instance, upon the circumstances of the case. The general rule is, if all the other States—the Parties to the Confederation—faithfully comply with their obligations, under the Compact of Union, no State would be morally justified in withdrawing from a Union so formed, unless it were necessary for her own preservation. Self-preservation is the first law of nature, with States or Nations, as it is with individuals.

But in this case the breach of plighted faith was not on the part of Georgia, or those States which withdrew or attempted to withdraw from the Union. Thirteen of their Confederates had openly and avowedly disregarded their obligations under that clause of the Constitution which covenanted for the rendition of fugitives from service, to say nothing of the acts of several of them, in a like open and palpable breach of faith, in the matter of the rendition of fugitives from justice. These are facts about which there can be no dispute. Then, by universal law, as recognized by all Nations, savage as well as civilized, the Compact, thus broken by some of the Parties, was no longer binding upon the others. The breach was not made by the seceding States. Under the circumstances, and the facts of this case, therefore, the legal as well as moral right, on the part of Georgia, according to the laws of Nations and nature, to declare herself no longer bound by the Compact, and to withdraw from the Union under it, was perfect and complete. These principles are too incontestably established to be questioned, much less denied, in the forum of reason and justice.

HENRY JEROME STOCKARD

[1858—1914]

BENJAMIN SLEDD

IT was along in the early '90s, if I remember aright, that readers of our better magazines began to be attracted by the sonnets of Mr. Stockard. I can recall the surprise and delight with which I first came upon them. Let me quote one of these sonnets. It will serve at once as an illustration and a text:

THEOCRITUS

"Upon the arm of Time his hand he laid,
And claimed with all-compelling power his eyes;
The gray, unsleeping spirit with fierce surprise
In his destroying course a moment stayed.
'Grant me this guerdon, ravening Time,' he prayed,
'That through the future's dateless centuries
The light from off these valleys, fields, and skies,
Until thy reign be past, may never fade!'
Years have not scathed those immemorial springs;
On swaths of thymy grass and osier-shoots
By wimpling streams Theocritus pipes to-day;
Unhurt down vales of amaranth Thyrsis sings,
And Pan's clear syrinx calls, and far away
O'er sweet Sicilian fields the shepherds' fifes and flutes!"

Now, this is in every way beautiful and noble. The workmanship is well nigh perfect, the characterization is at once correct and luminous, and the feeling is genuine and well sustained. Mr. Stockard was unknown to me then, and I put him down in my mind as an Englishman, one of that group of critic-poets to which belong William Watson, Andrew Lang, and Ernest Myers—men who find in literature, rather than in life, their inspiration. Judge of my added surprise and delight when I discovered that Mr. Stockard was not only a native of the South, but was living within a stone's throw, as it were, of my own new-made home in the old North State.

Henry Jerome Stockard was born in Chatham County, North Carolina, September 15, 1858, coming of good Revolutionary stock on both mother's and father's side. To the mother, left a widow when the boy was but twelve, and herself possessing unusual qualities of

head and heart, her poet son has paid loving and beautiful tribute in song. Mr. Stockard was educated in the public schools of his native county and at the University of North Carolina, from which he received the degree of Master of Arts in 1889. After serving the public schools of the State in various capacities, he was, in 1890, made associate in the English department of the University of North Carolina. In 1896 Mr. Stockard went to Fredericksburg College, Virginia, as professor of English, and in 1900 he returned to North Carolina as professor of Latin in Peace Institute, Raleigh. Of this latter institution he was made president in 1907. It is needless to add that Mr. Stockard has been successful as a teacher. Perhaps, had he been less successful, he might have been compelled to give more undivided allegiance to the muses.

While, as I have said above, Mr. Stockard has drawn inspiration for some of his best work from literature and the past, none the less has he kept in lively touch with the present, and especially with life immediately around him. Indeed, a certain critic has called Mr. Stockard "the voice of North Carolina." And this high praise has been well deserved. When the Guilford battlegrounds were dedicated, Mr. Stockard was called upon to celebrate in ringing verse the bravery of the North Carolina riflemen; at the unveiling of the State's memorial at Appomattox, it was Mr. Stockard who spoke, in stirring measures, not alone for North Carolina, but for the South, and for the Union. And his verse has paid loving tribute to our Confederate dead, among whom would seem to be his own brothers:

> . . . "The boy-soldiers twain
> That sleep by purling stream or old stone wall
> In some far-off and unknown grave."

Of nature Mr. Stockard always writes with grace and feeling, although one questions whether the poet is quite the lover of the fields and woods that he is of men and books. Still, there is in such poems as "Knee-Deep" and "My Pipe" the authentic nature-thrill.

While Mr. Stockard has been a generous contributor to the better magazines, he has published only one volume of verse.* But this little book writes his title clear to the name of Poet. Weights and measures are nowhere so futile as in poetry. Gray's place in literature is more secure than Dryden's. Then, too, Mr. Stockard is but in the prime of manhood, and of his poetry we can confidently hope the best is yet to come. Perhaps we are warranted in saying he never can be a "popular" poet. His audience must needs be few, though

*"Fugitive Lines,' G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1897. See also 'The Biographical History of North Carolina.' Vol. V.

fit. Of his place in literature we are equally warranted in predicting that, while it may not be large, it will be high and secure. His sonnets have already taken their place among the best.

Benjamin Sledd

COME TENDERLY, O DEATH!

From 'Fugitive Lines.' Copyright, G. P. Putnam's Sons, and used here by permission of the author and the publishers.

Come tenderly, O Death!
Yet not with silence palpable, but come
To me as comes a mother to her sick,
Dream-troubled child, singing with tone subdued
Sweet songs that seem to its poor fevered brain
Voiced by some far-away singer.

And when it will not rest,
Even as she bends above its bed, and lifts
It to her heart where it forgets to cry,
So do thou, Angel of Death, above me lean
With gentleness unspeakable, and uplift
Me in thy kind, strong arms, and croon thy song
Until its charming cadence wind and wind
Through all the secret passes of my soul,
And I am stilled, and griefs are all unlearned,
With days and months and years!

THE MOCKING-BIRD

The name thou wearest does thee grievous wrong.
No mimic thou! That voice is thine alone!
The poets sing but strains of Shakespeare's song;
The birds, but notes of thine imperial own!

"KNEE-DEEP, KNEE-DEEP!"

"Knee-deep, knee-deep!" I am a child again!
I hear the cow-bells tinkling down the lane
The plaintive whippoorwills, the distant call
Of quails beyond the hill where night-hawks fall
From lambent skies to fields of golden grain.

I hear the milkmaid's song, the clanking chain
Of ploughman homeward bound, the lumbering wain,
And down the darkling vale 'mid rushes tall,
"Knee-deep, knee-deep!"

We're all at home—John, Wesley, little Jane—
Dead long ago—and the boy-soldiers twain
That sleep by purling stream or old stone wall
In some far-off and unknown grave—we're all
At home with mother!—heartache gone, and pain—
"Knee-deep, knee-deep!"

MY PIPE

When the summer breeze steals thro' the trees,
And the sickle moon is low;
When o'er the hills the whippoorwill's
Clear flutings come and go;
When the katydid, in the tree-top hid,
Calls ever across the dark,
And down the marsh where the frogs sing harsh
The fire-fly lights its spark—

Then the golden crumbs for me!
My pipe and reverie!
The voices grand from childhood's land,
And the scenes that used to be!

When the days are cold, and o'er the wold
The winds of winter sweep;
When the darkness falls, and upon the walls
The shadows dance and leap;

When the full moon shines thro' the snow-capped pines
  Where the midnight witches brew,
While the embers die and the great owls cry
  Their weird "tu-whit, tu-whoo!"—

Then my pipe and the crumbs of gold!
And the future's gates unfold!
  Thro' the lifting haze rise the braver days
That the untried seasons hold!

THE HERO

To be a hero must you do some deed
  With which your name shall ring the world around?
With blade uplifted must you dare to lead
  Where armies reel on slopes with lightning crowned?

Or must you set for polar seas your sails,
  And chart the Arctic's silent realms, and gray?
Or drag your barge through virgin streams in pales
  Of undiscovered lands? I tell you, Nay!

Who is earth's greatest hero? He that bears,
  Deep buried in his kingly heart, his lot
Of suffering; and, if need be, he that dares
  Lay down his life for right, and falters not!

AT FORDHAM

(The Home of Edgar Allan Poe)

Not here he dwelt, but down some path unknown
  That winding sinks into night's spectral vale,
  Where prisoned, uneasy winds forever wail,
And plangent seas on dolorous shores intone.
His charmed, cloud-builded home was there upthrown,
  Engirt by marsh and mere and wastes of bale;
  No foot save his e'er trod those reaches pale;
His were those tracts abandoned, his alone.

There with hushed breath he heard the thin, far strains
Of Israfel steal through his haunted room,
Or caught the nearer, clearer clank of chains:
Now o'er him leaned Lenore in deathless bloom;
Now, while the blood slowed, freezing in his veins,
Some goblin shivered in upon the gloom!

AFTER READING A TREASURY OF SONNETS

Vague visions fill my brain to-night—high deeds
Round Ilium's shadowy wall; old Memnon gray
With vacant gaze looks toward the rising day,
And breathes with mystic lips of ancient creeds.
Through Morven's haunted halls my fancy leads,
And Loda's spirit bends o'er me—far away
On unblessed shores—through cities of Cathay—
By perilous passes where the eaglet feeds.
Confusing sounds awake—celestial strings,
The clash of cymbals, tramp of armèd bands,
Songs fugitive from Pelion's height outblown:
Round Anthemusia's slumberous island sings
Brave Orpheus to his comrades, of home lands
Dim-visioned long across the seas unknown.

MY LIBRARY

At times these walls enchanted fade, it seems,
And, lost, I wander through the Long Ago—
In Edens where the lotus still doth grow,
And many a reedy river seaward gleams.
Now Pindar's soft-stringed shell blends with my dreams,
And now the elfin horns of Oberon blow,
Or flutes Theocritus by the wimpling flow
Of immemorial amaranth-margined streams.
Gray Dante leads me down the cloud-built stair,
And parts with shadowy hands the mists that veil
Scarred deeps distraught by crying winds forlorn;
By Milton stayed, chaotic steeps I dare,
And, with his immaterial presence pale,
Stand on the heights flushed in creation's morn!

"SOME VERSES CAROL"

Some verses carol blithely as a bird,
  And hint of violet and asphodel;
  While others slowly strike a funeral bell,
Or call like clarionets till, spirit-stirred,
We hear the mustering tramp in every word.
  In some, the ocean pounds with sledges fell,
  Or Neptune posts with blare of trumpet-shell
By shores that visionary seas engird.
As soft as flutes, they croon the lullabies
  Of cradle-years; play clear as citherns; wail
  Like harps Æolian in the grieving wind;
Some are the deep-drawn human moan by pale
  And silent faces—'neath lack-lustre skies—
  Peering through panes on darkness unconfined!

A DAY

The songs of bonny birds from many a spray
Greeted the golden day;
No fleck of cloud, all the wide heavens through,
Loitered along the blue.

But soon a mist, before I was aware,
Had stolen upon the air,
Which denser grew till, over hill and plain,
Drizzled the chilling rain.

Around my door a monitory wind,
Like a wolf, snarled and whined;
And joy seemed, with the radiance of the dawn,
For evermore withdrawn.

But, ere the night drew down, a lambent zone
About the west was thrown:
The sun's full splendors fell across the world,
As at the morn, impearled.

So may the clouds that have concealed the sun
Lift when life's day is done;—
So take a glory on their sinking bars
As night kindles the stars!

IN THE LIGHTHOUSE AT POINT LOOKOUT, NORTH CAROLINA

Upon these dreary bars the ocean rolls,
Billow on billow and forevermore!
Age after age, with unremitting roar,
They curl and break and churn on sands and shoals.
What means that deep-voiced dolorous monotone?
Chants it a dirge o'er its unnumbered dead?
O'er empires that once flourished where its bed
Now slopes to depths unfathomed and unknown?
Or, haply, is't a monster's vicious tones,
Crouching to spring upon its prey, I hear—
Waiting to swallow up earth's mighty thrones,
And raise new worlds from its own gloomy sphere?
Or sobs, perchance, man's kingdoms to efface,
Only to whelm again some distant race?

MOLLUSKS

Down where the bed of ocean sinks profound,
Lodged in the clefts and caverns of the deep,
Where silence and eternal darkness keep,
These dumb primordial living forms abound.
What know they of this life in the vast round
Of earth and air?—how wild the pulses leap
At love's sweet dream—what storms of sorrow sweep,
What hopes allure us, and what terrors hound?
And scattered on these slopes and plains below
This atmospheric sea, one with the worm
And beetle, for a momentary term—
What know we more of those ethereal spheres—
What rapture may be there, what poignant woe,
What towering passions, and what high careers?

TO MY MOCKING-BIRD

I labor at my desk with aching brain,
  Around me mortgage, bond, and balance-sheet—
  Imprisoned, fettered in this dim retreat
With shackles galling as a ball and chain.
Thou singest in thy cage—beyond the pane
  A gray sky-glimpse and pavements glazed with sleet—
  Free as thy parent sang in the orchard sweet
Along the dear old homeward-leading lane.
Would I might learn of thee, ethereal bird!
  Since thou mayst never fly from hence at will,
  And chant while, charmed, the summer choirs are still;
Lo, thou hast made thy span of prison here
A blue-skied world, and hither hast transferred
The gladness of thy lost ancestral sphere!

SCIENCE

She leads the sea through hills of Darien,
  And brings the east and west to every door,
  With silent influence drawing more and more
Into close brotherhood the tribes of men.
She holds the trail of Pain to his secret den;
  The dim process of being dares explore,
  Spells slowly out on mountain, rock, and shore

The syllables of God to mortal ken.
  She yet may sail from vague, cloud-builded piers,
And lay along the darkness and the wind
A cable vast which world to world shall bind:
  Breathless may catch the deep, slow speech of Mars,
  Now, haply, passing on from outer spheres
The grave, tremendous message of the stars.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE

Brooded on crags, his down the rocks,
He holds the skies for his domain;
Serene, he preens where thunder shocks,
And rides the hurricane.

The scream of shells is in his shriek;
His wings as swords, whiz down the air;
His claws, as bayonets, gride; his beak,
As shrapnel-shards, doth tear.

Where Shasta shapes its mighty cone,
Where Mitchell heaves into the skies,
Silent he glares, austere, alone,
With sun-outstaring eyes.

BETHLEHEM

From slope and field and valley, where
They watched their flocks at night,
Roused by the flaming Messenger,
And pointed to the Light,
They pressed, the simple shepherd folk,
By alley, street, and lane,
Through Bethlehem, little Bethlehem,
Upon Judea's plain.

From courts luxuriant as the east,
Beyond the deserts far,
Bearing their bales of costly gifts,
And led by the blazing Star,
They urged, the graybeard Magians,
With their resplendent train,
Toward Bethlehem, lowly Bethlehem,
Across Judea's plain.

From mansions builded of the morn,
In majesty arrayed,
Their line like to a silver cloud
Along the darkness laid,

They winged, the shining angel hosts,
  Singing that glad refrain,
For Bethlehem, chosen Bethlehem,
  Adown Judea's plain.

From every nation, race, and tongue,
  Where frost eternal keeps;
Where summer islands, crowned with palms,
  Abound in austral deeps,
They throng, the generations throng
  O'er continent and main,
To Bethlehem, glorious Bethlehem,
  On far Judea's plain.

The stars that light the firmament,
  Slowly their beams decay;
And London town, as Nineveh,
  Was built to pass away:
But the Star above Judea's hills,
  Its fire shall never wane;
Nor Bethlehem, hallowed Bethlehem,
  Pass from Judea's plain.

DAVID HUNTER STROTHER

[1816—1888]

DANIEL B. LUCAS

DAVID HUNTER STROTHER, the son of Colonel John Strother and Elizabeth Pendleton Hunter Strother, was born September 26, 1816, in Martinsburg, Virginia, now West Virginia.

Gifted with artistic ability from the outset, he produced, at the age of three years, a picture representing the burning of his father's house, which occurred at that time, in which the likenesses of the onlookers were distinctly recognizable. He received his early education at the Old Stone Schoolhouse in Martinsburg and at Washington College (now Washington and Jefferson College), Canonsburg, Pennsylvania. At the age of twelve he was sent to Philadelphia, where he studied art under Professor Morse, later the inventor of the electric telegraph.

In his early manhood he traveled in what was then the Far West, and in 1840 went to Europe to complete his art studies, arriving in Paris in time to witness the second funeral of Napoleon I. After spending a year in this city he went to Italy, returning to the United States about 1843.

For several years Mr. Strother followed his profession, producing several paintings of merit and a number of illustrations for the books of the day, notably for 'Swallow Barn,' written by his kinsman, John Pendleton Kennedy. In 1849 he married Anne Doyne Wolff, of Martinsburg, by whom he had one daughter, Emily Strother.

His taste for literature now asserted itself, and shortly after the establishment of *Harper's Magazine* he began, under the pen-name of "Porte Crayon," the contribution to that periodical of a number of serial and short articles on American subjects, which continued until about 1877. These were all copiously illustrated by his own hand, and the happy combination of pen and pencil procured for him a national reputation among the writers of his time.

His principal books were 'Virginia Illustrated,' published in book form by the Harpers; 'The Blackwater Chronicle'; 'A Summer in New England'; 'A Winter In the South'; 'North Carolina Illustrated'; 'The Mountains'; and 'Personal Recollections of the War.'

His wife died in 1859, and in 1861 he married Mary Elliot Hunter,

of Charles Town, Virginia, now West Virginia, by whom he had two sons, David Hunter and John.

At the beginning of the war Mr. Strother joined the National Army with the rank of Captain and was attached to the Topographical Corps, for which his knowledge of Eastern theaters of war, acquired during hunting and pedestrian excursions in his youth, particularly fitted him. In this capacity he served in the Patterson campaign in the Valley of the Shenandoah, on the staff of General McClellan at Ball's Bluff, on that of General Banks in the Valley, and on that of General Pope in the second Bull Run campaign. At this time he was commissioned Lieutenant-colonel of the Third West Virginia Cavalry and later Colonel of the same regiment. In the autumn of 1862 he was again on McClellan's staff at South Mountain and Antietam, and later accompanied General Banks to Louisiana, where he served on the Bayou Tesche and at Port Hudson. Returning North in 1863, he served under General Kelley as Chief of Cavalry, and in 1864 was on the staff of Sigel in the Shenandoah Valley and on that of his kinsman, General David Hunter, on the Lynchburg raid; and at the close of the war, having passed through thirty-odd battles and skirmishes unwounded, he was mustered out with the rank of Brevet Brigadier-general of Volunteers, until 1866 serving as Adjutant-general of the State of Virginia, then retiring to his home at Berkeley Springs, West Virginia, to resume his favorite occupations of art and literature.

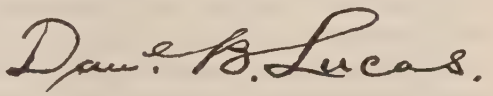
In 1879 he was appointed by President Hayes Consul-general to Mexico, with residence at the capitol, and in this position was instrumental in securing the recognition by the United States of the Diaz government, then not long in power. In 1885 he was relieved from these duties by President Cleveland, and returned to Charles Town, West Virginia, where he resided until his death on March 8, 1888.

To General Strother, as an author, belongs the credit of having introduced to the American public, with pen and pencil, the genuine Southern Negro. Comparing his sketches with any other representations, one soon discovers the original genius which recommended Strother over all other artists in his own peculiar field.

His adventures as a young man, around and about Virginia, are well worth preserving, and we shall owe a debt of gratitude to the historian who will secure them to us in their original fidelity and humor.

He lived the greater part of his life at Berkeley Springs, and at the Centennial of Berkeley County (1877), at the invitation of the Honorable Charles James Faulkner, Sr., General Strother delivered an address, in which he pointed out very clearly the two strains of origin

that characterize the Valley: that from Pennsylvania and that from Virginia. For example, the Strothers and the Hunters, were on one side, the Washingtons and the Seldens on the other; one being Scotch-Irish and the other Virginia Cavaliers. They were all equally brave, many of them gifted. But it was reserved for General Strother to be first to employ his pen in the sketches of Virginia scenery, many points of which have now become quite familiar to the traveler through the old State. Beginning at Harper's Ferry, and going south to the Natural Bridge and the Ozark Mountain, the scenes of extraordinary beauty, now well-known, were all celebrated for the first time through the pencil of "Porte Crayon."



VIRGINIA HOSPITALITY

From 'Virginia Illustrated.'

Our hero was relieved from hearing further reminiscences of his early friend by the approach of an elderly gentleman, whose dress and deportment, to the practiced eye, showed him to be one of the lords of the soil.

"Your servant, Sir. Traveling, I presume? Returning from the Springs?"

"I have been making an excursion in the mountains; have visited the principal watering-places; and am now homeward bound: —— County, on the banks of the Potomac."

"A Virginian, Sir, of course? Happy to make your acquaintance. My name is Hardy, at your service."

"And mine, Sir, is Crayon."

"Indeed! bless my soul! I am delighted to hear it. You must be a relative of my wife. That was her maiden name. Spells it *C-r-a-n-e*."

"Our family spell the name *C-r-a-y-o-n*."

"All Frenchified nonsense. Your father didn't know how to spell, young man. But you must go to my house, and make it your home while you remain in this part of the country—several weeks of course. Mrs. Hardy will be delighted to see you. We are a great people for blood."

Crayon intimated that his plans did not admit of his remaining longer than that night; and, besides, he had a party of ladies with him.

Squire Hardy's countenance brightened.

"Ladies! So much the better; my girls will be delighted to see their cousins. Tom, get my buggy immediately;" and the squire drove off in hot haste.

"The old gentleman is gone," said Crayon, rather mystified by this manoeuvre.

"Bless your soul, Sir," said the host, with a sad smile, "he'll be back directly. He's not going to let you off. This is a poor place, Sir, for my business, Sir. There's not much travel at best; and when I do get a genteel customer, I can't keep him on account of Squire Hardy and the like of him. He only lives two miles from town, keeps a much better tavern than I do, and nothing to pay, and good liquor into the bargain."

In a marvelous short time a carriage drove up, and the old gentleman, with two bouncing daughters, stepped out. The ladies were presented; the Squire kissed the girls all around, and in an incredibly short space of time, without any particular agency of his own, our hero found himself, bag, baggage, and responsibilities, transferred to the old-fashioned, roomy mansion of the Hardys.

Everybody was delighted. The old lady left off in the middle of a cut of yarn she was winding, to welcome her newly discovered relative, and Crayon was entertained for two hours with the genealogy of the family. It was ascertained beyond a doubt that they were connected, not only on the Crayon side of the house, but likewise on the Hardy side. These interesting discoveries were confirmed next morning by a message from an aged domestic, Aunt Winnie, who informed Mr. Crayon that she had nursed his father, and insisted on receiving a visit from him at her cabin.

Crayon says his father must have been a remarkable child, for he had already heard of some fifty or sixty old women who had nursed him. However, Aunt Winnie was a person of too much importance on the estate to be slighted, and the visit was made in due form next morning. Her little whitewashed cabin stood at no great distance from the "great house,"

and was fitted up with due regard to the comfort of the aged occupant, not forgetting the ornamental, in the shape of highly-colored lithographs and white-fringed curtains.

"Lord bless us!" said the old woman, "don't tell me dis is Mass' Nat's son. Mussy on us! What you got all dat *har* on your face like wild people? Good Lord! Can't tell who de boy looks like on account of dat *har!*"

Crayon smiled at the old nurse's comments, and having made the donation usual on such occasions, turned to depart.

"Thank'ee, young marster; Lord bless you. You'se 'mazin' good lookin' behind, anyhow."

Aunt Winnie was supposed to be upward of a hundred years old, and could count among her descendants children of the fifth generation, one of whom stood at her side when Crayon took a sketch of her. She walked with difficulty, but her eyes were bright, and her other faculties apparently complete. Her memory was good, and her narratives of the olden time replete with interest. One story which she told of revolutionary times is worth preserving:

In one of Tarleton's marauding expeditions into the interior of Virginia, his troops stopped to breakfast at the plantation of old Major Hardy, the father of the present Squire. All those of the household that drew the sword were with the armies of their country, but they had by no means carried with them all the pluck and patriotism.

The good lady received her visitors with such spirit that it seemed she still considered her house her own, and she still appeared to give with haughty hospitality what her unwelcome guests would have taken as a matter of course. The officers who breakfasted in the house were awed into respect by her manner, and her houses and barns were spared a fate that befell many others. But the passage of such a troop was like a visit of the locusts of Egypt. Fodder-stacks had disappeared, granaries were emptied, meat-houses rifled, piggery and poultry-yard silent as the grave. The matron contemplated the devastation with swelling indignation. All gone—all. If they had been Washington's troopers she would have gloried in the sacrifice; but to be forced to feed the host of the oppressor—to give nourishment and strength to those who might soon meet her husband and sons in battle—that was hard indeed.

The negroes had returned from their hiding-places, and stood grouped around, with eyes fixed upon their mistress, but not daring to break the silence. Presently an old Muscovy drake crept out from beneath the corn-house, where he had taken refuge during the Reign of Terror. The sight of this solitary and now useless patriarch was the feather that broke the camel's back. The matron's patience gave way under it.

"Jack," she screamed, "catch that duck!"

With the instinct of obedience, Jack pounced upon the wheezing waddler.

"Now mount that mare—mount instantly!"

With countenance of ashy hue, and staring eyes, Jack obeyed the order.

"Now ride after the troopers—ride for your life. Give my compliments to Colonel Tarleton—mind, to no one else—the officer on the black horse—give him my compliments, and tell him your mistress says he forgot to take that duck."

Away went the messenger at full speed after the retreating cohorts. . . .

"Well, Jack, did you deliver that message?"

"Sartain, Missus."

"To Colonel Tarleton himself?"

"Sartain, Missus."

"And what did he say?"

"He put duck in he wallet, and say he much 'bliged." . . .

The old nurse was not the only character on the estate. The Squire himself was the type of a class found only among the rural population of our Southern States—a class, the individuals of which are connected by a general similarity of position and circumstance, but present a field to the student of man infinite in variety, rich in originality.

As the isolated oak that spreads his umbrageous top in the meadow surpasses his spindling congener of the forest, so does the country gentleman, alone in the midst of his broad estate, outgrow the man of crowds and conventionalities in our cities. The oak may have the advantage in the comparison, as his locality and consequent superiority are permanent. The Squire, out of his own district, we ignore. Whether intrinsically, or simply in default of comparison, at home he is invariably a great man. Such, at least, was Squire Hardy.

Sour and cynical in speech, yet overflowing with human kindness; contemning luxury and expense in dress and equipage, but princely in his hospitality; praising the olden time to the disparagement of the present; the mortal foe of progressionists and fast people in every department; above all, a philosopher of his own school, he judged by the law of Procrustes, and permitted no appeals; opinionated and arbitrary as the Czar, he was sauced by his negroes, respected and loved by his neighbors, led by the nose by his wife and daughters, and the abject slave of his grandchildren.

His house was as big as a barn, and, as his sons and daughters married, they brought their mates home to the old mansion. "It will be time enough for them to hive," quoth the Squire, "when the old box is full."

Notwithstanding his contempt for fast men nowadays, he is rather pleased with any allusion to his own youthful reputation in that line, and not unfrequently tells a good story on himself. We cannot omit one told by a neighbor, as being characteristic of the times and manners forty years ago:

At Culpepper Court-house, or some court-house thereabout, Dick Hardy, then a good-humored, gay young bachelor, and the prime favorite of both sexes, was called upon to carve the pig at the court dinner. The district judge was at the table, the lawyers, justices, and everybody else that felt disposed to dine. At Dick's right elbow sat a militia colonel, who was tricked out in all the pomp and circumstance admitted by his rank. He had probably been engaged on some court-martial, imposing fifty-cent fines on absentees from the last general muster. Howbeit Dick, in thrusting his fork into the back of the pig, bespattered the officer's regimentals with some of the superfluous gravy. "Beg your pardon," said Dick, as he went on with his carving. Now these were times when the war-spirit was high, and chivalry at a premium. "Beg your pardon" might serve as a napkin to wipe the stain from one's honor, but did not touch the question of the greased and spotted regimentals.

The colonel, swelling with wrath, seized a spoon, and deliberately dipping it into the gravy, dashed it over Dick's prominent shirt-frill.

All saw the act, and with open eyes and mouth sat as-

tonished silence, waiting to see what would be done next. The outraged citizen calmly laid down his knife and fork, and looked at his frill, the officer, and the pig, one after another. The colonel, unmindful of the pallid countenance and significant glances of the burning eye, leaned back in his chair, with arms akimbo, regarding the young farmer with cool disdain. A murmur of surprise and indignation arose from the congregated guests. Dick's face turned red as a turkey-gobler's. He deliberately took the pig by the hind legs, and with a sudden whirl brought it down upon the head of the unlucky officer. Stunned by the squashing blow, astounded and blinded with streams of gravy and wads of stuffing, he attempted to rise, but blow after blow from the fat pig fell upon his bewildered head. He seized a carving-knife, and attempted to defend himself with blind but ineffectual fury, and at length, with a desperate effort, rose and took to his heels. Dick Hardy, whose wrath waxed hotter and hotter, followed, belaboring him unmercifully at every step, around the table, through the hall, and into the street, the crowd shouting and applauding.

We are sorry to learn that among this crowd were lawyers, sheriffs, magistrates, and constables; and that even his honor the judge, forgetting his dignity and position, shouted in a loud voice, "Give it to him, Dick Hardy! There's no law in Christendom against basting a man with a roast pig!" Dick's weapon failed before his anger; and when at length the battered colonel escaped into the door of a friendly dwelling, the victor had nothing in his hands but the hind legs of the roaster. He re-entered the dining-room flourishing these over his head, and venting his still unappeased wrath in great oaths.

The company reassembled, and finished their dinner as best they might. In reply to a toast, Hardy made a speech, wherein he apologized for sacrificing the principal dinner-dish, and, as he expressed it, for putting public property to private uses. In reply to this speech a treat was ordered. In those good old days folks were not so virtuous but that a man might have cakes and ale without being damned for it, and it is presumable the day wound up with a spree.

After the Squire got older, and a family grew up around him, he was not always victorious in his contests. For example, a question lately arose about the refurnishing the house. On

their return from a visit to Richmond, the ladies took it into their heads that the parlors looked bare and old-fashioned, and it was decided by them in secret conclave that a change was necessary.

"What!" said he, in a towering passion, "isn't it enough that you spend your time and money in vinegar to sour sweet peaches, and sugar to sweeten crab-apples, that you must turn the house you were born in topsy-turvy? God help us! we've a house with windows to let the light in, and you want curtains to keep it out; we've plastered the walls to make them white, and now you want to paste blue paper over them; we've waxed floors to walk on, and we must pay two dollars a yard for a carpet to save the oak plank! Begone with your nonsense, ye demented jades!"

The Squire smote the oak floor with his heavy cane, and the rosy petitioners fled from his presence laughing. In due time, however, the parlors were furnished with carpets, curtains, paper, and all the fixtures of modern luxury. The ladies were, of course, greatly delighted; and while professing great aversion and contempt for the "tawdry lumber," it was plain to see that the worthy man enjoyed their pleasure as much as they did the new furniture.

THE FALLS OF THE BLACKWATER

From 'The Blackwater Chronicle.'

Such pure, unalloyed charm of soul as we felt that morning, it would be worth any hardship to enjoy. No disturbing thought had any place in the mind. It seemed that we had entered into a new existence, that was one of some land of vision. As for the world we had left, it was as unknown to our thoughts as if we had never heard of it; it was absolutely lapsed from all memory, and nothing but the beauty and the bliss of the untrodden Canaan entered into our hearts.

As for myself—without pretending to speak at all for the Master, or the Signor, or the two hunters—I am certain I had no idea of having ever been born of woman—no idea of having ever known a passion of mortal joy or sorrow: I was some creation of an undiscovered paradise (hitherto undreamed of

even) altogether, for these few hours of a new soul. And it seems to me now, when I revert my thoughts to that morning's exploration of the Blackwater, that all the divinities of old fable must have had their dwelling-place out there; that surely Pan and Faunus dwelt in those wilds; that Diana lived there, and Latmos, on whose top she nightly kissed the boy Endymion, was the mountain that bordered the Blackwater; that Venus—she of the sea—Anadyomene, sometimes left the sea-foam and reposed her charms in the amber flow of the river; that Diana, the huntress, with all her attendant nymphs, pursued those beautiful deer I saw; that the naiads dwelt in the streams, and the sylphs lived in the air, and the dryads and hamadryads in the woods around; that Egeria had her grotto nowhere else but in the Canaan—all the beautiful creations of old poesy, the spirits or gods that now

> No longer lived in the faith of reason—

all were around me in the unknown wild—

> The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
> The fair humanities of old religion,
> The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
> That had their haunts in dale or piny mountains,
> Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
> Or chasms and watery depths.

—Sometimes the fancy has possessed me that I saw Undine sitting in all her beauty by the foam of the little Niagara, the most beautiful of all the falls. Sometimes, too, I have seen Bonny Kilmeney—who was

> As pure as pure could be--

sleeping on the purple and gold-cushioned rocks, even as the Shepherd Poet has so exquisitely created her—her bosom heaped with flowers, and lovely beings of the spirit world infusing their thoughts of heaven into her spotless soul—her

> Joup of the lily sheen,
> Her bonny snood of the birk sae green,
> And those roses, the fairest that ever were seen.

All these images, and many more innumerable, of the creations of the genius of mankind, are associated in my mind,

henceforth and for ever, with the Blackwater; and although I am fully aware that in here giving expression to these fancies, I run some little risk of stamping this historic narrative with the character of fiction, yet the judicious reader will observe that this chronicle was intended in its inception to be an impress of the body and soul of the expedition—the motions and affections of the mind were to be recorded, as well as the motions and affections of the body—therefore he will see that it is all in keeping with the high aim of our undertaking. In accordance, then, with this just view of things, I have no hesitation in writing it down here, that the whole expedition felt themselves in a paradise all the morning; and I will take this occasion to observe in regard to myself especially, that I know something of the joys of this world—have had my reasonable share, and more too, of the joys that comes of passion—but that perfect bliss of the soul—that feeling of entire happiness, which has no taint of our mortal lot in it—which is a beatific, such as an angel ever lives in, I never had any distinct idea of—never anything but a glimmering, vague, mystified conjecture of, until I felt the heaven of that morning down the exquisite stream.

The reader no doubt is a little startled at this apparent extravagance, but let him restrain himself. It is all true, every word of it—as near as any felicities of the English language will convey a meaning; and although he may deem the brain of the chronicler of the expedition a little turned (by thunder, maybe), yet I call confidently upon Mr. Butcut, upon Adolphus, upon the Master of St. Philip's, upon Triptolemus Todd, Esq., upon the Signor, and the two hunters, to say if it does not but poorly convey to their minds the feelings they experienced. Why, Mr. Butcut, forgetful of all his sufferings, grows enthusiastic when he thinks of the Blackwater, even at this day; and Trip chuckles from ear to ear, with a joyous *ugh—uh!* if you but point your finger in the direction of the Alleganies!

While we have stopped to dilate a little on the heavenly delights of the Canaan, the exploring expedition did not stop, but wound its way down the bed of the stream; and presently turning a rocky promontory that jutted from the mountain-side, the Blackwater, some hundred yards ahead, seemed to have disap-

peared entirely from the face of the earth, leaving nothing visible down the chasm through which it vanished, but the tops of fir-trees and hemlocks—and there stood on the perilous edge of a foaming precipice, on a broad rock high above the flood, the Signor Andante (who had gone ahead), demeaning himself like one who had lost his senses, his arms stretched out wide before him, and at the top of his voice (which couldn't be heard for the roar and tumult around him), pouring forth certain extravagant and very excited utterances; all that could be made out of which, as the rest drew close to his side, was something or other about

> —The cataract of Lodore
> Pealing its orisons.

and other fragments of sublime madness about cataracts and waterfalls, to be found at large in the writings of the higher bards.

Not stopping at all to benefit by the poetic and otherwise inspired outpouring of the wild and apparently maddened artist, thus venting himself to the admiring rocks and mountains and tumbling waters around, the expedition stepped out upon the furthest verge and very pinnacle of the foaming battlements, and gazed upon the sight, so wondrous and so wild, thus presented to their astonished eyes.

No wonder that the Signor demeaned himself with so wild a joy; for

> All of wonderful and wild,
> Had rapture for the artist child;

and perhaps in all this broad land of ours, whose wonders are not yet half revealed, no scene more beautifully grand ever broke on the eye of poet or painter, historian or forester. The Blackwater here evidently breaks its way sheer down through one of the ribs of the backbone of the Alleganies. The chasm through which the river forces itself thus headlong tumultuous down, is just wide enough to contain the actual breadth of the stream. On either side, the mountains rise up, almost a perpendicular ascent, to the height of some six hundred feet. They are covered down their sides, to the very edge of the river, with the noblest of firs and hemlocks, and as far as the eye can see, with the laurel in all its most luxuriant growth—

befitting undergrowth to such noble growth of forest, where every here and there some more towering and vast Balsam fir, shows his grand head, like

Caractacus in act to rally his host.

From the brink of the falls, where we now stand, it is a clear pitch of some forty feet. Below, the water is received in a large bowl of some fifteen or twenty feet in depth, and some sixty or eighty feet across. Beyond this, the stream runs narrow for a short distance, bound in by huge masses of rock —some of them cubes of twenty feet—then pitches down another fall of some thirty feet of shelving descent—then on down among other great rocks, laying about in every variety of shape and size—all the time falling by leaps of more or less descent, until it comes to something like its usual level of running before it begins the pitch down the mountain. This level of the stream, however, is but

The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below;

for it leads you to a second large fall, a clear pitch again of some forty feet. From the top of this you look down some two hundred feet more of such shelving falls and leaping descent, as we have described above, until you come again to another short level of the stream. This, in its turn, is the approach to another large fall. Here the river makes a clear leap again of about some thirty feet, into another deep basin; and looking on before you, you see some two hundred feet or more of like shelving falls and rapid rush-down of the stream, as followed upon the other large falls. Getting down below all these, the river having now tumbled headlong down some six hundred feet, more or less, in somewhere about a mile, it makes a bend in its course, along the base of the mountain to the left, and mingles in amber waters with the darker flow of the Cheat: the Cheat some three times the size of the Blackwater; and roaring down between mountains (twelve or fifteen hundred feet sheer up above us), through, not a valley, but a rocky and savage chasm, scarcely wide enough to hold the river.

It will be perceived from this description, that the falls of the Blackwater must be extremely grand, picturesque, and wild in their character. A stream of good size, that breaks down

through one of the bold Allegany Mountains—a fall in the whole, of some six hundred feet, must affect the mind grandly. If, instead of a beautiful little river of some fifty feet in breadth, running some two or three feet deep in the main, it were as large as the Cheat, the predominating sense of the beautiful that now belongs to it, would be lost in the terror it would inspire. As it is, let the floods get out in the mountains —let the snows of winter linger on in the Alleganies into the spring; and all at once let the south wind blow, and the sun returning higher up this way, pour down his rays; then would you behold such a mad rush and tumult of waters, roaring down the Alleganies, as would strike such awe into your soul, as not even Niagara, in all his diffused vastness, could impress you with. But, then, it would be no longer the exquisite Blackwater, filling the mind with so wondrous and wild a sense of beauty, that now makes it a picture, such as no sons of genius, who had once hung it up in the galleries of his brain, would ever take down.

RUTH McENERY STUART

[1856—1917]

EDWIN LEWIS STEVENS

MRS. RUTH McENERY STUART was born in Marksville, Louisiana, the daughter of James McEnery and Mary Routh Stirling, and is thus representative of that strong type of Scotch-Irish stock which has given our country so large a portion of its best citizenship. Both sides of her family have been distinguished in the history of her native state; no less than five of her kinsmen having been governors of Louisiana; and during the last century there has scarcely been a time when the family was not represented in Congress. Her father, a cotton commission merchant of the old days in New Orleans, was born in Limerick, and belonged to a noble family whose estates were confiscated during Cromwell's time. John Stirling, her maternal grandfather ("Sir John" by inherent right) was a sturdy Scot who, when he left his native heath, and came with a colony of his kinsmen to Louisiana, where they invested in land and slaves, proudly repudiated the title, declaring it ill-becoming an American.

Mrs. Stuart was married in 1879 to Mr. Alfred Oden Stuart, a cotton planter of Hempstead County, Arkansas, who died four years later, leaving her with one son, Stirling McEnery Stuart, who recently passed out of life on the threshold of young manhood. After her husband's death, Mrs. Stuart returned to New Orleans, but removed to New York in 1888, since which time she has divided her time between her apartments there and a summer home in the literary and artistic colony of Onteora, in the Catskills. She frequently revisits relatives and friends in her old home State, and has made numerous tours through the country as a "reader," using her own works.

Her career as a writer has gained her a large circle of acquaintances and many near friendships among other writers of prominence, her talents winning a high place in their professional esteem.

On one occasion she served as temporary editor of *Harper's Bazar,* during the vacation of its regular editor, Margaret Sangster, the poet, but, although Mrs. Stuart has several times occupied editorial chairs by courtesy, in periods of transition, she has never desired editorial duties because of their conflicting with creative

work. She is identified with the Barnard, MacDowell and Wednesday Afternoon clubs—all organizations for culture rather than for causes—and composed largely of literary and artistic membership, and their affiliations. Although reared a Presbyterian, Mrs. Stuart has been, in maturity, non-sectarian. She is in favor of suffrage for women, although she would have the qualifications of the American voter raised somewhat above the present level.

Although not the first to treat the negro in fiction, Mrs. Stuart has perhaps been the first to show him in his home life independently of his relations with the white man. Joel Chandler Harris wrote Mrs. Stuart some months before his death: "You have got nearer the heart of the negro than any of us." While she has not painted the negro as a saint or tried to obscure the faults of his race, the reader is ever sensible of a sympathetic pen which depicts him at his worst more as a child, with much to learn, than as a flagrant despiser of the decalogue; and never for a moment has she held him up to ridicule.

In like manner, she treats the Caucasian type which might be designated as the "hill-billy"—the Southern counterpart of the backwoods "Yankee" farmer of the "Old Homestead" type, though not so keen for trade and husbandry.

Mrs. Stuart has sometimes been called "a master of dialects," and while her readers pass from her stories of the negro and the poor whites of the hill-country to the tales dealing with the Latin-American element of New Orleans (these including not only the descendants of the French and Spanish of the romantic old city, but the considerable Italian contingent, and finally, the concomitant Latin-American negro, the last speaking a jargon of commingled French and English, modified by the characteristic African carelessness of enunciation) they feel that she is sure of her ground, knows her people, and is thoroughly familiar with the life and speech which she so sympathetically depicts.

In this rich Southern field Mrs. Stuart discerned a wealth of literary material going to waste. Indeed, she says that when she returns to her native State she always feels the elements of romance in the very air, no matter whether her journeyings take her to the cane-fields of plantations among the bandana folk, or down in old New Orleans among the fields of purple fleur de lis, or beyond to the quadroon environs, where speech and manner are doubly typified in the low-lying swamp-lands and the "Flower of France."

Mrs. Stuart began her writings in 1888, and success met her work from the start. The principal medium of expression which she has so admirably adapted to her purpose is the short story. Recognizing the laws and limitatons of this literary form, as so clearly

laid down by Poe, and having for her object in larger part the study of characterization, she has generally subordinated plot and setting to persons, mental attitudes, and manners of action and speech as revealed in conversation. She has been especially faithful in giving lifelike naturalness to the colloquial speech of both black and white, taking such care in spelling the phonetic representations of the spoken word that even a reader who has never heard an original vocal deliverance of the speech represented will obtain a fairly correct impression of it—all except the drawl. The drawl of the Arkansas "hill-billy" cannot be represented on paper; nor can the soft musical carelessness of the negro's speech—and for this reason, Mrs. Stuart's literary purpose could never have been so fully accomplished without her supplementary work as a "reader," in which she has appeared with great success, reading from her own stories with a simplicity and naturalness that always charms and delights her audiences.

A somewhat generalized statement of Mrs. Stuart's theme, based upon a reading of all her stories, might be simply: Glimpses of Southern Life Just After the Civil War, although many of her studies of these people reach back into the slave days. The *negro-ness* of it is, therefore, clearly seen as a necessity. Not only was the negro brought into portrayal as part of the theme of Southern life, but the backwoods country white man of the "In Simpkinsville" type was no less conspicuous an element to be represented in the picture —and more important. He it was, as with the farmer in all places and times, upon whom depended the return to economic independence through direct application of labor to land and natural resources. The wealthy slave owner of the former time was now in poverty, without the experience of labor with his hands. He had brains, culture, statesmanship and the heroic will that would in a few years assert themselves; and he is in every way an interesting and dominating figure; but Deuteronomy Jones, the drawling, unlearned, but pious, earnest and hard-working backwoods farmer, whose life and character are so clearly read in his exquisite monologues about Sonny, was, in fact, the type of citizen whose simple life and humble labors were to become important factors in the new structure of Southern life. Mrs. Stuart makes no effort to outline the industrial and economic side of the life of either white or black, contenting herself with presenting merely a portrait in each case; but, as in the case of a real portrait, the underlying forces show themselves in the facial expression. What the man's life stands for may, therefore, be pretty well inferred from some simple account of his conduct. Mrs. Stuart has shown a great *penchant* for Christmas stories —which means that she found her theme of Southern life quite well

adapted to presentation through its holiday Christmas phase. It means, besides, her own natural and unconscious optimism through which she sees her South suffused with the roseate glow of sentiment and romance. The anti-Christmas, anti-holiday, unchristianlike or unhappy side of life finds small expression from Mrs. Stuart's pen, for she is everywhere cheerful, looking on the bright side, and turning the flow of her drama away from tragedy and toward wholesome living, lightened by the play of comedy. Good humor shines ever with a mild persistence through all her stories; and elements of fun and wit, of the ludicrous and laughable, are quietly and skilfully wrought through almost every situation. As Charles Dudley Warner has said of her, "Her pictures of Louisiana life, both white and colored, are among the best we have—truthful, humorous and not seldom pathetic, but never overdrawn or sentimental"; and Eugene Field's comment upon the same point was that they are "remarkable for their humanity, naturalness and tenderness and the delicacy and persuasiveness of their humor." Indeed, contemporary critics of Mrs. Stuart's work have invariably accredited her with large human sympathy, broad sanity, keen and delicate humor, and intellectual poise. Almost any of her better-known stories will justify these favorable opinions. Perhaps our author's best and most popular story is 'Sonny,' the inimitable series of seven monologues by Deuteronomy Jones, the backwoods Arkansas farmer. Each chapter is an artistic whole in itself, and the seven together form a consummate group of the seven ages of Sonny. The first, "A Christmas Guest," is a touching and humorous account of his birth, on a moonlit Christmas night—an event in honor of which all the "critters" on the place had to have "an extry feed." But here again we feel the underlying reverence of the writer in her treatment of "the holy mystery of human birth, which comes ever near that greater mystery of which all Christmas days are memorials." These words are her own.

"The Boy" is the title of the second chapter, which affords a glimpse of Sonny's disposition at the age of two, when he would demand whatever he wanted, and if it "wasn't fo'thcomin' *immejate,* why he thess stiffened out in a spell" and wouldn't "come th'ough" till he got it. The third is "Sonny's Christenin'," describing the amusingly absurd situation of the Episcopal rector standing on the front porch and administering the rite of baptism to Sonny perched high in the top of the bean arbor out in the yard and stubbornly refusing to come down—an early instance of *wireless* service.

"Sonny's Schoolin'" and "Sonny's Diploma," the next two chapters, are probably unsurpassed for their simple and homely but

lively and irresistible humor, as they sketch Sonny's career in the three different schools he attended, going from one to the other at his own caprice, while kept on the rolls of all three—a plan that to quote verbatim, was "toler'ble expensive, lookin' at it one way, but lookin' at it another, it don't cost no mo' 'n what it would to edjercate three child'en, which many po' families have to do—*an' mo'* —which in our united mind Sonny's worth 'em all."

"Sonny's Keepin' Company" continues to hold our unflagging interest in all of Sonny's doings, and "Weddin' Presents" fittingly closes the story at the happy epoch—where Sonny has every prospect of "living happily ever afterwards," and where the dear old doting father is "askin' no mo' 'n thess to pass on whenever the good Lord wills." "But, of co'se," he adds, "I ain't in no hurry, an' they's one joy I'd like to feel befo' that time comes. I'd love to hol' Sonny's baby in my ol' arms an' to see thet the good ol' name o' Jones has had safe transportation into one mo' generation of honest folks." The closing sentence of the book is so characteristic of both writer and her mellow old hero, Sonny's father, that one cannot forbear giving it here:

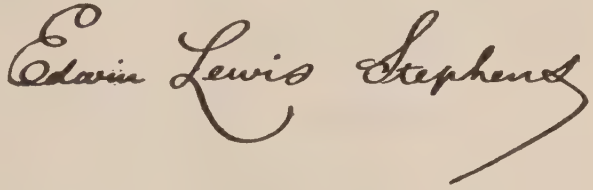
"An' when I imagine myself a-settin' there with one little one a-climbin' over me while the rest swings away, why, seem like a person don't no mo' 'n realize he's a descendant befo' he's a' ancestor."

One of the best of the "studies in color" is Napoleon Jackson, the Gentleman of the Plush Rocker.' Its opening sentence—"The picture of the family group of Rose Ann, washerwoman, as gathered almost any day at her cabin door, was a pictorial expression of the great story of her life—its romance, its tragedy, and, fortunately for all concerned, its comedy"—is an admirable first sentence, epitomizing not only the character of the story about to be unfolded, but also the larger story it represents—the story of the simple, careless, happy, workful-playful life of the negro cabin of the period following the Civil War. The story turns upon the humorously exaggerated idleness of Rose Ann's husband, Napoleon Jackson, who, in striking contrast with the industrious hard-working Rose Ann, does nothing but loll and doze in a comfortable red-plush-lined Morris chair which Rose Ann had acquired as a premium for sixty soap coupons, saved up especially for this purpose. Though only fifty of the "soap-papers" were enough to entitle her to a sewing-machine, Rose Ann persevered and fainted not till the goal of the luxurious chair was won. "Yas, an' 'Poleon sho was proud an' happy when he see me pass de sewin-machine notch an' save up to de rocker. He sho was!" The story unrolls a *moving picture* of washtub scenes with piccaninnies around, negro laughter, talk, play, singing, dancing, working, shirking, idleness and superstitious fear

of "sperrits," and closes with a dramatic and humorous mock-trial of Napoleon Jackson for "vagrancy," in which Rose Ann's stout defence of her husband, pleading that she had married "for love an' not for labor," proved a winning argument. And the evidence of old "Granny Shoshone" is equally convincing, for when asked how long she had known the prisoner, she said: "I been knowed him sence his mammy was a baby. An' fust an' fo'most," she continued, "I know 'Poleon don't work beca'se he can't he'p hisse'f. He *can't* work. His mammy—why, you-all chillen, you 'member his mammy, ole 'Hoodoo Jane!' She was a hard worker, an' when she labored so hard for her las' marster, Eben Dowds, Jedge Mo'house's Yankee overseer wha' bought him out, she was so overdriv dat she swo' dat de chile dat was gwine come to her th'ough all dat endurin' labor shouldn't nuver lay a han' to a plow. *She marked him for rest.* She say she sho was gwine to leave one rockin'-cheer nigger to take her place when she died, an' she done it. An' I'm her witness to-day befo' Gord. An' 'Poleon's daddy, he nuver worked. He was ole man Dzugloo. He was a Af'ican Prince, so he say. Well, Napoleon heah he's ole Dzugloo's chile on his daddy's side, an' Hoodoo Jane's on his mammy's side, an' he ain't got no workin' blood in him." Following these two stories in excellence and popularity, in a somewhat doubtful order of precedence, are 'A Golden Wedding,' 'In Simpkinsville,' 'Moriah's Mourning,' 'The Woman's Exchange,' 'The Story of Babette,' 'Camelia Riccardo,' 'Carlotta's Intended,' and 'The River's Children.' In the three last named is illustrated the author's facility with the Latin-American dialects, which is perhaps quite equal to her technique in the Arkansas and African modes of this "illiterature." There is one little touch in dialect which we believe Mrs. Stuart alone has given, and that is the verisimilitude of emphasis to be obtained at times by italicizing the preposition *to,* as in the words of Miss Sophia Falena Simpkins: "Tell the truth, Sis, what *to* do I *don't* know." Another instance is when Bud Zunts said: "He knowed there wasn't but one person I'd keer *to* git a love-letter from." This is a common emphasis of this word in unlettered speech, but is only rarely represented in print.

'The Unlived Life of Little Mary Ellen' has been adjudged by some able critics as Mrs. Stuart's best story, though it is by no means the most representative, being wholly unusual, and containing tragic elements. It is the story of an exceptional psychologic situation arising from the hallucination of a young woman deserted at the altar; being impressed with the idea that she was duly married, she in due time imagines herself a mother—a large doll taking the place, to her disordered mind, of a living child, upon which she lavishes a

mother's affection. It is treated with all tenderness, reverence and pathos, and although the writer even dares to introduce or rather acknowledge the comedy which irresistibly plays with so bleak a tragedy, she carries the story to its pathetic conclusion with masterly art.



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SONNY—A CHRISTMAS GUEST

(A MONOLOGUE)

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A BOY, you say, doctor? An' she don't know it yet? Then what 're you tellin' *me* for? No, sir—take it away. I don't want to lay my eyes on it till she's saw it—not if I *am* its father. She's its *mother,* I reckon!

Better lay it down somew'eres, an' go to *her*—not there on the rockin'-cheer, for somebody to set on—'n' not on the trunk, please. That ain't none o' yo' ord'nary new-born bundles, to be dumped on a box that 'll maybe be opened sudden d'rec'ly for somethin' needed, an' be dropped ag'in' the wall-paper behind it.

It's hers, whether she knows it or not. *Don't,* for *gracious* sakes, lay 'im on the *table! Anybody* knows *that's* bad luck.

You think it might bother her on the bed? She's that bad? An' they ain't no fire kindled in the settin'-room, to lay it in there.

S-i-r? Well, yas, I—I reck'n I'll *haf* to hold it, ef you say so—that is—of co'se—

Wait, doctor! *Don't* let go of it *yet!* Lordy! but I 'm thess *shore* to drop it! Lemme set down first, doctor, here by the fire an' git het th'ugh. Not yet! My ol' shin-bones stan' up thess like a pair o' dog-irons. Lemme bridge 'em over first 'th somethin' soft. That'll do. She patched that quilt herself. Hold on a minute, 'tel I git the aidges of it under my ol' boots, to keep it f'om saggin' down in the middle.

There, now! Merciful goodness, but I never! I'd ruther trus' myself with a whole playin' fountain in blowed glass 'n sech ez this.

Stoop down there, doctor, please, sir, an' shove the end o' this quilt a leetle further under my foot, won't you? Ef it was to let up sudden, I would n't have no more lap 'n what any other fool man 's got.

'N' now—you go to *her.*

I 'd feel a heap safeter ef this quilt was nailed to the flo' on each side o' my legs. They 're trimblin' so I dunno what minute my feet 'll let go their holt.

An' she don't know it yet! An' he layin' here, dressed up in all the little clo'es she sewed! She mus' be purty bad. I dunno, though; maybe that 's gen'ally the way.

They 're keepin' mighty still in that room. Blessed ef I don't begin to feel 'is warmth in my ol' knee-bones! An' he's a-breathin' thess ez reg'lar ez that clock, on'y quicker. Lordy! An' she don't know it yet! An' he a boy! He taken that after the Joneses; we 've all been boys in our male branch. When that name strikes, seem like it comes to stay. Now for a girl—

Wonder if he ain't covered up mos' too close-t. Seems like he snuffles purty loud—for a beginner.

Doctor! *oh,* doctor! I say, *doctor!*

Strange he don't hear—'n' I don't like to holler no louder. Wonder ef she could be worse? Ef I could thess reach somethin' to knock with! I dares n't lif' my foot, less'n the whole business 'd fall through.

Oh, doc'! Here he comes now—*Doctor,* I say, don't you think maybe he's covered up too—

How 's *she,* doctor? "Thess the same," you say? 'n' she don't know yet—about him? "In a couple o' hours," you say? Well, don't lemme keep you, doctor. But, tell me, don't you think maybe he's covered up a leetle too close-t?

That 's better. An' now I 've saw him befo' she did! An' I did n't want to, neither.

Poor leetle, teenchy, weenchy bit of a thing! Ef he ain't the *very* littlest! Lordy, Lordy, Lor*dy!* But I s'pose all thet 's needed in a baby is a startin'-p'int big enough to hol' the fam'ly ch'*rac*teristics. I s'pose maybe he is, but the po' little thing mus' feel sort o' scrouged with 'em, ef he 's got 'em all —the Joneses' an' the Simses'. Seem to me he favors her a little thess aroun' the mouth.

An' she don't know it yet!

Lord! But my legs ache like ez if they was bein' wrenched off. I 've got 'em on sech a strain, somehow. An' he on'y a half hour ol', an' two hours mo' 'fo' I can budge! Lord, Lord! how *will* I stand it!

God bless 'im! Doc! He 's a-sneezin'! Come quick! Shore ez I 'm here, he snez twice-t!

Don't you reckon you better pile some mo' wood on the fire an'—

What 's that you say? "Fetch 'im along"? An' has she ast for 'im? Bless the Lord! I say. But a couple of you 'll have to come help me loosen up 'fo' I can stir, doctor.

Here, you stan' on that side the quilt, whiles I stir my foot to the flo' where it won't slip—an' Dicey—where 's that nigger Dicey? You Dicey, come on here, an' tromp on the other side o' this bedquilt till I h'ist yo' young marster up on to my shoulder.

No, you don't take 'im neither. I 'll tote 'im myself.

Now, go fetch a piller till I lay 'im on it. That 's it. And now git me somethin' stiff to lay the piller on. There! That lapboa'd 'll do. Why did n't I think about that befo'? It 's a heap safeter 'n my ole knee-j'ints. Now, I 've got 'im *se*cure. *Wait,* doctor—hold on! I 'm afeerd you 'll haf to ca'y 'im in to her, after all. I 'll cry ef I do it. I 'm trimblin' like ez ef I had a' ager, thess a-startin' in with 'im—an' seein' me give way might make her nervous. You take 'im to her, and lemme come in sort o' unconcerned terreckly, after she an' him 've kind o' got acquainted. Dast you hold 'im that-a-way, doctor, 'thout no support to 'is spinal colume? I s'pose he *is* too sof' to snap, but I would n't resk it. Reckon I can slip in the other do' where she won't see me, an' view the meetin'.

Yas; I 'm right here, honey! (The idea o' her a-callin' for me—an' *him* in 'er arms!) I 'm right here, honey—*mother!* Don't min' me a-cryin'! I 'm all broke up, somehow; but don't you fret. I 'm right here by yo' side on my knees, in pure thankfulness.

Bless His name, I say! You know he 's a boy, don't yer? I been a holdin' 'im all day—'t least ever sence they dressed 'im, purty nigh a' hour ago. An' he 's slep'—an' waked up—an' yawned—an' snez—an' wunk—an' sniffed—'thout me say-

in' a word. Opened an' shet his little fist, once-t, like ez ef he craved to shake hands, howdy! He cert'n'y does perform 'is functions wonderful.

Yas, doctor; I 'm a-comin', right now.

Go to sleep now, honey, you an' him, an' I 'll be right on the spot when needed. Lemme whisper to her thess a minute, doctor?

I thess want to tell you, honey, thet you never, even in yo' young days, looked ez purty to my eyes ez what you do right now. An' that boy is *yo' boy,* an' I ain't a-goin' to lay no mo' claim to 'im 'n to see thet you have yo' way with 'im—you hear? An' now good night, honey, an' go to sleep.

They was n't nothin' lef' for me to do but to come out here in this ol' woodshed where nobody would n't see me ac' like a plumb baby.

An' now, seem like I *can't* git over it! The idee o' me, fifty year ol', actin' like this!

An' she knows it! An' she 's got *'im—a boy*—layin' in the bed 'longside 'er.

"Mother an' child doin' well!" Lord, Lord! How often I 've heerd that said! But it never give me the all-overs like it does now, some way.

Guess I 'll gether up a' armful o' wood, an' try to act unconcerned—an' laws-a-mercy me! Ef—to-day—ain't—been—Christmas! My! my! my! An' it come an' gone befo' I remembered!

I 'll haf to lay this wood down ag'in *an' think.*

I 've had many a welcome Christmas gif' in my life, but the idee o' the good Lord a-timin' *this* like that!

Christmas! An' a boy! An' she doin' well!

No wonder that ol' turkey-gobbler sets up on them rafters blinkin' at me so peaceful! He knows he 's done passed a critical time o' life.

You 've done crossed another bridge safe-t, ol' gobbly, an' you can *afford* to blink—an' to set out in the clair moonlight, 'stid o' roostin' back in the shadders, same ez you been doin'.

You was to 've died by ax-ident las' night, but the new

visitor thet 's dropped in on us ain't cut 'is turkey teeth yet, an' his mother—

Lord, how that name sounds! Mother! I hardly know 'er by it, long ez I been tryin' to fit it to 'er—an' fearin' to, too, less'n somethin' might go wrong with either one.

I even been callin' him "it" to myself all along, so 'feerd thet ef I set my min' on either the "he" or the "she" the other one might take a notion to come—an' I did n't want any disappointment mixed in with the arrival.

But now he 's come—*an'* registered, ez they say at the polls—I know I sort o' counted on the boy, some way.

Lordy! but he 's little! Ef he had n't 'a' showed up so many of his functions spontaneous, I 'd be oneasy less'n he might n't have 'em; but they 're there! Bless goodness, they 're there!

An' he snez presac'ly, for all the world, like my po' ol' pap—a reg'lar little cat sneeze, thess like all the Joneses.

Well, Mr. Turkey, befo' I go back into the house, I 'm a-goin' to make you a solemn promise.

You go free till about this time next year, *anyhow*. You an' me 'll celebrate the birthday between ourselves with that contrac'. You need n't git oneasy Thanksgivin', or picnic-time, or Easter, or no other time 'twixt this an' nex' Christmas—less'n, of co'se, you stray off an' git stole.

An' this here reprieve, I want you to understand, is a present from the junior member of this firm.

Lord! but I 'm that tickled! This here wood ain't much needed in the house—the wood-boxes 're all full—but I can't *de*vise no other excuse for vacatin'—thess at this time.

S'pose I *might* gether up some eggs out 'n the nestes, but it 'd look sort o' flighty to go egg-huntin' here at midnight—an' he not two hours ol'.

I dunno, either, come to think; she might need a new-laid egg—sof' b'iled. Reckon I 'll take a couple in my hands—an' one or two sticks o' wood—an' I 'll draw a bucket o' water too—an' tote *that* in.

Goodness! but this back yard is bright ez day! Goin' to be a clair, cool night—moon out, full an' white. Ef this ain't the *stillest* stillness!

Thess sech a night, for all the world, I reckon, ez the first Christmas, when He come—

> When shepherds watched their flocks by night,
> All seated on the ground,
> The angel o' the Lord come down,
> An' glory shone around—

thess like the hymn says.

The whole o' this back yard is full o' glory this minute. Th' ain't nothin' too low down an' mean for it to shine on, neither—not even the well-pump or the cattle-trough—'r the pig-pen—or even me.

Thess look at me, covered over with it! An' how it does shine on the roof o' the house where they lay—her an' him!

I suppose that roof has shined that-a-way frosty nights 'fo' to-night; but some way I never seemed to see it.

Don't reckon the creakin' o' this windlass could disturb her—or him.

Reckon I might go turn a little mo' cotton-seed in the troughs for them cows—an' put some extry oats out for the mules an' the doctor's mare—an' onchain Rover, an' let 'im stretch 'is legs a little. I 'd like everything on the place to know *he's* come, an' to feel the diff'ence.

Well, now I 'll load up—an' I do hope nobody won't notice the *re*dic'lousness of it.

You say she 's asleep, doctor, an' th' ain't nothin' mo' needed to be did—an' yo' 're goin'!

Don't, for gracious sakes! go, doctor, an' leave me! I won't know what on top o' the round earth to do, ef—ef—You know she—she might wake up—or he!

You say Dicey she knows. But she 's on'y a nigger, doctor. Yes; I know she 's had exper'ence with the common run o' babies, but—

Lemme go a' set down this bucket, an' lay this stick o' wood on the fire, an' put these eggs down, so 's I can talk to you free-handed.

Step here to the do', doctor. I say, doc, ef it 's a question o' the size o' yo' bill, you can make it out to suit yo'self—or, I'll tell you what I 'll do. You stay right along here a day

or so—tell to-morrer or nex' day, anyhow—an' I 'll sen' you a whole bale o' cotton—an' you can sen' back any change you see fit—or none—*or none,* I say. Or, ef you 'd ruther take it out in pertaters an' corn an' sorghum, thess say so, an' how much of each.

But *what?* "It would n't be right? Th' ain't no use," you say? An' you 'll *shore* come back to-morrer? Well. But, by the way, doctor, did you know to-day was Christmas? Of co'se I might 've knew you did—but *I* never. An' now it seems to me like Christmas, an' Fo'th o' July, an' "Hail Columbia, happy lan'," all b'iled down into one big jubilee!

But tell me, doctor, confidential—sh!—step here a leetle further back—tell me, don't you think he 's to say a leetle bit undersized? Speak out, ef he is.

Wh—how 'd you say? "Mejum," eh? Thess mejum! An' they do come even littler yet? An' you say mejum babies 're thess ez liable to turn out likely an' strong ez over-sizes, eh? Mh-hm! Well, I reckon you *know*—an' maybe the less they have to contend with at the start the better.

Oh, thanky, doctor! Don't be afeerd o' wrenchin' my wris'! A thousand thankies! Yo' word for it, he 's a fine boy! An' you 've inspected a good many, an' of co'se you know—yas, yas! Shake ez hard ez you like—up an' down—up an' down!

An' now I 'll go git yo' horse—an' don't ride 'er too hard to-night, 'cause I 've put a double po'tion of oats in her trough awhile ago. The junior member he give instructions that everything on the place was to have a' extry feed to-night—an' of co'se I went and obeyed orders.

Now—'fo' you start, doctor—I ain't got a thing stronger 'n raspberry corjal in the house—but ef you'll drink a glass o' that with me? (Of co'se he will!)

She made this 'erself, doctor—picked the berries an' all—an' I raised the little sugar thet 's in it. Well, good-night, doctor! To-morrer, shore!

Sh-h!

How that do'-latch does click! Thess like thunder!

Sh-h! Dicey, you go draw yo' pallet close-t outside the do', an' lay down—an' I 'll set here by the fire an' keep watch.

How my ol' stockin'-feet do tromp! Do lemme hurry an' set down! Seem like this room 's awful rackety, the fire a-poppin' an' tumblin', an' me breathin' like a porpoise. Even the clock ticks ez excited ez I feel. Wonder how they sleep through it all! But they do. He beats her a-snorin' a'ready, blest ef he don't! Wonder ef he knows he 's born into the world, po' little thing! I reckon not; but they 's no tellin' Maybe that 's the one thing the good Lord gives 'em *to* know, so 's they 'll realize what to begin to study about—theirselves an' the world—how to fight it an' keep friends with it at the same time. Ef I could giggle an' sigh both at once-t, seem like I 'd be relieved. Somehow I feel sort o' tight 'roun' the heart —an' wide awake an'—

How that clock *does* travel—an' how they all keep time, he—an' she—an' it—an' me—an' the fire roa'in' up the chimbley, playin' a tune all around us like a' organ, an' he—an' she—an' he—an' it—an' he—an'—

Blest ef I don't hear singing—an' how white the moonlight is! They 's angels all over the house—an' their robes is breshin' the roof whilst they sing—

His head had fallen. He was dreaming.

CONSECRATION

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Were I a crevice in a crumbling wall,
  Mayhap some bird would let me hold her nest;
  O blessed consciousness of home and rest!
  I'd feel the throbbing of her tender breast
And hear her answer to her fond mate's call.

Or, failing this, I'd be the empty space;
  'Twere better than a fullness less than best,
  And reverent longing for a homeless guest
  Would fill me, till my emptiness were blest:
Where welcome waits is ne'er a cheerless place.

* * * * * *

To be the darkness when the lamp is out—
To free tired eyes from tyranny of light
Which limits them to trivial things of sight—
To hold the kiss of Love and know no fright—
O blessed darkness, thou art Love's redoubt!

I'd be the dark, earth's confidence to own;
The venerable darkness, first to hear
God's spoken word, and, trembling, disappear;
The first His clemency to know—to wear,
In equal reign with Light, a star-gemmed crown.

* * * * * *

I'd be the silence, rather than the song—
The stillness which abides when it is sung;
And, better than the sun, its moons among,
I'd be the azure space in which are flung
All constellations which to God belong.

* * * * * *

I'd be that last abstraction which abides,
Diffused, invisible, through time and space—
Which tints the roses—holds the stars in place—
Which shines in radiance from a mother's face,
And, shy as opal flame, illumes the bride's.

I'd be the stir of life within the clod
When it conceives the image of a flower;
I'd be the throbbing secret of the bower;
Yes, *I'd be Love—my nothingness all power:*
But wait! How dare one say, "I would be GOD!"

* * * * * *

BEAUTY-LAND

(A LULLABY)

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Kiver up yo' eye, my baby, wid yo mammy's sleeve,
When de windy elemints is callin' out aloud,
Dat 's de way de stars dey go to sleep, I do believe:
Mammy Night she kivers up her babies wid a cloud.

White mama, lady mama, she 's so mighty gay,
Beauty 's boun' to dance at de ball;
But black mammy, nigger mammy, ain't a-gwine away,
Nuver leave 'er sleepin' baby 't all.

All about in Slumber-lan' dey's beauty layin' 'roun'—
Layin' loose, a-waitin' for de chillen to come in;
Yisterday my baby went, an' what you think she foun'
But dem creases in 'er wris'es an' dat dimple in 'er chin?

White mama, lady mama, she 's so mighty gay,
Satins boun' to rustle at de ball;
But black mammy, nigger mammy, nuver gwine away—
Ain't expected nowhar else at all.

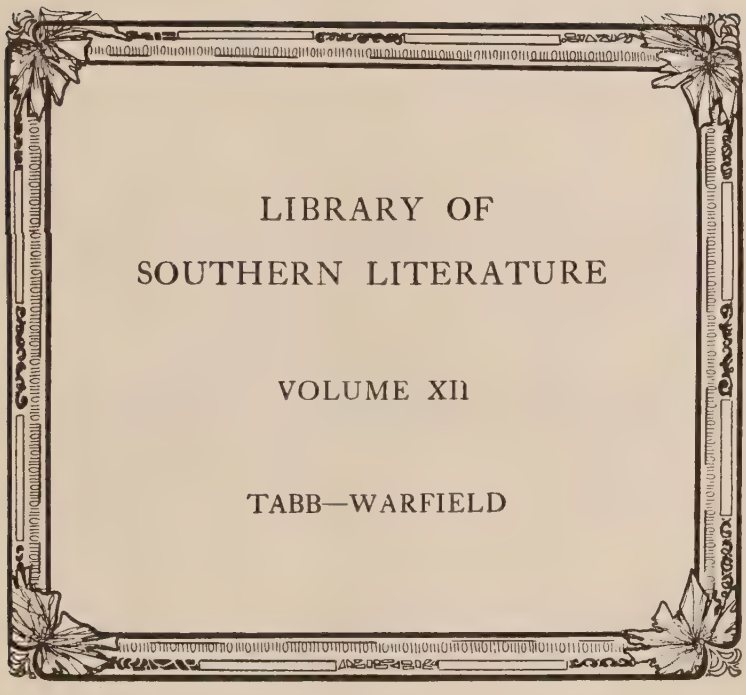
Lady mama walked in Beauty's garden as a babe;
Same ole nigger mammy settin' watchin' at de gate,
Trusted wid de treasure dough dey say she was a slabe—
Oh, chillen, quit yo' foolin', 'caze de times is gittin' late!

White mama, lady mama, she 's so mighty gay,
Boun' to grace de 'casion at de ball;
But black mammy, nigger mammy, ain't a-gwine away,
No, sir, Mister Angel, don't you call.

Baby 's gone to Beauty-lan'—de pinky gates is shet—
So mammy gwine a-noddin', too, to gyardens in de sky,
To view de heavenly mansions whar de golden streets is set,
An' mammy an' her babies will be gethered, by an' by.

Refrain of first stanza.

STONEWALL JACKSON



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TABB—WARFIELD

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JOHN BANISTER TABB

[1845—1909*]

WILLIAM HAND BROWNE

WHEN the American colonists had severed the ties that held them in political subservience to the mother country, and, after about a quarter of a century of indecision, addressed themselves to producing a distinctly American literature, one would have expected this to be characterized by rude vigor, defiance of tradition, and almost lawless impatience of restraint. On the contrary, the bent of this literature, and especially of such poetry as deserves the name, was distinguished by a striving for finish and refinement. Throughout the Nineteenth Century the passion for perfection of form and expression is noticeable in all our poets; but it is perhaps most conspicuous, and we may almost say hereditary, in those of the South, even where differing as much in other respects as do Timrod, Hayne, and Lanier. This perfection within self-imposed limitations, no Southern poet has more nearly attained than the poet-priest, John B. Tabb.

John Banister Tabb was born March 22, 1845, on the old family homestead, "The Forest" (since destroyed by fire) in Amelia County, Virginia.

In his early boyhood a keen interest in literature, especially poetry, was awakened in him, the first impulse coming from a friend of the family, Colonel Frank G. Ruffin, who one morning read to him from Wordsworth and Hood. That single reading was like a revelation to him, and the impression never faded. Somewhat later, his brother, William Barksdale, (an alumnus of the University of Virginia) led him to Tennyson and Poe.

Young Tabb was passionately fond of music, and in this he received encouragement and instruction from a friend, Mrs. Judith C. Blair, of Lexington, Virginia, with whom also music was a passion. Though there was no kinship between them, he always called her "Aunt Judith" as a sign of affection. This lady also took a warm and sympathetic interest in the youth's early attempts in literature.

He had always suffered from a weakness of the eyes, and in his twelfth year consulted an oculist, who found in them an imperfection which science could not remedy.

Young Tabb's early days glided peacefully on at his country home

*Father Tabb, as he was lovingly known by all, without regard to creed, died at St. Charles College on November 19, 1909.

until the outbreak of the Civil War convulsed the South and broke up social conditions which have no counterpart in history, which never can return, and which not many now can understand—the life of the Southern planter.

Young Tabb's defective sight disqualified him for the army, but he entered the Confederate service as captain's clerk on the C.S. Steamer *Robert E. Lee.* In June, 1864, having passed the blockading fleet more than twenty times, always in danger, and sometimes under fire, he was captured off Beaufort, North Carolina, by the U.S. Steamer *Keystone State,* and sent a prisoner to Point Lookout, Maryland. It was in this period of captivity that he made the acquaintance of a fellow-prisoner, Sidney Lanier, being first attracted by the music of his flute. Congenial tastes and feelings drew together these two poet-souls, and a friendship grew up between them which never was broken until Lanier's death.

Released in 1865, young Tabb found himself in the hard circumstances with which most Southerners had to contend. Even where the lands had not been confiscated, nor homes ravaged, the whole system of society had been broken up; there was no labor to work the plantations, and the infamous "Reconstruction" government with ingenious malignity pursued a systematic policy of frustrating all attempts of the people to better their condition. The problem, how to live, became a most serious one.

Young Tabb was especially handicapped by the trouble with his eyes; but something had to be done. He pursued the study of music for more than a year, but later took up the calling of a teacher, for which, as his later life has shown, he was admirably qualified. Gradually he became convinced that his true vocation was the Church, and he entered upon studies preparatory to taking orders in the Episcopal Church; but these studies led him to the path which had been followed by Newman, and in 1872 he was received into the Catholic fold. After two years' study at St. Charles College, Maryland, he was appointed teacher of English in that institution, a position which he still holds. In 1884 he received priest's orders.

His sight has now failed entirely, but the loss nowise abates the sunny cheerfulness of his spirit.

Father Tabb's poems are all short, few extending beyond the limits of the sonnet, while many are still briefer, a favorite form being the quatrain. Many poets, when they seize a thought, are apt to expand and develop it, as a musician develops a theme; Tabb condenses it, many of his poems consisting of a single simile or metaphor expressed in perfect phrase. Critics have aptly called them "cameos"—the most delicate art in the smallest compass. Rounded and complete, they are like dew-drops on the jewel-weed, each per-

fect, and each distinct. In their tenderness and simplicity they remind one of Simonides or Meleager; but the faith of the Christian gives a depth which the pagan could not attain. For the Greek poet there was nothing beyond—no symbolism of a life beyond the veil. Tender memories remained, but the threads of sympathy broke off at the grave.

Father Tabb, like Wordsworth, is a poet of nature, but he does not lose himself in the vision. Lovely in themselves, to him the aspects of nature are far more lovely as symbols. To him, as to Berkeley, nature is a language in which God speaks to man, the poet being the interpreter. And the nature which is ever present in his memory is that of his native Virginia—its gentle hills, wide expanses, and "smooth-sliding" streams; its trees and flowers and birds. Who that has ever heard the unforgetable call of the killdee at twilight, or the liquid fluting of the wood-robin, will not feel his heart swell as the poet brings them back to memory? So intimate are they that one doubts whether any reader can feel the full beauty of these nature-touches who does not know the land that inspired them.

But, beautiful as is the symbol, it is not the symbol, but the suggested thought, that is the poem. For instance:

> Where limpid waters lie between,
> There only heaven to heaven is seen:
> Where flows the tide of human tears,
> There only heart to heart appears.

Often the thought suggests the symbol, as in this quatrain on a babe dying in winter:

> Niva, Child of Innocence,
> Dust to dust *we* go;
> Thou, when winter wooed thee hence,
> Wentest snow to snow.

But we shall fall short in our judgment if we look upon the poet merely as one who seizes a delicate or tender fancy and embodies it in a stanza. Detached as these poems seem, under them lies a profound unity—a philosophy felt, not formulated. When St. Francis addressed not birds and beasts alone but inanimate things as his brothers and sisters, he did not mean merely that they were creatures of the same Creator. And to Father Tabb (as it seems to me) the lark and the golden-rod are not merely objects perceived by the senses, but, like ourselves, they live and have their being in God.

The more purely devotional poems, dealing with the mysterious and sacred things of his faith, are not within the province of merely literary criticism. But, as we might expect, it is the tenderer and

more human aspect of things divine that appeals to him most strongly: the Holy Babe as the type of infant innocence and His Mother as the type of motherhood. Many of these poems treat of children and childhood, and always with an ineffable tenderness and almost reverence, as if some light from the manger at Bethlehem shone about each baby head.

Poetry of this kind demands a very refined technique, and that of Father Tabb, within his self-imposed limitations, seems absolutely perfect. He attempts no innovations or audacities; his measures and rhythms are simple and familiar. The phrase is always the right phrase, which cannot be bettered; the diction pure, direct, and noble.

The poet Herrick, whose best work in delicacy and felicity of phrase is not unlike Father Tabb's, was also threatened with loss of sight, and cheerfully alludes to his failing vision:

"I begin to wane in sight—
Shortly I shall bid good-night;
Then no gazing more about,
When the tapers all are out."

Father Tabb bears his privations with equal serenity, but with graver thought, as shown by the quatrain called "A Prayer in Darkness":

"The day is nearer unto night
Than to another day;
If closer to Thee, Lord of Light,
Let me in darkness stay."

I think the following pieces are fairly representative; but selection has been like culling a posy from a patch of wood-violets; those we leave always seem bluer than those we have taken.

Wm. Hand Browne

SLUMBER-SONG

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Sleep! the spirits that attend
  On thy waking hours are fled.
Heaven thou canst not now offend
  Till thy slumber-plumes are shed;
Consciousness alone doth lend
  Life its pain, and Death its dread;
Innocence and Peace befriend
  All the sleeping and the dead.

AGAINST THE SKY

See, where the foliage fronts the sky,
How many a meaning we descry
That else had never to the eye
  A signal shown!

So we, on life's horizon-line,
To watchers waiting for a sign,
Perchance interpret Love's design,
  To us unknown.

ASLEEP

  Nay, wake him not!
Unfelt our presence near,
Nor falls a whisper on his dreaming ear:
He sees but Sleep's celestial visions clear,
  All else forgot.

  And who shall say
That, in life's waking dream,
There be not ever near us those we deem
(As now our faces to the Sleeper seem)
  Far, far away?

ALTER IDEM

'Tis what thou wast—*not* what thou art,
Which I no longer know—
That made thee sovereign of my heart,
And serves to keep thee so;

And couldst thou, coming to the throne,
Thy Self, *unaltered,* see,
Thou mightst the occupant disown,
And scout his sovereignty.

THE DEPARTED

They cannot wholly pass away,
How far soe'er above;
Nor we, the lingerers, wholly stay
Apart from those we love:
For spirits in eternity,
As shadows in the sun,
Reach backward into Time, as we,
Like lifted clouds, reach on.

SUSPENSE

Breathless as the blue above thee
Where a pausing vapor lies;
Here, the hearts on earth that love thee,
There, the souls in Paradise—
Host for host expectant of thee!
Who shall win the prize?

MY SECRET

'T is not what I am fain to hide,
That doth in deepest darkness dwell,
But what my tongue hath often tried,
Alas, in vain, to tell.

THE SNOW-BIRD

When snow, like silence visible,
  Hath hushed the summer bird,
Thy voice, a never-frozen rill
  Of melody, is heard.

But when from winter's lethargy
  The buds begin to blow,
Thy voice is mute, and suddenly
  Thou vanishest like snow.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS

'Tis Christmas night! Again—
  But not from heaven to earth—
Rings forth the old refrain
    "A Saviour's Birth!"

Nay, listen: 'tis below!
  A song that soars above,
From human hearts aglow
    With heavenly love!

INTIMATIONS

I knew the flowers had dreamed of you,
  And hailed the morning with regret;
For all their faces with the dew
  Of vanished joy were wet.

I knew the winds had passed your way,
  Though not a sound the truth betrayed;
About their pinions all the day
  A summer fragrance stayed.

And so, awaking or asleep,
  A memory of lost delight
By day the sightless breezes keep,
  And silent flowers by night.

EASTER FLOWERS

We are His witnesses; out of the dim,
Dank region of Death we have risen with Him.
Back from our sepulchre rolleth the stone,
And Spring, the bright Angel, sits smiling thereon.

We are His witnesses. See, where we lay
The snow that late bound us is folded away;
And April, fair Magdalen, weeping anon,
Stands flooded with light of the new-risen Sun!

CHARITY

If but the world would give to Love
  The crumbs that from its table fall,
  'T were bounty large enough for all
The famishing to feed thereof.

And Love, that still the laurel wins
  Of Sacrifice, would lovelier grow,
  And round the world a mantle throw
To hide its multitude of sins.

GRIEF-SONG

New grief, new tears;—
  Brief the reign of sorrow;
Clouds that gather with the night
  Scatter on the morrow.

Old grief, old tears;—
  Come and gone together;
Not a fleck upon the sky
  Telling whence or whither.

Old grief, new tears;—
  Deep to deep is calling:
Life is but a passing cloud
  Whence the rain is falling.

IN ABSENCE

All that thou art not, makes not up the sum
  Of what thou art, beloved, unto me:
All other voices, wanting thine, are dumb;
  All vision, in thine absence, vacancy.

MY STAR

Since that the dewdrop holds the star
  The long night through,
Perchance the satellite afar
  Reflects the dew.

And while thine image in my heart
  Doth steadfast shine;
There haply, in thy heaven apart
  Thou keepest mine.

ENSHRINED

Come quickly in and close the door,
For none hath entered here before,
The secret chamber set apart
Within the cloister of the heart.

Tread softly! 'T is the Holy Place
Where memory meets face to face
A sacred sorrow, felt of yore,
But sleeping now forevermore.

It cannot die; for nought of pain,
Its fleeting vesture, doth remain:
Behold upon the shrouded eye
The seal of immortality!

Love would not wake it, nor efface
Of anguish one abiding trace,
Since e'en the calm of heaven were less,
Untouched of human tenderness.

EVOLUTION

Out of the dusk a shadow,
  Then, a spark;
Out of the cloud a silence,
  Then, a lark;
Out of the heart a rapture,
  Then, a pain;
Out of the dead, cold ashes,
  Life again.

LOVE'S HYBLA

My thoughts fly to thee, as the bees
  To find their favorite flower;
Then home, with honeyed memories
  Of many a fragrant hour:

For with thee is the place apart
  Where sunshine ever dwells,
The Hybla, whence my hoarding heart
  Would fill its wintry cells.

KILLDEE

Killdee! Killdee! far o'er the lea
  At twilight comes the cry.
Killdee! a marsh-mate answereth
  Across the shallow sky.

Killdee! Killdee! thrills over me
  A rhapsody of light,
As star to star gives utterance
  Between the day and night.

Killdee! Killdee! O Memory,
  The twin birds, Joy and Pain,
Like shadows parted by the sun,
  At twilight meet again!

AN INFLUENCE

I see thee,—heaven's unclouded face
A vacancy around thee made,
Its sunshine a subservient grace
Thy lovelier light to shade.

I feel thee, as the billows feel
A river freshening the brine;
A life's libation poured to heal
The bitterness of mine.

COMPENSATION

How many an acorn falls to die
For one that makes a tree!
How many a heart must pass me by
For one that cleaves to me!

How many a suppliant wave of sound
Must still unheeded roll,
For one low utterance that found
An echo in my soul!

BABY'S DIMPLES

Love goes playing hide-and-seek
'Mid the roses on her cheek,
With a little imp of Laughter,
Who, the while he follows after,
Leaves the footprints that we trace
All about the Kissing-place.

"FOR THE RAIN IT RAINETH EVERY DAY"

Ay, every day the rain doth fall,
And every day doth rise:
'T is thus the heavens incessant call,
And thus the earth replies.

NARCISSUS

The god enamoured never knew
The shadow that beguiled his view,
Nor deemed it less divinely true
Than Life and Love.

And so the poet, while he wrought
His image in the tide of thought,
Deemed it a glimpse in darkness caught
Of light above.

CONFIDED

Another lamb, O Lamb of God, behold,
Within this quiet fold,
Among Thy Father's sheep
I lay to sleep!
A heart that never for a night did rest
Beyond its mother's breast.
Lord, keep it close to Thee,
Lest waking, it should bleat and pine for me!

SILENCE

Temple of God, from all eternity
Alone like Him without beginning found;
Of time and space and solitude the bound,
Yet in thyself of all communion free.
Is, then, the temple holier than He
That dwells therein? Must reverence surround
With barriers the portal, lest a sound
Profane it? Nay; behold a mystery!

What was, abides; what is, hath ever been:
The lowliest the loftiest sustains.
A silence, by no breath of utterance stirred—
Virginity in motherhood—remains,
Clear, midst a cloud of all-pervading sin,
The voice of Love's unutterable word.

THE BUBBLE

Why should I stay? Nor seed nor fruit have I.
But, sprung at once to beauty's perfect round,
Nor loss, nor gain, nor change in me is found—
A life—complete in death—complete to die.

DEPRECATION

From a Manuscript

Low I listen in my grave,
For a silence soon to be,
When—a slow receding wave—
Hushed is Memory.

Now the falling of a tear,
Or the breathing, half-suppressed,
Of a sigh, re-echoed here,
Holds me from my rest.

O ye breakers of the past
From the never-resting deep
On the coast of Silence cast,
Cease, and let me sleep!

BEYOND

From a Manuscript

The River to the Sea,
In language of the Land;
Interpreter would be
Of life beyond the strand,
Of billowy heights that never fall
When winds have gone their way,
Of waving forests dark and tall,
Of flocks and herds and fertile vales,
Of warbling birds and blossom-spray,
That scents the wandering gales.
Alas! 'tis all a mystery!
She doth not understand.

IN TOUCH

From a Manuscript

How slight so e'er the motion be,
With palpitating hand,
The gentlest breaker of the sea
Betrays it to the strand.

And, though a vaster mystery
Hath set our souls apart,
Each wafture from eternity
Reveals thee to my heart.

DUSK

From a Manuscript

Alone I am, but lonelier
The Twilight seems to be;
The lengthening shadows leading her
To human sympathy.

No word; but a mysterious clew
To feelings deeper far,
She fashions in the trembling dew,
And in the steadfast star.

MATINS

From a Manuscript

Still sing the Morning Stars remote
With echoes now unheard,
Save in the scintillating note
Of some dawn-wakened bird
Whose heart—a fountain in the light—
Prolongs the limpid strain,
Till, on the border-land of Night,
The stars begin again.

TRYSTING-PLACE

From a Manuscript

As stars amid the darkness seen,
When flows the deepening dawn between
To cover them from sight,
O'erleap the spaces of the dark,
And, spark to quickening sister-spark,
Commingle in the light;

E'en so a solitary way
Do we, Beloved, day by day,
In weariness and pain,
Climb, desolate, from steep to steep,
Till, in the shadowy vale of Sleep,
Our spirits blend again.

HANNIS TAYLOR

[1851—1922]

CORRY MONTAGUE STADDEN

"BY their fruits ye shall know them" is a test infallible and ancient, and the editor of the *North American Review,* applying it to Dr. Hannis Taylor, lawyer, diplomatist, and author, epitomized the achievements of his energetic and illustrious career in the following language:

"Hannis Taylor, who is recognized throughout the world as one of the most eminent living authorities on constitutional history and constitutional law, was born in New Berne, North Carolina, in 1851. Having graduated at the university of his native State, he was admitted to the Bar and achieved great distinction in the practice of his profession. He was appointed Minister to Spain by President Cleveland in 1893. The wide literary fame gained for Mr. Taylor by his great work on 'The Origin and Growth of the English Constitution' was materially enhanced by his treatise on 'International Public Law,' which has been declared by a high authority to be the most exhaustive work of its kind issued in this country since Dana's 'Wheaton.' In recognition of the service which he had rendered to literature and learning by the publication of these works, the Universities of Dublin and Edinburgh simultaneously conferred upon Dr. Taylor the honorary degree of LL.D. He recently published a third treatise, of a like scholarly and comprehensive character, on the 'Jurisdiction and Procedure of the United States Supreme Court,' upon which the Justices of that court put the imprimatur of their high approval and commendation. Mr. Taylor represented the United States before the Alaskan Boundary Commission."

Dr. Taylor's parents were Richard Nixon and Susan Stevenson Taylor, who descended from two colonial families that settled in North Carolina prior to the Revolution. From his mother, a woman of strong intellect and rare culture in English history and literature, he inherited those literary traits which have given him enduring fame, while from his father, who was brother to William H. Taylor, the inventor of submarine armor, he acquired habits of industry and perseverance, more to be desired than fortune. Taylor, as a boy, was a diligent student, whose soul was fired with the ambition to go through college and achieve big things in the world's affairs. He

entered the University of North Carolina, but before he had completed his course, financial misfortunes overtaking his family, made it necessary for him to return home. There, at the age of seventeen, he took up the study of law, which was completed at Mobile, Alabama, to which place his father removed; and soon after his eighteenth birthday he was admitted to practice in the lower courts, receiving with his license from the circuit judge a temporary appointment as prosecuting attorney for the adjoining county of Baldwin. From that day law and literature took possession of his ample and capacious mind; and, as he matured, philosophy directed his industry, attaining for him most remarkable success in his chosen field.

'The Origin and Growth of the English Constitution,' which was Dr. Taylor's first important work, was begun shortly after he had attained his majority, and to its composition he devoted about twenty years. His was the first attempt ever made by an American to write the history of the Constitution of the mother country, from which our system of constitutional law has been derived. The appearance of the first volume in 1889 challenged the admiration of Professor Rufus King of the Cincinnati Law School, who wrote: "I cannot help congratulating our country upon the singular coincidence that in return for Mr. Bryce's tribute to the 'American Commonwealth,' you have so quickly responded with your profound analysis of 'The Origin and Growth of the English Constitution.' I remember nothing like it in the history of letters."

On both sides of the Atlantic the work was instantly declared to be a success. Professor Montagu Burrows, of the University of Oxford, in commendation of it, wrote: "No other book exhibits so clear a view of the English Constitution, broadening down from precedent to precedent." The University of Dublin, by a formal vote of its Senate, adopted it as a text-book, in preference to the English works, after conferring upon its author the degree of Doctor of Laws. Its popularity continues undiminished, and it is now in the eighth edition. *The Review of Reviews* said of it in 1898: "The completion of the second volume rounds out one of the most important recent achievements of American scholarship."

The greatest compliment, however, that came to Dr. Taylor because of this work, was from President Cleveland, who in 1893 tendered to him the mission to Spain, which in other days had been offered to those illustrious authors, Washington Irving and James Russell Lowell. For four years and a half Dr. Taylor remained at his post in Madrid, without leave of absence, performing the most delicate and exacting duties imposed upon him by the insurrection in Cuba and the strained relations between Spain and the United

States, due to American sympathy for the insurgents' cause, which at length precipitated the Spanish War. During a period of two years his residence in Madrid was surrounded night and day by a guard of soldiers. At the conclusion of his arduous service he returned to the United States, proud of the unqualified thanks which had been bestowed by Presidents Cleveland and McKinley, and of the fact that his every act had had the warm support of the Department of State.

Four years and a half of exciting diplomatic experience centered Dr. Taylor's mind upon the subject of international law; and the outcome was the publication, in 1901, of his 'International Public Law,' a work now recognized as a standard authority throughout the world. The *Harvard Law Review* has characterized it as "the best American work since Wheaton," and the *Law Quarterly Review* of London has said: "This book is, probably, on the whole, the fullest treatise in the language on its subject." In special recognition of this work the University of Edinburgh conferred upon Mr. Taylor its LL.D. and at his laureation Sir Ludovic Grant, professor of international law in that institution, said: "I do not hesitate to say that Dr. Hannis Taylor's 'International Public Law,' replete with historical learning, characterized by philosophical breadth of view, and distinguished for the classical stateliness of its diction, entitles its author to a conspicuous place in a galaxy which includes the names of Wheaton and Kent and Halleck, of Woolsey and Dudley Field."

Shortly after the publication of this work, the Government of the United States retained Dr. Taylor as an expert in international law, to represent it as its Special Counsel in all cases before the Spanish Treaty Claims Commission; and subsequently retained him as one of the three counsel who presented and argued its case in London before the Alaskan Boundary Commission. His employment as special counsel before the Spanish Treaty Claims Commission has made it possible for him to live in Washington and to build up an important practice before the Supreme Court of the United States. The outcome of that experience is his work on the 'Jurisdiction and Procedure of the Supreme Court of the United States,' which appeared in 1905. Unusual tributes to the merits of that work have been paid by Mr. Chief Justice Fuller, Mr. Justice Harlan, Mr. Justice Brewer, Mr. Justice Peckham, and Mr. Justice Day. Mr. Justice Harlan has said: "Your book on the 'Jurisdiction and Procedure of the United States Supreme Court' is most admirable in every way, and will become a necessity to every lawyer who practices in our Court, or who prepares a case which may come here for final determination."

Dr. Taylor's most original and ambitious work is entitled 'The

Science of Jurisprudence,' a treatise in which the growth of positive law is unfolded by the historical method, its elements being classified and defined by the analytical, published by the Macmillan Company in 1908. In that work he has announced a discovery in the history of Roman and English law of world-wide importance. This discovery, set forth in a single sentence, is that "out of the blending of Roman and English law there is rapidly arising a typical state-law system whose outer shell is English public law, including jury trials in criminal cases, and whose interior code is Roman private law." The Honorable James Bryce and Thomas Erskine Holland, the great jurist of Oxford, were "struck with the truth and originality" of this conclusion. This new thought as to the world-wide fusion now going on between Roman and English law, when submitted to the great Romanists of Germany—Dr. Rudolph Sohm and Dr. Von L. Mitteis of the University of Leipsic—elicited from them most significant personal compliments and congratulations and sincere professional commendation of his "scholarly and valuable work." To Señor Nabuco, now Brazilian Ambassador at Washington, this new conception seemed "eminently suggestive and full of potentialities for new scholars"; and to Dr. Westlake, the great authority on international law at the University of Cambridge, "a sane and fruitful generalization."

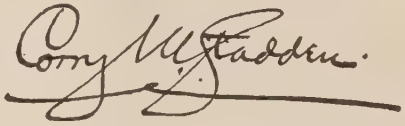
Judge Shackelford Miller, Dean of the Jefferson School of Law, and a specialist in comparative law, said in a review: "Indeed, it must be said that 'The Science of Jurisprudence' is the most important contribution to the scientific side of law that has appeared on this side of the ocean since Maine's 'Ancient Law' was published in 1861. The generalization of the fusion of Roman and English law now first worked out by Dr. Taylor is an entirely new contribution to legal and political science. Like the accurate and profound generalization of Maine, that summed up the agencies of legal progress in Fiction, Equity, and Legislation, this new and equally accurate and profound generalization of Dr. Taylor must be readily accepted by students of jurisprudence everywhere."

If a State may be compared to a watch, its outer shell or case represents the State's political constitution or public law, while its inner mechanism represents the State's interior code of private law. With that illustration clearly in view it is easy to comprehend at a glance the nature of the union of two distinct systems of law, in a new combination, as that union now appears in the state-law systems of Continental Europe and Latin America. Everywhere the outer shell of the State, the public or constitutional law, is English by conscious adoption since the French Revolution, while the inner mechanism or private law is everywhere Roman. If Napoleon were

now alive he could say—"this union of the strongest parts of the two great law systems of the world has all taken place under my eyes." That fact should help us to realize the suddenness with which the two survivals—Roman private law and English public law—after ripening for ages in isolation, have united in a new combination. Mr. Taylor's discovery and portrayal of this notable phenomenon in the history of legal development have been justly characterized by Judge Shackelford Miller as "an entirely new contribution to legal and political science." Beyond question a sense of its importance will grow with time.

Scarcely less notable is the work done by Dr. Taylor in settling the paternity of our Federal Constitution. As all the world knows, the existing Constitution of the United States, drafted at Philadelphia in 1787, embodies, as Tocqueville says, "a wholly novel theory," so unique that it can no more be confounded with any preceding federal government than a modern mogul engine can be confounded with an ancient stage-coach. No system of government devised by man was ever so distinctly an invention. Suddenly a new kind of federalism came into existence, resting upon entirely new principles. These new principles are set forth in the epoch-making document of thirty octavo pages published by Pelatiah Webster, February 16, 1783, at Philadelphia—a document just as authentic as the Declaration of Independence or the Constitution itself. In it every material element of the great invention is worked out in minute detail. For years before they began their work, the draftsmen of the three "plans" held in their hands the text of the great invention, which passed through such "plans," as conduits, into the existing Constitution of the United States. Those who shall hereafter strive to take away from Pelatiah Webster the honor of having made this free and priceless gift to the country that has for so long a time neglected and forgotten him, must be prepared to meet the concrete issue of historical fact involved; they must be prepared to name some particular man who announced some one of the four basic principles in question, *prior to February 16, 1783.* As that can not be done, the cavilers must forever hold their peace. Strange, indeed, it is that the most important document connected with our constitutional history should, at this late day, be presented to the jurists and statesmen of the United States as if it were a papyrus from Egypt or Herculaneum. It has been the good fortune of Mr. Taylor to unearth the epoch-making document, and to place it in its proper light. At his request it was reprinted in May, 1908, after an interval of 116 years, as Senate Document, No. 461 (Sixtieth Congress, first session), which contains Mr. Taylor's commentary upon Pelatiah Webster's work. The eminent French critic and historian, Ch. V.

Langlais, has said: "History is studied from documents. Documents are the traces which have been left by the thoughts and actions of men of former times. There is no substitute for documents: no documents, no history." The great document in question, so long neglected and forgotten, tells its own story and settles the paternity of the Federal Constitution of the United States. It dispels the nebulous and impossible assumption that the greatest of all political inventions had no inventor. One of the most eminent English historians now living, after a careful examination of Senate Document, No. 461, recently wrote to Mr. Taylor: "You have, I think, definitely established the claim of Webster to the paternity of the American Federal Constitution." That statement will pass without challenge.



THE BLENDING OF ROMAN AND ENGLISH LAW

Preface to 'The Science of Jurisprudence.' Copyright, The Macmillan Company, and used here by permission of the author and the publishers.

THE group of scholars who founded something more than a century ago the science now known as Comparative Philology revolutionized the thought of the world not so much through the marvelous revelations of that science as by the discovery of the new method of investigation that made such revelations possible. Out of the application of the new method to fresh subject-matters have since arisen Comparative Mythology, Comparative Politics, and Comparative Law. By the aid of the two sciences last named a flood of light has been shed upon the processes through which the aggregate, generally known as government and law, emerged from progressive history in the nations that have made the deepest impress upon civilization.

The most important single outcome of Comparative Politics—which may be called the science of state building, the science of constitutions—is embodied in the discovery that the only two conceptions of the state known to the ancient and modern world have been and are represented by aggregations or federations in which the starting point was the village community. The unit of state organization, from Ireland to Hindostan, was the naturally organized association of kindred; the family swelled into the clan which, in a settled state, assumed the form of the village community represented, in a general way, by the γένος of Athens, the *gens* of Rome, the *mir* of Russia, the clan of Ireland, the *mark* or *gemeinde* of the Teutonic nations which appeared in Britain as the *tun* or township. When we turn to the Mediterranean world in which the Science of Politics was born we there find that the ancient conception of the state as the city-commonwealth was the product of aggregations in which the village community was the unit or starting point. In Greece the first stage in the aggregation is represented by the gathering of a group of village communities or clans into a brotherhood (φρατρία); the second by the gathering of φρατρίαε into a tribe; the last by the gathering of the tribes into a city-state. In Italy the village com-

munity appears as the *gens*. Out of the union of *gentes* arose the *curia;* out of the union of *curiæ* arose the tribe; out of the union of tribes arose the city-state. It was upon the soil of Italy that a group of village communities grew into a single independent city-state that centralized within its walls the political power of the world. Out of the settlements made by the Teutonic nations upon the wreck of the Roman Empire has gradually arisen the modern conception of the state as a nation occupying a definite area of territory with fixed geographical boundaries—the state, as known to modern international law. The homogeneous race called Teutonic was broken up into an endless number of political communities or tribes which stood to each other in a state of complete political isolation, except when united in temporary confederacies. The typical Teutonic tribe—the *civitas* of Cæsar and Tacitus—represented an aggregation of hundreds; while the hundreds represented an aggregation of village communities. The parallel between the Teutonic, the Greek, and the Latin tribe seems to be complete. The γένος, the *gens,* the *mark,* represent the same thing, the village community; while the φρατρία, the *curia,* the hundred, seem to represent the same thing, a group or union of village communities. Out of the aggregation of such indeterminate groups or hundreds arose the tribe itself. But here the parallel ceases. In the Mediterranean peninsulas the resultant of a union of tribes was the city-state; in Teutonic lands the resultant of a union of tribes was not a city at all, but a nation. When we turn to the existing European state system, built up in the main out of the fragments of the empire of Charles the Great, we there find that the modern conception of the state as a nation is the product of aggregations in which the village community is the unit or starting point. The typical modern state in Britain, known as England, represents an aggregation of shires; each shire an aggregation of hundreds; each hundred an aggregation of village communities or townships. The power to subdue and settle a new country, and then to build up a state by this process of aggregation constitutes the strength of the English nation as a colonizing nation. By that process, capable under favorable geographical conditions of unlimited expansion, has been built up the federal republic of the United States. As Tocqueville has

expressed it: "In America . . . it may be said that the township was organized before the county, the county before the State, the State before the Union." After thus unfolding the origin and growth of the political constitutions of states, ancient and modern, Comparative Politics has undertaken to classify and label such constitutions as buildings and animals are classified and labeled by those to whom buildings and animals are objects of study. Students of Comparative Politics and students of Comparative Anatomy, beginning with the incomplete data embodied in traces and survivals, supply the deficiencies and work out results through substantially the same process of reasoning.

Not until the history of the outer shells or constitutions of states had been thus subjected to critical examination at the hands of Comparative Politics, did Comparative Law undertake to unfold the history of such bodies of interior or private law as have existed as distinct codes. The outcome is the discovery that the world has so far produced only five distinct systems of law: (1) the Roman; (2) the English; (3) the Muhammadan; (4) the Hindoo; (5) the Chinese. An attempt has been made to indicate the limits of the several geographical areas to which each is confined. By that survey the fact is established that about nine-tenths of the civilized world is now dominated by Roman and English law, in not very unequal proportions. It thus appears that the student of the Science of Jurisprudence, as defined herein, is directly concerned only with Roman and English law, from whose histories are to be drawn practically the entire data with which he has to deal. For that reason, in the central chapters of this work, entitled respectively "The External History of Roman Law" and "The External History of English Law," an effort has been made to outline, as progressive and unbroken developments, first, the growth of the code that grew out of the primitive customs of the great Italian city; second, the growth of the code that grew out of the primitive customs of that group of Teutonic tribes which founded in Britain the English commonwealth. When the external histories of these two world codes are thus unfolded, side by side, the coincidences, the likenesses are striking indeed. Each consisted at the outset of a body of customary law which became rigid and unelastic the

moment it was reduced to written formulas. Long after that stage was reached each state grew into a world power with vast territorial dependencies. Thus each state was forced so to expand its meager and unelastic code of archaic law as to meet the manifold and ever changing conditions of the after-growth. That result was worked out in each by identically the same agencies—legal fictions, equity, and legislation. Each state as it advanced manifested its conservatism by promoting law reform mainly through the agency of judge-made law—the Roman *responsa* and the English case-law system presenting parallel processes of innovation in existing rules, made only after exhaustive discussion as to particular deficiencies revealed by the facts of individual cases. As old institutions became obsolete they were, as a general rule, permitted simply to die out, without formal abrogation. Thus at Rome as in England out of the old was slowly evolved, bit by bit, the new. There is, however, an utter lack of similarity between the two world systems of positive law when antiquity, fullness, and philosophical completeness are taken into account. So far as antiquity is concerned Roman law, after a thousand years of historic growth, had passed into the second stage of codification before the Teutonic conquest and settlement of Britain was fairly begun. Ethelbert had ruled the men of Kent only some five years in 565, when Justinian died. And yet in thinking of any possible influence of Roman forms and institutions in England prior to the Norman Conquest, there can be no question of Justinian's Corpus Juris, which was as such still a new thing in the Eastern Empire itself at the time of Augustine's mission to Kent. How the Teutonic state that arose in Britain, known as England, was affected in later times by successive infusions of Roman law will be indicated hereafter.

The lost text of Gaius, which has shed great light on portions of the history of Roman law previously most obscure, was discovered at Verona in 1816 by the historian Niebuhr, just at the moment when the founders of the historical school of jurisprudence were beginning to assert their influence. Niebuhr communicated the fact to Savigny, who pointed to Gaius as the real author. He, as well as his immediate followers, dealt only with Roman materials. The founder, or rather, consolidator of the historical school, applied that method

only in a very limited way to the general theory of politics. When in 1803 Savigny published his *Das Recht des Besitzes,* or the right of possession, jurists perceived that the old uncritical study of Roman law was at an end. Instead of considering law as the creation of the will of individuals, Savigny maintained it to be the natural outcome of the consciousness of the people, like their social history or their language. In his *Geschicte des Römischen Rechts,* the first volume of which appeared in 1815, is embodied an emphatic protest against the habit of viewing the law of a nation as an arbitrary creation, not connected with its history and condition. In his famous pamphlet (*Beruf unserer Zeit*), published the year before, he expressed the then new idea that law is a part and parcel of national life. Down to that time comparative investigation of archaic legal systems had scarcely been undertaken at all, certainly not on any considerable scale. The almost unbroken soil of that rich and inviting field was to be turned over by the plow of one who revealed wonders. Sir Henry Sumner Maine, whose *Ancient Law* appeared in 1861, said in his preface that—"the chief object of the following pages is to indicate some of the earliest ideas of mankind, as they are reflected in ancient law, and to point out the relation of those ideas to modern thought." In the masterly demonstration that followed he showed that legal ideas and institutions have a real course of development as much as the genera and species of living creatures; that they cannot be treated as mere incidents in the general history of the societies where they occur. The works of these epoch-making men, the one German, the other English, have resulted in the creation of what may be called the natural history of law. But long before the advent of Maine the torch lighted in Germany by the historical school of jurisprudence had passed into England by the hand of John Mitchell Kemble. He was the real path breaker into the jungle of early English institutional history. To him belongs the imperishable honor of being the first to bring to light the most valuable of the early records, and to apply to their interpretation the rich results of German research into the childhood of the whole Teutonic race. After studying under the brothers Grimm at Göttingen, Kemble was the first to reject every suggestion of Roman influence at the outset, and to perceive

clearly the all-important fact, now generally admitted, that the national life of the English people, both natural and political, began with the coming of the Teutonic invaders who, during the fifth and sixth centuries, transferred from the continent into Britain their entire scheme of barbaric life. The historians who have enlarged and refined upon his work have put it beyond all question that the German element is the paternal element in the English system, natural and political. The Roman elements which have been since absorbed, whether by conscious adaptation or otherwise, *ab extra,* are not of the essence of the system, however largely they may have entered into the private law side of it. Specialists who have followed Kemble have devoted themselves rather to English institutional history than to that of private law for the obvious reason that of the two it is by far the most distinctive and far-reaching in its influence. An exception must, however, be made in favor of Pollock and Maitland's *History of English Law,* whose excellence is universally recognized.

Emphasis has been given at the proper place to the fact that the public law of Rome, constitutional and administrative, was rejected because inapplicable to the new conditions that arose when the state system of modern Europe, in which the state as the nation is the unit, swept away and superseded the ancient state system in which the city-commonwealth had been the unit. What did survive was the private civil law of family and property, of contract and tort, based on principles of natural equity and universal reason which have not lost their force with the altered circumstances of more recent times. It is that system of Roman private law which became the basis of the codes of the Continental nations, whence it passed into Mexico, Central and South America, to certain states in South Africa, as well as to Scotland and Louisiana. On the other hand, it is the public law of England that has had the widest extension, and is exercising by far the most potent influence by reason of the fact that the English constitutional system stands out as the accepted political model after which have been fashioned the many systems of popular government now existing throughout the world. Since the beginning of the French Revolution nearly all the states of Continental Europe have organized national assemblies after the model of the English

Parliament in a spirit of conscious imitation. Not, however, until the typical English national assembly, embodying what is generally known as the bicameral system, had been popularized by the founders of the federal republic of the United States, was it copied into the Continental European constitutions. Nothing is more interesting in the institutional history of the world than the approaches now being made to the constitutional system of the United States by Mexico and the states of Central and South America. In some instances in Latin America single states approach very closely, so far as their constitutional law is concerned, to the English original as modified by American innovations; in others, federal states are organized on the American plan, with certain reservations. But no matter to what extent a Mexican, Central, or South American state may adopt English constitutional law in the structure of its outer shell, its interior code of private law is invariably Roman—a fact equally true of every Continental European state whose constitution has been founded on the English model. Jurists who view the existing state system of the world as a connected whole cannot fail to perceive, when their attention is specially directed to the subject, that, within a century, in the blending of Roman and English law there has occurred a phenomenon that marks a turning point in the history of legal development. After centuries of growth Roman public law, constituted and administrative, perished, leaving behind it the inner part, the private law, largely judge-made, which lives on as an immortality and universality—as the fittest it survives. In the same way and for the same reason English public law, the distinctive and least alloyed part of that system, is living on and expanding as the one accepted model of popular government. The phenomenon in question is presented by the blending now going on between the strongest elements of Roman and English law in the state systems of Continental Europe, in those of Latin America, and in that of the state of Louisiana. If the existing state system of France is taken as a typical illustration, we there find the outer shell of the state, the system of parliamentary government, to be purely English through deliberate and recent imitation, while the interior code of private law is essentially Roman. The same thing may be said of every other Continental European

state having a parliamentary government. In the state system of Louisiana we find the outer shell of the state to be English as modified by American innovations, while the interior private law is based on the Code Napoleon. The same thing is true of the seventeen Latin-American republics which have adopted English constitutions in the North American form, while retaining the private law drawn from Roman sources. Is it not therefore manifest that out of this blending of Roman and English law there is rapidly arising a typical state-law system whose outer shell is English public law, including jury trials in criminal cases, and whose interior code is Roman private law? This far-reaching generalization, now submitted to the consideration of students of the Science of Jurisprudence for the first time, so far as the author knows, has been subjected in advance to the searching and approving criticism of a few of the most eminent jurists of the English speaking world.

The representative systems that sprang up as a part of the constitutional machinery of the several provincial states founded by English settlers upon American soil were in no proper sense the result of imitation. Like the states themselves of which they were a part, they were the predestined product of a national process of reproduction. The constitutional history of these provincial states does not begin with the landing of the English in America in the seventeenth century, but with the landing of the English in Britain in the fifth. When, after the severance of the tie that bound these provincial states to the mother country, the time came for them to confederate, they simply reproduced the ancient type of a federal union as then existing between the Low-Dutch communities at the mouth of the Rhine, and between the High-Dutch communities in the mountains of Switzerland, and upon the plains of Germany. The fundamental principle underlying all such fabrics was the requisition system, under which the federal head was simply endowed with the power to make requisitions for men and money upon the states or cities composing the league for federal purposes, while the states alone, in their corporate capacity possessed the power to execute and enforce them. In their first effort American statesmen exhibited no fertility of resource whatever in the making of federal constitutions. The first fabric simply embodied the very old story of a confed-

eration with the entire federal power vested in a single assembly, without an executive head, and without a judiciary. In 1787—eleven years after the drafting of the first federal constitution, which proved to be a failure—the world was startled by the announcement that a second had been drafted, embodying a radical departure from all preceding experiments. As Tocqueville has expressed it: "This constitution, which may at first be confounded with federal constitutions that have preceded it, rests in truth upon a wholly novel theory which may be considered a great discovery in modern political science." As the second constitution has no prototype in history, Gladstone made no mistake when he declared it to be "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." No other viable constitution was ever so distinctly an invention; its basic principles were discovered suddenly by some man or by some body of men. And yet, despite that fact, there has been no curiosity to discover who was the real inventor of the greatest of inventions. The popular and un-critical idea has been that, in some mysterious way, the invention was made as a composite work by the leaders who sat in the Federal Convention during the 125 days that intervened between May 14th and September 17th, 1787. The impossibility of that nebulous theory is manifest the moment we remember it is admitted, on all hands, that the finished product was the outcome of four kindred "plans"—each embodying the basic principles of the great invention—which were carefully formulated some time beforehand. We know that Madison, the draftsman of the most important of the "plans," was at work upon it at least a year before the Convention met. The question is therefore inevitable—From what common source did the draftsmen of the four "plans" draw the path-breaking invention which was the foundation of all of them? Let it be said to the honor of those draftsmen that no one of them ever claimed to be the author of that invention. Neither Madison, nor Charles Pinckney, nor Sherman, nor Ellsworth, nor Hamilton, nor any of their biographers, ever put forward such a claim in behalf of any one of them. There is now no excuse for doubt upon the subject, as the complete and conclusive evidence is contained in a single document, as authentic as the

Constitution itself, published at Philadelphia, February 16th, 1783, by Pelatiah Webster, who claimed at the time the invention as his own. As early as 1781 he perceived that the first federal constitution was a failure. Then it was, as Madison tells us, that he proposed the calling of a "Continental Convention" for the purpose of making a new one. Webster says in express terms that he was fully of opinion that "it would be ten times easier to form a new constitution than to mend the old one." In that frame of mind the great one set himself to work to create an entirely new and unique federal system which should supersede the first constitution of 1776. In his epoch-making paper, published more than four years before the Federal Convention of 1787 met, he propounded to the world, as "the original thoughts of a private individual, dictated by the nature of the subject only," the four novel and basic principles upon which the great creation now reposes:—

(1) The principle of a federal government operating directly on the individual, instead of upon the states as corporations; (2) the division of a federal government into three departments—legislative, executive, and judicial; (3) the division of a federal legislature into two chambers on the bicameral plan; (4) a federal government with delegated powers, the residuum of power remaining in the states. For some years before they began their work the draftsmen of the four "plans" held in their hands the text of the great invention, which passed through such "plans," as conduits, into the existing Constitution of the United States. Those who shall hereafter strive to take away from Pelatiah Webster the honor of having made this free and priceless gift to the country that has for so long a time neglected and forgotten him must be prepared to meet the concrete issue of historical fact involved —they must be prepared to name some particular man who announced some one of the four basic principles in question, *prior to February 16, 1783*. If that cannot be done, the cavilers must forever hold their peace. The puerile argument that a great many people were thinking about such things about that time fails to meet the issue at all. As it has been the good fortune of the author to unearth this epoch-making document and to place it in its proper light, it is printed as an appendix to this work so that students of the Science of Politics every-

where may see for themselves the tentative form in which appeared an invention that has revolutionized federal government throughout the world.

Not until Comparative Politics and Comparative Law had collected the data was it possible to draw from them the set of principles constituting the Science of Jurisprudence, whose function it is to extract from the mass of detail, embodied in the several existing systems of positive law, the comparatively few and simple basic legal conceptions that underlie them all. Or, as Austin has expressed it, "The proper subject of general or universal Jurisprudence is a description of such subjects and ends of laws as are common to all systems, and of those resemblances between different systems which are bottomed in the common nature of man, or correspond to the resembling points in these several portions." As the science of positive law is a Roman creation, Jurisprudence a Roman invention, we must, according to the Historical Method, begin with an examination of the actual conditions at Rome out of which the science in question arose, in order to illustrate by the facts of history the nature of the processes through which it works out its results. An effort will be made hereafter to demonstrate that Rome's relation to commerce caused an influx of foreigners whose need of law compelled, as early as 242 B.C., the appointment of a *prætor peregrinus,* whose duty it became to administer justice between Roman citizens and foreigners and between citizens of different cities within the Empire. As such prætor could not rely upon the law of any one city for the criteria of his judgments, he naturally turned his eyes to the codes of all the cities from which came the swarm of litigants before him. Thus we encounter what is perhaps the earliest application of Comparative Law, employed for the purpose of extracting from the codes of all the nations with which the Romans were brought into commercial contact, a body of principles afterwards known as the *jus gentium,* the law common to all nations. With the growth of the dominion of Rome and the consequent necessity for the extension of the code of a single city to many cities, there was a natural craving for the discovery of legal principles capable of universal application. In response to such a demand Comparative Law collected the data, and a certain branch of Greek philosophy supplied the

theory upon which they could be worked into a consistent whole. Such was the origin and such the nature of the first set of principles which can be said to embody a philosophy of law. As such principles were the result of generalizations upon elements common to the laws of all nations, their existence was supposed to indicate a similarity in the needs and legal conceptions of all peoples. The philosophic element was the Stoic conception of a law of nature, a universal code from which all particular systems were supposed to be derived and to which all tended to assimilate.

If it be true that the Science of Jurisprudence is directly and practically concerned only with the data to be drawn from the histories of Roman and English law, investigation need not be extended beyond the areas in which these two systems exist, singly or in combination. The effort has been made herein to outline, by the aid of the Historical Method, the growth of law, public and private, within such areas. Not until the synthesis has ended, not until the growth of all the ingredients that enter into the final composite has been traced, however faintly, should the analysis begin. Not until the history of the law systems of the civilized world, with which we have to deal, has been drawn out by the aid of the Historical Method, should an effort be made to classify and define the elements that enter into them by the aid of the Analytical. Until we have ascertained how law grew, it is impossible to understand what it is. The final outcome so far as this treatise is concerned, is embodied in the following conclusions: (1) as law is a living and growing organism which changes as the relations of society change, the Science of Jurisprudence must look behind the law into those social relations which are generally recognized as having legal consequences, in order to note, as Austin has expressed it, "those resemblances between different systems which are bottomed in the common nature of man"; (2) in the light of knowledge thus obtained this science must extract from the mass of details embodied in the several systems of positive law enforced by the political sovereignties composing the family of nations the comparatively few and simple basic ideas that underlie the endless variety of legal rules; (3) such a science is from its very nature an applied and progressive science whose generalizations

must be made anew whenever the data change through the creation of new systems of positive law; (4) no matter whether we look to the ancient or to the modern world, it appears that Comparative Law has ever been the subsidiary science that collects the data to which the Science of Jurisprudence has been and must ever be applied. Not until after that collecting agency has gathered the materials can Jurisprudence, as an analytical and applied science, formulate an orderly scheme of the purposes, methods, and ideas common to every system of positive law. There is no good reason to doubt that through the application of the incipient Science of Jurisprudence to the data collected by Comparative Law, Roman jurists were able to extract from the various codes of the cities with which Rome came into commercial contact a set of principles embodying the general conceptions of legal right then dominant in the ancient world and known as the law of the nations—*jus gentium*. After the lapse of twenty centuries, a new system of codes, far greater in number and far more voluminous in detail, have come into existence, from which the jurists of to-day should be able to extract, through a reapplication of the Roman method, the comparatively few basic principles that underlie them all. As more rapid intercommunication draws the nations of the world closer together, the longing increases for a modern law of the nations, that is, for a uniform conception of legal right, capable of embodiment in a code of substantive and adjective law, which must emerge if at all, from existing codes, like the single and typical face in a composite photograph to which many features have contributed their influence.

RICHARD TAYLOR

[1826—1879]

CHARLES E. FENNER

RICHARD TAYLOR, or, as he was universally called, "Dick Taylor," was the only son of Zachary Taylor, the hero of the Mexican War and President of the United States. The soubriquet was not due to any characteristics of *bon homie* and easy familiarity which usually provoke such abbreviations; for, in truth, Dick Taylor was a man of haughty bearing and rather saturnine temper, repelling familiarity, except from his friends, with whom he was the most genial of companions. It was doubtless given to him as a foil to that borne by his father, who was universally known as "Zach Taylor."

His father was a native of Virginia and his mother was Margaret Smith of Maryland, and each respectively came from the best Virginia and Maryland stocks.

Richard was born near Louisville, Kentucky, January 27, 1826. He received the best primary education that Kentucky afforded at that time, completed his preparatory studies in Eastern schools, entered Yale College in 1843, and was graduated in 1845. He determined to adopt agriculture as his calling in life, and repaired to a fine sugar estate which he acquired on the Mississippi River a few miles above New Orleans, in the care and management of which he spent his life down to the time of the Civil War. The ample leisure afforded by the planter's life of that day he devoted to constant and laborious studies, embracing broad fields of science, literature, and art, of history, poetry, and eloquence. He had a marvelous memory and a rare faculty of intellectual digestion and assimilation. The variety, extent, and exactness of his information on all kinds of subjects were matter for wonder to all who had the good fortune to come in contact with him. He had a trenchant wit, a keen sense of humor, incisive powers of satire and repartee, and a rare faculty of epigrammatic expression. He had not the oratorical temperament, and seldom indulged in public speaking on the hustings or elsewhere; but in that rare accomplishment, the art of conversation, he was a past-master. Whatever the occasion, whether in serious council, or at the festive board, whatever the subject, whether grave or gay, lively or severe, he elucidated it from the stores of his varied erudition, and illumined it with flashes of wit, pungent satire,

piquant epigram, delicate classical allusions, and an inexhaustible fund of historical anecdote. The charm of his conversation fascinated every social circle in which he moved, captivating the Prince of Wales and the highest London society, as well as the best circles of New Orleans, Washington, and New York. It was said of him that to dine with Dick Taylor, when he was in form and mood, was better than going to a play. He had no Boswell to record and recount his sayings, and his fame as a prince of conversation, like that of a great actor, must live only in the memories of his contemporaries and in the traditions handed down by them. For this reason as one who knew him and was honored with his friendship, I have recorded this feeble tribute.

He was called from his retirement by the stirring events that preceded the war. He was sent as a delegate to the Charleston Democratic Convention and used his best efforts, without avail, to prevent the disruption of the Democratic party.

He was elected a member of the upper branch of the Louisiana Legislature and became Chairman of the Committee on Federal Relations, in which capacity he reported the act calling a convention of the people to consider the relations of the State to the Federal Government. He became a member of that convention and was made Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs. While he advocated and voted for the ordinance of secession, he was profoundly impressed with the gravity of the measure and with the certainty of resulting war, differing from the conviction of most of his colleagues, who laughed at the suggestion of war and refused to believe that armed force would be employed against a state for the exercise of a clear constitutional right. He reported and had passed two ordinances, one to raise two regiments, the other to appropriate a million dollars to be expended in the purchase of arms and munitions. This was as far as he could induce the convention to go in the way of preparation for war. After secession, he was appointed colonel of one of the regiments being then organized under the ordinance of the convention.

Dick Taylor was a born soldier. Although he had not received a military education, and had seen no service, he had been reared in a military atmosphere, and had an inherited fondness for the study of military history. Probably no civilian of his time was more deeply versed in the annals of war, including the achievements and personal characteristics of all the great captains, the details and philosophy of their campaigns, and their strategic theories and practice. No doubt this contributed to his success and gave him a military career, which, for courage, dash, and brilliance, and thorough

efficiency in every circumstance, need not fear comparison with that of any soldier on either side of the great war.

On receiving his appointment he repaired at once to his regiment and made it ready to start for Richmond, where he was brigaded with three other Louisiana regiments and Wheat's battalion, and assigned to the command of that brilliant soldier, General W. H. T. Walker of Georgia. Subsequently General Walker was transferred to a Georgia brigade and President Davis appointed Taylor a brigadier-general, assigning to him the command vacated by Walker. As all the colonels of the regiments with which he was associated were his friends and his seniors in rank and service, Taylor promptly declined the appointment. Thereupon President Davis appealed to the colonels themselves and secured their hearty concurrence in the appointment—a magnanimous action which they never had cause to regret. Taylor was finally assigned to Stonewall Jackson's command.

All military critics have agreed in canonizing Jackson's Valley Campaign as the most marvelous feat of arms achieved in the war, or perhaps in any war. In subtle strategy, daring tactics, and heroic fighting, it never has been surpassed. In this tremendous drama Taylor and his Louisiana Brigade were conspicuous actors and covered themselves with glory on every field. They won the admiration and frequent eulogies of Stonewall Jackson, who was not often prodigal of praise. He further signalized his appreciation by strongly recommending Taylor for promotion to major-general, which promotion was duly made. Taylor, with his brigade, followed Jackson to his junction with Lee before Richmond. At the beginning of the Seven Days' Battle he was prostrated by illness, but he insisted on being carried to the field in an ambulance, and in that position participated in the battles that followed, occasionally at critical moments, summoning strength to mount his horse. After the battle he suffered a complete physical collapse, involving partial paralysis of his lower limbs, and was compelled to quit the army and retire to Richmond for treatment. He received his commission as major-general, and after his recovery was assigned to the command of the District of Louisiana.

The story of Taylor's Louisiana Campaign is an independent epic of the war filled with stirring incident and incessant action. With an insignificant force he harassed the superior numbers of his enemy with constant attacks and skirmishes, surprised and captured camps and posts, appropriating their vast stores of supplies, attacked and destroyed or captured their gunboats and transport-vessels, thus improvising a little fleet of his own; and made things so generally hot for them as to foil their efforts at invasion.

After Banks's retreat had been completed, and after his district

had been freed from Federal occupancy, General Taylor, seeing no prospects of further action, applied to be relieved from his command. His request was granted, and he took some weeks of much needed rest. He was then commissioned as lieutenant-general and ordered to report for duty on the east side of the Mississippi. With much difficulty, and accompanied only by his faithful body-servant, he eluded the Federal patrols, made his way across the Mississippi, and was assigned to the command of the Department of Alabama and Mississippi. This was on the eve of Hood's disastrous advance into Tennessee. The overwhelming defeats of that army placed the Confederacy in the throes of dissolution. I need not here follow the vigorous and energetic efforts that Taylor made to aid in stemming the advancing tide, but which were too late to be effective. Lee surrendered and Johnson surrendered, and finally Taylor himself surrendered the last Confederate organized force, of which he says:

"I delivered the epilogue of the great drama in which I had played an humble part. So, from the Charleston Convention to this point, I shared the fortunes of the Confederacy, and can say as Grattan did of Irish Freedom, 'I sat by its cradle and followed its hearse.' "

After the war General Taylor still devoted himself to the service of his people.

Availing himself of the personal acquaintance he had with General Grant, and with many of the other most prominent Northern men (an acquaintance formed during the Presidency of his father), he went to Washington and first devoted himself to securing some relief for his illustrious brother-in-law, Jefferson Davis, who was then in prison, by obtaining permission to visit him, and afterward by obtaining permission for his family to visit him, which he accomplished only after long and persistent exertions. He then devoted himself to efforts to serve his people by exerting all the influence he could bring to bear to secure an amelioration of the conditions under which they were suffering and some relief from the gross injustices which were being inflicted upon them under the infamous régime of reconstruction. His efforts secured many incidental benefits, but they were powerless to arrest the resistless tide of oppression, which ran its predestined course to the bitter end.

General Taylor died in New York in 1879. During the period between the end of the war and his death, he developed considerable literary activity. He made many brilliant contributions to periodical literature which attracted wide attention at the time, but they never have been collected, and his literary fame rests upon his remarkable book, which he aptly named 'Destruction and Reconstruction.' As

he himself defined it, it is the story of his personal reminiscences "of Secession, the War, and Reconstruction."

It is rare that skill in the art of soldiership and in the art of rhetoric concur in the same person. Few men have won distinction in both. The all-accomplished Julius Cæsar is the most conspicuous example of martial and literary combination. Taylor, it may be *longo intervallo haud æquo pede,* follows in his footsteps. I would not make presumptuous comparisons, but, however utterly inferior Taylor may be to Cæsar as a warrior, 'Destruction and Reconstruction' is not an unworthy companion piece to the famous 'Commentaries.'

In terse, picturesque, and vivid description of battles and military operations, the book emulates Cæsar himself. From title-page to *finis* it is redolent of fine and varied scholarship. Its diction is an example of purest English undefiled, and in the difficult art of pen-portraiture it recalls the great master of that art, Macaulay. Its pictures of Lee, Jackson, Ewell, Forrest, and other distinguished characters who fell under his observation, are so speaking and life-like that they seem ready to step out from the canvas. It is adorned by several romantic little episodes, manifesting a surprising delicacy of literary touch.

The infamies of reconstruction, and the widespread demoralization and corruption that prevailed after the war, opened a broad field to his powers of satire and he has used them, perhaps, too unsparingly. But, whatever the justice of the satire, none can dispute its fierce and biting power.

Wm. P. Palmer

SECESSION

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THE Convention, by an immense majority of votes, adopted an ordinance declaring that Louisiana ceased to be a state within the Union. Indeed, similar action having already been taken by her neighbors, Louisiana of necessity followed. At the time and since, I marveled at the joyous and careless temper in which men, much my superiors in sagacity and experience, consummated these acts. There appeared the same general *gaïté de cœur* that M. Ollivier claimed for the Imperial Ministry when war was declared against Prussia. The attachment of northern and western people to the Union; their superiority in numbers, in wealth, and especially in mechanical resources; the command of the sea; the lust of rule and territory always felt by democracies, and nowhere to a greater degree than in the South, all these facts were laughed to scorn, or their mention was ascribed to timidity and treachery.

The inauguration of President Lincoln; the confederation of South Carolina, Georgia and the five Gulf States; the attitude of the border slave states, hoping to mediate; the assembling of Confederate forces at Pensacola, Charleston and other points; the seizure of United States forts and arsenals; the attack on "Sumter"; war—these followed with bewildering rapidity, and the human agencies concerned seemed as unconscious as scene-shifters in some awful tragedy.

So travellers enter railway carriages, and are dragged up grades and through tunnels with utter loss of volition, the motive power, generated by fierce heat, being far in advance and beyond their control.

We set up a Monarch too, King Cotton, and hedged him with a divinity surpassing that of earthly potentates. To doubt his royalty and power was a confession of ignorance or cowardice. This potent spirit, at the nod of our Prosperos, the cotton-planters, would arrest every loom and spindle in New England, destroy her wealth and reduce her population to beggary. The power of old England, the growth of eight hundred years, was to wither as the prophet's gourd unless she obeyed its behests.

DICK EWELL

. . . Bright, prominent eyes, a bomb-shaped, bald head, and a nose like that of Francis of Valois, gave him a striking resemblance to a woodcock; and this was increased by a bird-like habit of putting his head on one side to utter his quaint speeches. He fancied that he had some mysterious internal malady, and would eat nothing but frumenty, a preparation of wheat; and his plaintive way of talking of his disease, as if he were some one else, was droll in the extreme. His nervousness prevented him from taking regular sleep, and he passed nights curled around a camp-stool in positions to dislocate an ordinary person's joints and drive the "caoutchouc man" to despair.

Superbly mounted, he was the boldest of horsemen, invariably leaving the roads to take timber and water. No follower of the "Pytchley" or "Quorn" could have lived with him across country. With a fine tactical eye on the battlefield he was never content with his own plan until he had secured the approval of another's judgment, and chafed under the restraint of command, preferring to fight with the skirmish line. On two occasions in the Valley, during the temporary absence of Jackson from the front, Ewell summoned me to his side and immediately rushed forward among the skirmishers, where some sharp work was going on. Having refreshed himself, he returned with the hope that "old Jackson would not catch him at it." He always spoke of Jackson, several years his junior, as "old," and told me in confidence that he admired his genius, but was certain of his lunacy, and that he never saw one of Jackson's couriers approach without expecting an order to assault the North Pole.

Dear Dick Ewell! Virginia never bred a truer gentleman, a braver soldier, nor an odder, more lovable fellow.

STONEWALL JACKSON

. . . After attending to necessary Camp details I sought Jackson, whom I had never met.

The mounted officer who had been sent on in advance pointed out a figure perched on the topmost rail of a fence overlooking the road and field, and said it was Jackson. Approaching, I saluted and declared my name and rank, then waited for a response. Before this came I had time to see a pair of cavalry boots covering feet of gigantic size, a mangy cap with visor drawn low, a heavy, dark beard, and weary eyes—eyes I afterward saw filled with intense but never brilliant light. A low, gentle voice inquired the road and distance marked that day. "Keazletown road, six and twenty miles." "You seem to have no stragglers." "Never allow straggling." "You must teach my people, they straggle badly." A bow in reply. Just then my creoles started their band and a waltz. After a contemplative suck at a lemon, "thoughtless fellows for serious work" came forth. I expressed a hope that the work would not be less well done because of the gayety. A return to the lemon gave me an opportunity to retire. Where Jackson got his lemons "no fellow could find out," but he was rarely without one. To have lived twelve miles from that fruit would have disturbed him as much as it did the witty Dean.

Quite late that night General Jackson came to my camp fire where he stayed some hours. He said we would move at dawn, asked a few questions about the marching of my men, which seemed to have impressed him, and then remained silent. If silence be golden, he was a "bonanza." He sucked lemons, ate hard-tack and drank water, and praying and fighting appeared to be his idea of the "whole duty of man."

I have written that he was ambitious; and his ambition was vast, all absorbing. Like the unhappy wretch from whose shoulders sprang the foul serpent, he loathed it, perhaps feared it; but he could not escape it—it was himself; nor rend it—it was his own flesh. He fought it with prayer, constant and earnest, Apollyon and Christian in ceasless combat. What limit to set to his ability I know not, for he was ever superior to occasion. Under ordinary circumstances it was difficult

to estimate him because of his peculiarities—peculiarities that would have made a lesser man absurd, but that served to enhance his martial fame as those of Samuel Johnson did his literary eminence. He once observed, in reply to an allusion to his severe marching, that it was better to lose one man in marching than five in fighting; and acting on this, he invariably surprised the enemy—Milroy at McDowell, Banks and Fremont in the Valley, McClellan's right at Cold Harbor, Pope at Second Manassas.

Fortunate in his death, he fell at the summit of glory before the sun of the Confederacy had set, ere defeat and suffering and selfishness could turn their fangs upon him. As one man, the South wept for him; foreign nations shared the grief; even Federals praised him. With Wolfe and Nelson and Havelock, he took his place in the hearts of the English-speaking peoples.

In the first years of this century, a great battle was fought on the plains of the Danube. A determined charge on the Austrian center gained the victory for France. The courage and example of a private soldier, who there fell, contributed much to the success of the charge. Ever after, at the parades of his battalion, the name of Latour D'Auvergne was first called, when the oldest sergeant stepped to the front and answered, "Died on the field of honor." In Valhalla, beyond the grave, where spirits of warriors assemble, when on the roll of heroes the name of Jackson is reached, it will be for the majestic shade of Lee to pronounce the highest eulogy known to our race, "Died on the field of duty."

ROBERT E. LEE

. . . Of all the men I have seen he was the best entitled to the epithet of distinguished; and so marked was his appearance in this particular, that he would not have passed unnoticed through the streets of any capital. Reserved almost to coldness, his calm dignity repelled familiarity; not that he seemed without sympathies, but that he had so conquered his own weaknesses as to prevent the confession of others before him. At the outbreak of the war his reputation was exclusively that of an engineer, in which branch of the military service of the United States he had, with a short exception, passed his career. He was early sent to Western Virginia on a forlorn hope against Rosecrans, where he had no success, for success was impossible. Yet his lofty character was respected of all and compelled public confidence. Indeed, his character seemed perfect, his bath in Stygian waters complete; not a vulnerable spot remained; *totus teres atque rotundus.* His soldiers reverenced him and had unbounded confidence in him, for he shared all their privations and they saw him ever unshaken of fortune. Tender and protecting love he did not inspire; such love is given to weakness not to strength. Not only was he destitute of a vulgar greed for fame, he would not extend a hand to welcome it when it came unbidden. He was without ambition, and, like Washington, into whose family connection he had married, kept duty as his guide.

Nevertheless, from the moment Lee succeeded to the command of the Army in Virginia, he was *facile princeps* in the war, towering above all on both sides, as the pyramid of Ghizeh above the desert. Steadfast to the end, he upheld the waning fortunes of the Confederacy as did Hector those of Troy. Last scene of all at his surrender, his greatness and dignity made of his adversary but a humble accessory; and if departed intelligences be permitted to take ken of the affairs of this world, the soul of Light Horse Harry rejoices that his own eulogy of Washington, "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen," is now, by the united voice of the South, applied to his noble son.

THE ACADIANS

The upper or Northern Teche waters the Parishes of St. Landry, Lafayette, and St. Martins—the Attakapas, home of the "Acadians." What the gentle, contented creole was to the restless, pushing American, that and more was the Acadian to the creole. In the middle of the past century, when the victories of Wolfe and Amherst deprived France of her Northern possessions, the inhabitants of Nouvelle Acadia, the present Nova Scotia, migrated to the genial clime of the Attakapas, where beneath the flag of lilies they could preserve their allegiance, their traditions and their faith. Isolated up to the time of the war, they spoke no language but their own *patois;* and, reading and writing not having come to them by nature, they were dependent for news on their *curés* and occasional peddlers, who tempted the women with chiffons and trinkets. The few slaves owned were humble members of the household, assisting in the cultivation of small patches of maize, sweet potatoes and cotton, from which last the women manufactured the wonderful Attakapas *cottonade,* the ordinary clothing of both sexes. Their little *cabanes* dotted the broad prairie in all directions, and it was pleasant to see the smoke curling from their chimneys while herds of cattle and ponies grazed at will. Here unchanged was the French peasant of Fénélon and Bossuet, of Louis le Grand and his successor, Le Bien-Aimé. Tender and true were the traditions of La Belle France, but of France before Voltaire and the encyclopædists, the Convention and the Jacobins, ere she had lost faith in all things, divine and human, save the *bourgeoisie* and *avocats.* Mounted on his pony, with lariat in hand, he herded his cattle, or shot and fished; but so gentle was his nature that lariat and rifle seemed transformed into pipe and crook of shepherd. Light wines from the Médoc, native oranges and home-made sweet cakes filled his largest conceptions of feasts; and violin and clarionet made high carnival in his heart.

On an occasion, passing the little hamlet of Grand Coteau, I stopped to get some food for man and horse. A pretty maiden of fifteen springs, whose parents were absent, welcomed me. Her lustrous eyes and long lashes might have excited the envy of the "dark-eyed girl of Cadiz." Finding her

alone I was about to retire and try my fortune in another house; but she insisted that she could prepare "monsieur un diner dans un tour de main," and she did. Seated by the window looking modestly on the road, while I was enjoying her repast, she sprang to her feet, clapped her hands joyously and exclaimed: "V'la le gros Jean Baptiste qui passe sur son mulet avec *deux* bocals. As! nous aurons grand bal ce soir." It appeared that *one* jug of claret meant a dance, but *two* very high jinks indeed. As my hostess declined any remuneration for her trouble, I begged her to accept a pair of plain gold sleeve buttons, my only ornaments. Wonder, delight and gratitude chased each other across the pleasant face, and the confiding little creature put up her rose-bud mouth. In an instant the homely room became as the bower of Titania and I accepted the chaste salute with all the reverence of a subject for his Queen, then rode away with uncovered head so long as she remained in sight. Hospitable little maiden of Grand Coteau, may you never have graver fault to confess than the innocent caress you bestowed on the stranger.

It was to this earthly paradise and upon this simple race that the war came, like the tree of the knowledge of evil to our early parents.

GENERAL FORREST

. . . He was a tall, stalwart man, with grayish hair, mild countenance, and slow and homely of speech. Like Clive, Nature made him a great soldier; and he was without the former's advantages. Limited as was Clive's education, he was a Porson of erudition compared with Forrest, who read with difficulty.

The battle of Okalona was fought on an open plain, and Forrest had no advantage of position to compensate for the great inferiority of numbers; but it is remarkable that he employed the tactics of Frederick at Leuthen and Zorndorf, though he had never heard these names. Indeed, his tactics deserve the closest study of military men. Asked after the war to what he attributed his success in so many actions, he replied, "Well, I *got there first with the most men.*" Jomini could not have stated the key to the art of war more concisely.

I doubt if any commander since the days of lion-hearted Richard has killed as many enemies with his own hand as Forrest. His word of command as he led the charge was unique: "Forward, men, and *mix* with 'em!" But while cutting down many a foe with long-reaching, nervous arm, his keen eye watched the whole fight and guided him to the weak spot. Yet he was a tender-hearted, kindly man. The accusations of his enemies, that he murdered prisoners at Fort Pillow and elsewhere are absolutely false. The prisoners captured on his expedition into Tennessee, of which I have just written, were negroes, and he carefully looked after their wants himself, though in rapid movement, and fighting much of the time. These negroes told me of Mars' Forrest's kindness to them.

A VIRGINIA BREAKFAST AND MINT-JULEP

. . . That night we camped between Charlottesville and Gordonsville, in Orange County, the birthplace of my father. A distant kinsman, whom I had never met, came to invite me to his house in the neighborhood. His house was a little distant from the road; so, the following morning, he sent a mounted groom to show the way. My aide, young Hamilton, accompanied me, and Tom of course followed. It was a fine old mansion surrounded by well-kept grounds. This immediate region had not yet been touched by war. Flowering plants and rose trees in full bloom attested the glorious wealth of June. On the broad portico, to welcome us, stood the host with his fresh, charming wife, and, a little retired, a white-headed butler. Greetings over with host and lady, this delightful creature with ebon face beaming hospitality, advanced, holding a salver on which rested a huge silver goblet filled with Virginia's nectar, mint julep. Quantities of cracked ice rattled refreshingly in the goblet, sprigs of fragrant mint peered above its broad brim; a mass of white sugar, too sweetly indolent to melt, rested on the mint; and, like rosebuds on a snow bank, luscious strawberries crowned the sugar. Ah! that julep! Mars ne'er received such tipple from the hands of Ganymede. Breakfast was announced, and what a breakfast! A beautiful service, snowy table cloth, damask napkins, long unknown;

above all, a lovely woman in crisp gown, with more and handsomer roses on her cheek than in her garden. 'Twas an idyl in the midst of the stern realities of war! The table groaned beneath its viands. Sable servitors brought in, hot and hotter from the kitchen, cakes of wondrous forms, inventions of the tropical imagination of Africa inflamed by Virginia hospitality. I was rather a moderate trencherman, but the performance of Hamilton was Gargantuan, alarming. Duty dragged us from this Eden; yet in hurried adieus I did not forget to claim of the fair hostess the privileges of a cousin.

TOM STROTHER, MY BODY SERVANT

. . . As under feudal institutions the arms of heiresses were quartered with those of the families into which they married, in the South their slaves adopted the surname of the mistress; my paternal grandmother was Miss Sarah Strother of Virginia and from her estate came these Strother negroes. Tom, three years my senior, was my foster brother and early playmate. Tall, powerful, black as ebony, he was a mirror of honesty and truth. Always cheerful, I never heard him laugh or knew of his speaking unless spoken to. He could light a fire in a minute under the most unfavorable circumstances and with the most unpromising material, made the best coffee to be tasted outside of a creole kitchen, was a "dab" at camp stews and roasts, groomed my horses, one of which he rode near me, washed my linen and was never behind time. Occasionally, when camped near a house, he would obtain starch and flat-irons and get up my extra shirt in a way to excite the envy of a professional clear-starcher; but such red-letter days were few.

I used to fancy that there was a mute sympathy between General Jackson and Tom, as they sat silent by a camp fire, the latter respectfully withdrawn; and an incident here at Strasburg cemented this friendship. When my command was called into action I left Tom on a hill where all was quiet. Thereafter, from a change in the enemy's dispositions, the place became rather hot, and Jackson passing by, advised Tom to move; but he replied, if the General pleased, his master told him to stay there and would know where to find him,

and he did not believe shells would trouble him. Two or three nights later Jackson was at my fire when Tom came to give me some coffee; whereupon Jackson rose and gravely shook him by the hand, and then told me the above.

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON

. . . Thus he brought to the Southern cause a civil and military experience surpassing that of any other leader. Born in Kentucky, descended from an honorable colonial race, connected by marriage with influential families in the West where his life had been passed, he was peculiarly fitted to command western armies. With him at the helm, there would have been no Vicksburg, no Missionary Ridge, no Atlanta. His character was lofty and pure, his presence and demeanor dignified and courteous, with the simplicity of a child; and he at once inspired the respect and gained the confidence of cultivated gentlemen and rugged frontiersmen.

Besides, he had passed through the furnace of ignorant newspapers, hotter than that of the Babylonian tyrant. Like pure gold he came forth from the furnace above the reach of slander, the foremost man of all the South; and had it been possible for one heart, one mind and one arm to save her cause, she lost them when Albert Sidney Johnston fell on the field of Shiloh.

As soon after the war as she was permitted, the Commonwealth of Texas removed his remains from New Orleans to inter him in a land he had long and faithfully served. I was honored by a request to accompany the coffin from the cemetery to the steamer; and as I gazed upon it there arose the feeling of the Theban who, after the downfall of the glory and independence of his country, stood by the tomb of Epaminondas.

ANDREW JOHNSON

. . . Of humble birth, a tailor by trade, nature gave him a strong intellect, and he had learned to read after his marriage. He had acquired much knowledge of the principles of government and made himself a fluent speaker, but could not rise above the level of the class in which he was born and to which he always appealed. He well understood the few subjects laboriously studied, and affected to despise other knowledge, while suspicious that those possessing such would take advantage of him. Self-educated men, as they are called, deprived of the side light thrown on a particular subject by instruction in cognate matters, are narrow and dogmatic, and, with an uneasy consciousness of ignorance, soothe their own vanity by underrating the studies of others. To the vanity of this class he added that of the demagogue (I use the term in its better sense) and called the wise policy left him by his predecessor, "my policy." Compelled to fight his way up from obscurity, he had contracted a dislike of those more favored of fortune, whom he was in the habit of calling the "slave aristocracy," and became incapable of giving his confidence to any one, even to those on whose assistance he relied in a contest, just now beginning, with Congress.

President Johnson never made a dollar by public office, abstained from quartering a horde of connections on the Treasury, refused to uphold rogues in high places, and had too just a conception of the dignity of a chief magistrate to accept presents. It may be said that these are humble qualities for a citizen to boast the possession of by a President of the United States. As well claim respect for a woman of one's family on the ground that she has preserved her virtue. Yet all whose eyes were not blinded by partisanship, whose manhood was not emasculated by servility, would in these last years have welcomed the least of them as manna in the desert.

CHARLES SUMNER

. . . Hopeless of obtaining assistance from such statesmen I visited Mr. Charles Sumner, Senator from Massachusetts, who received me pleasantly. A rebel, a slave driver, and, without the culture of Boston, ignorant, I was an admirable vessel into which he could pour the inexhaustible stream of his acquired eloquence. I was delighted to listen to beautiful passages from the classics as well as modern poets, dramatists, philosophers, and orators, and recalled the anecdote of the man sitting under a fluent divine, who could not refrain from muttering, "That is Jeremy Taylor; that, South; that, Barrow," etc. It was difficult to suppress the thought, while Mr. Sumner was talking, "That is Burke, or Howard, Wilberforce, Brougham, Macaulay, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Exeter Hall," etc., but I failed to get down to the particular subject that interested me. He seemed over-educated—had retained, not digested his learning; and beautiful flowers of literature were attached to him by filaments of memory as lovely orchids to sapless sticks. Hence he failed to understand the force of language, and became the victim of his own metaphors, mistaking them for facts. He had the irritable vanity and weak nerves of a woman, and was bold to rashness in speculation, destitute as he was of the ordinary masculine sense of responsibility. Yet I hold him to have been the purest and most sincere man of his party. Without vindictiveness, he forgave his enemies as soon as they were overthrown, and one of the last efforts of his life was to remove from the flag of a common country all records of victories that perpetuated the memory of civil strife.

WASHINGTON CITY AFTER THE WAR

. . . Meantime, an opportunity to look upon the amazing spectacle presented by the dwellers at the capital was afforded. The things seen by the Pilgrims in a dream were at this Vanity Fair visible in the flesh: "all such merchandise sold as houses, lands, trades, places, honors, preferments, states, lusts, pleasures; and delights of all sorts, as bawds, wives, husbands, children, masters, servants, lives, blood, bodies, souls, pearls, precious stones and what not." The eye of the inspired tinker had pierced the darkness of two hundred years and seen what was to come. The martial tread of hundreds of volunteer generals, just disbanded, resounded in the streets. Gorged with loot, they spent it as lavishly as Morgan's buccaneers after the sack of Panama. Their women sat at meat or walked the highways resplendent in jewels, spoil of Southern matrons. The camp-followers of the army were in high carnival, and in character and numbers rivaled the attendants of Xerxes. Courtesans swarmed everywhere, about the inns, around the Capitol, in the antechambers of the "White House," and were brokers for the transaction of all business. Of a tolerant disposition and with a wide experience of earthly wickedness, I did not feel called upon to cry aloud against these enormities, remembering the fate of Faithful; but I had some doubts concerning divine justice; for why were the "cities of the Plain" overthrown and this place suffered to exist?

ZACHARY TAYLOR

[1784—1850]

WALTER L. FLEMING

ZACHARY TAYLOR was the twelfth President of the United States, the sixth and last who was born in Virginia. The Taylor family came from England in the Seventeenth Century and settled in south eastern Virginia. By marriage the Taylors were related to the leading families of the Old Dominion, among them the Lees, Barbours, Madisons, Conways, and Pendletons. Richard Taylor, the father of Zachary, was of an adventurous disposition and left school when a mere boy to make a trip into the Kentucky country, which was at that time a wilderness in which not a single white person lived. He went as far as Natchez before turning back. When the Revolution broke out he enlisted in the Virginia troops, rendered good service, and rose to the rank of colonel. In 1779 he married Sarah Strother. On November 24, 1784, Zachary, their third son, was born, and a year later the family removed to Kentucky, a move that Richard Taylor had planned years before.

In Kentucky the family settled near Louisville, where the father rapidly accumulated land and rose to a prominent position in State politics. Young Zachary, with his brothers, was reared on a frontier farm, and there learned the lessons of industry, courage, self-reliance and self-denial. For in the early years of its history, life in Kentucky was hard. There were still the Indians to guard against, and hunting was almost a regular occupation of the men. Zachary and his brothers were trained to hunt by Wetzel, the famous scout and Indian fighter. Of schooling there was little. Elisha Ayers, a Connecticut Yankee, kept a school near by, and from him the Taylor boys learned the rudiments of English. Zachary lived and worked on the farm until he was twenty-four years old. When the Burr movement alarmed the Kentuckians, Taylor joined a troop of cavalry for the purpose of opposing Burr's forces.

The Taylor brothers were inclined toward the military life, and the two elder brothers early secured commissions in the United States Army. In 1808 one of them, Lieutenant Hancock Taylor, died, and Zachary Taylor applied for and secured a commission in the Seventh Regiment of Infantry. In 1810 he married Margaret Smith, the daughter of an officer in the Marine Corps.

Taylor's first tour of service was on the northwest frontier and lasted several years, in fact, through the War of 1812. His duty was to defend the frontier settlements from the attacks of the Indians, who were instigated and led by the British. For his services he was made major by brevet, the first instance of such a title in the United States Army. The earliest writings of Taylor that exist are the despatches from his post on the border. They are unaffected, clear, and blunt.

When the war with England was ended the army was cut down and Taylor was reduced in rank from major to captain. Believing this to be an injustice, he resigned and went home "to make a crop of corn." But before the end of the year he was, through no effort of his own, reinstated in the army with the rank of major. During the next fifteen years he saw hard and monotonous frontier service. In 1832 he was sent with his regiment to occupy and complete Fort Crawford, in the Illinois country. He established a post library and secured a good collection of books. When off duty the "book room" was his favorite place of resort, and one who knew him then said later that his "hardihood [in drilling his men in February] was no more characteristic that his liberal-minded intelligence."

In 1832 Taylor was made colonel, and with his regiment took a prominent part in the Black Hawk War. From 1836 to 1840 he was engaged in the Seminole War in Florida, and for his services was made a brigadier-general. From 1840 to 1845 he was in command of the Southwestern Department and made his home at Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

When trouble with Mexico was threatened Taylor was ordered to the Rio Grande, and for two years, during the war that followed, he was in command of the United States forces in northern Mexico. His letters and despatches written at the beginning of the war indicate that he was not in favor of precipitating a contest of arms and that he conducted the affairs of the United States with great moderation and in a conservative spirit. His despatches are remarkably free from egotism and from the uninteresting detail that lumbers up most military communications. The capture of Monterey and the battle of Buena Vista made Taylor famous as a general. The terms granted by him to the Mexicans at Monterey were, owing to a misunderstanding of the situation, not approved by the War Department. Taylor wrote a vigorous defence of his policy, of which Jefferson Davis, a colonel in Taylor's army, said: "His reply to Secretary Marcy's strictures in regard to the capitulation of Monterey exhibited such vigor of thought and grace of expression that many attributed it to a member of his staff who had a literary reputation. It was

written by General Taylor's own hand in the open air by his camp fire at Victoria, Mexico."

After the war Taylor's friends urged him to be a candidate for the Presidency, and he frankly entered the contest. He himself never had voted, but his sympathies were with the Whigs. He constantly declared that he would not be a partisan President, and he was not. Before and after the election his letters, statements, and messages show that he appreciated the dangers that threatened the Union. He thought that the remedy was to return to the moderate principles of the founders of the Republic. He used his own influence for conciliation and for moderation on both sides. His California-New Mexico Message shows that he endeavored to keep the slavery question out of Congress, if possible. His restraining influence in politics was felt for only one short year. He died July 9, 1850—his last words being: "I am ready to die. I have faithfully endeavored to do my duty."

Zachary Taylor was a soldier during the best part of his life; he loved his profession; he had the soldier's ideals of duty and conduct, and these ideals he carried with him to the White House. The best estimate of his character was made by another soldier and statesman, Jefferson Davis, who opposed him in politics:

"Many years of military routine had not dulled his desire for knowledge; he had extensively studied both ancient and modern history, especially the English. Unpretending, meditative, observant and conclusive, he was best understood and most appreciated by those who had known him long and intimately. In a campaign he gathered information from all who approached him, however sinister their motives might be. By comparison and elimination he gained a knowledge that was often surprising as to the position and designs of the enemy. In battle he was vigilantly active, though quiet in bearing; calm and considerate, though stern and inflexible; but when the excitement of danger and strife had subsided, he had a father's tenderness and care for the wounded, and none more sincerely mourned for those who had bravely fallen in the line of their duty."

Walter L. Fleming

THE CONVENTION OF MONTEREY

From J. R. Fry's 'Life of General Zachary Taylor.'

Camp near Monterey, November 8, 1846.

Sir: In reply to so much of the communication of the Secretary of War, as relates to the reasons which induced the conversation resulting in the capitulation of Monterey, I have the honour to submit the following remarks:

The convention presents two distinct points: *First,* the permission granted the Mexican Army to retire with their arms, &c. *Secondly,* the temporary cessation of hostilities for the term of eight weeks. I shall remark on these in order.

The force with which I marched on Monterey was limited by causes beyond my control to about six thousand men. With this force, as every military man must admit, who has seen the ground, it was entirely impossible to invest Monterey so closely as to prevent the escape of the garrison. Although the main communication with the interior was in our possession, yet one route was open to the Mexicans throughout the operations, and could not be closed, as were also other minor tracks and passes through the mountains. Had we, therefore, insisted on more rigorous terms than those granted, the result would have been the escape of the body of the Mexican force, with the destruction of its artillery and magazines, our only advantage being the capture of a few prisoners of war, at the expense of valuable lives and much damage to the city. The consideration of humanity was present to my mind during the conference which led to the convention, and outweighed, in my judgment, the doubtful advantages to be gained by a resumption of the attack upon the town. This conclusion has been fully confirmed by an inspection of the enemy's position and means since the surrender. It was discovered that his principal magazine, containing an immense amount of powder, was in the Cathedral, completely exposed to our shells from two directions. The explosion of this mass of powder, which must have ultimately resulted from a continuation of the bombardment, would have been infinitely disastrous, involving the destruction not only of Mexican troops, but of non-combatants, and even our own people, had we pressed the attack.

In regard to the temporary cessation of hostilities, the fact that we are not at this moment, within eleven days of the termination of the period fixed by the convention, prepared to move forward in force, is a sufficient explanation of the military reasons which dictated this suspension of arms. It paralyzed the enemy during a period when, from the want of necessary means, we could not possibly move. I desire distinctly to state, and to call the attention of the authorities to the fact, that, with all diligence in breaking mules and setting up wagons, the first wagons in addition to our original train from Corpus Christi, (and but one hundred and twenty-five in number,) reached my head-quarters on the same day with the secretary's communication of October 13th, viz: the 2d inst. At the date of the surrender of Monterey, our force had not more than ten days' rations, and even now, with all our endeavors, we have not more than twenty-five. THE TASK OF FIGHTING AND BEATING THE ENEMY IS AMONG THE LEAST DIFFICULT THAT WE ENCOUNTER—the great question of supplies necessarily controls all the operations in a country like this. At the date of the convention, I could not of course have foreseen that the Department would direct an important detachment from my command without consulting me, or without waiting the result of the main operation under my orders.

I have touched the prominent military points involved in the convention of Monterey. There were other considerations which weighed with the commissioners in framing, and with myself in approving the articles of the convention. In the conference with General Ampudia, I was distinctly told by him that he had invited it to spare the further effusion of blood, and because General Santa Anna had declared himself favorable to peace. I knew that our government had made propositions to that of Mexico to negotiate, and I deemed that the change of government in that country since my instructions, fully warranted me in entertaining considerations of policy. My grand motive in moving forward with very limited supplies had been to increase the inducements of the Mexican Government to negotiate for peace. Whatever may be the actual views or disposition of the Mexican rulers or of General Santa Anna, it is not unknown to the Government that I had the very best reason for believing the statement of General

Ampudia to be true. It was my opinion at the time of the convention, and it has not been changed, that the liberal treatment of the Mexican Army, and the suspension of arms, would exert none but a favorable influence in our behalf.

The result of the entire operation has been to throw the Mexican Army back more than three hundred miles to the city of San Luis Potosi, and to open the country to us as far as we choose to penetrate it up to the same point.

It has been my purpose in this communication not so much to defend the convention from the censure which I deeply regret to find implied in the Secretary's letter, as to show that it was not adopted without cogent reasons, most of which occur of themselves to the minds of all who are acquainted with the conditions of things here. To that end I beg that it may be laid before the General-in-chief and Secretary of War.

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION

Extract from the First Annual Message, December 4, 1849.

. . . Our government is one of limited powers, and its successful administration eminently depends on the confinement of each of its co-ordinate branches within its own appropriate sphere. The first section of the constitution ordains that "all legislative powers therein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a senate and house of representatives." The executive has authority to recommend (not to dictate) measures to Congress. Having performed that duty, the executive department of the government can not rightfully control the decision of Congress on any subject of legislation, until that decision shall have been officially submitted to the president for approval. The check provided by the constitution in the clause conferring the qualified veto will never be exercised by me, except in the cases contemplated by the father of the republic. I view it as an extreme measure, to be resorted to only in extraordinary cases—as where it may become necessary to defend the executive against the encroachments of the legislative power, or to prevent hasty and inconsiderate or unconstitutional legislation. By cautiously confining this remedy within the sphere prescribed to it in the contemporaneous expositions of the fram-

ers of the constitution, the will of the people, legitimately expressed on all subjects of legislation, through their constitutional organs, the senators and representatives of the United States, will have its full effect. As indispensable to the preservation of our system of self-government, the independence of the representatives of the states and the people is guaranteed by the constitution; and they owe no responsibility to any human power but their constituents. By holding the representative responsible only to the people, and exempting him from all other influences, we elevate the character of the constituent, and quicken his sense of responsibility to his country. It is under these circumstances only that the elector can feel that, in the choice of a lawmaker, he is himself truly a component part of the sovereign power of the nation. With equal care we should study to defend the rights of the executive and judicial departments. Our government can only be preserved in its purity by the suppression and entire elimination of every claim or tendency of one co-ordinate branch to encroachment upon another. With the strict observance of this rule and the other injunctions of the constitution; with a sedulous inculcation of that respect and love for the Union of the states which our fathers cherished and enjoined upon their children; and with the aid of that overruling Providence which has so long and so kindly guarded our liberties and institutions, we may reasonably expect to transmit them, with their innumerable blessings, to the remotest posterity.

But attachment to the Union of the states should be habitually fostered in every American heart. For more than half a century, during which kingdoms and empires have fallen, this Union has stood unshaken. The patriots who formed it have long since descended to the grave; yet still it remains, the proudest monument to their memory, and the object of affection and admiration with every one worthy to bear the American name. In my judgment, its dissolution would be the greatest of calamities; and to avert that should be the study of every American. Upon its preservation must depend our own happiness and that of countless generations to come. Whatever dangers may threaten it, I shall stand by it and maintain it in its integrity to the full extent of the obligations imposed and the power conferred upon me by the constitution.

CALIFORNIA AND NEW MEXICO

Extracts from a Message to Congress, January 23, 1850.

I DID not hesitate to express to the people of those territories my desire that each territory should, if prepared to comply with the requisitions of the constitution of the United States, form a plan of a state constitution, and submit the same to Congress, with a prayer for admission into the Union as state; but I do not anticipate, suggest, or authorize, the establishment of any such government without the assent of Congress; nor did I authorize any government agent or officer to interfere with or exercise any influence or control over the election of delegates, or over any convention, in making or modifying their domestic institutions or any of the provisions of their proposed constitution. On the contrary, the instructions given by my orders were, that all measures of domestic policy adopted by the people of California must originate solely with themselves; that while the executive of the United States was desirous to protect them in the formation of any government republican in its character, to be, at the proper time, submitted to Congress, yet it was to be distinctly understood that the plan of such a government must, at the same time, be the result of their own deliberate choice, and originate with themselves, without the interference of the executive.

I am unable to give any information as to laws passed by any supposed government in California, or of any census taken in either of the territories mentioned in the resolution, as I have no information on those subjects.

As already stated, I have not disturbed the arrangements which I found had existed under my predecessor.

In advising an early application by the people of these territories for admission as states, I was actuated principally by an earnest desire to afford to the wisdom and patriotism of Congress the opportunity of avoiding occasions of bitter and angry dissentions among the people of the United States.

Under the constitution, every state has the right of establishing, and from time to time, altering its municipal laws and domestic institutions, independently of every other state and of the general government, subject only to the prohibitions

and guaranties expressly set forth in the constitution of the United States. The subjects thus left exclusively to the respective states were not designed or expected to become topics of national agitation. Still, as under the constitution, Congress has power to make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territories of the United States, every new acquisition of territory has led to discussions on the question whether the system of involuntary servitude which prevails in many of the states should or should not be prohibited in that territory. The periods of excitement from this cause which have heretofore occurred have been safely passed; but during the interval, of whatever length, which may elapse before the admission of the territories ceded by Mexico as states, it appears probable that similar excitement will prevail to an undue extent.

Under these circumstances, I thought, and still think, that it was my duty to endeavor to put it in the power of Congress, by the admission of California and New Mexico as states, to remove all occasions for the unnecessary agitation of the public mind.

It is understood that the people of the western part of California have formed a plan of a state constitution, and will soon submit the same to the judgment of Congress, and apply for admission as a state. This course on their part, though in accordance with, was not adopted exclusively in consequence of, any expression of my wishes, insomuch as measures tending to this end had been promoted by the officers sent there by my predecessor, and were already in active progress of execution before any communication from me reached California. If the proposed constitution shall, when submitted to Congress, be found to be in compliance with the requisitions of the constitution of the United States, I earnestly recommend that it may receive the sanction of Congress.

* * * * * *

Seeing, then, that the question which now excites such painful sensation in the country will, in the end, certainly be settled by the silent effect of causes independent of the action of Congress, I again submit to your wisdom the policy recommended in my annual message, of awaiting the salutary operation of those causes, believing that we shall thus avoid the cre-

ation of geographical parties, and secure the harmony of feeling so necessary to the beneficial action of our political system. Connected as the Union is with the remembrance of past happiness, the sense of present blessings, and the hope of future peace and prosperity, every dictate of wisdom, every feeling of duty, and every emotion of patriotism, tends to inspire fidelity and devotion to it, and admonish us cautiously to avoid any unnecessary controversy which can either endanger it or impair its strength, the chief element of which is to be found in the regard and affection of the people for each other.

JOHN R. THOMPSON

[1823—1873]

W. GORDON McCABE

JOHN R. THOMPSON was born in Richmond, Virginia, October 23, 1823. He received his preparation for college in an excellent school at East Haven, Connecticut, entered the academic department of the University of Virginia in the autumn of 1840, in which he successfully pursued his studies for two years, then joined the law school and was graduated before he was twenty-one, taking a good degree.

After practising law in Richmond for a little more than two years, contributing, meanwhile, in prose and verse to various journals, North and South, he finally determined to follow the path that inclination had early marked out for him by devoting himself chiefly to literature. To this end he purchased and assumed editorial control of *The Southern Literary Messenger* (then known by the somewhat cumbrous title of *The Southern and Western Literary Messenger and Review*), in November, 1847. That he felt at first, young as he was, some trepidation at giving up the profession for which he had been trained and embarking upon the uncertain sea of editorial life, is shown by his "Announcement to the Public" (published in the October number of the *Messenger* for 1847), in which he says: "It is not my intention to abandon my profession, but to continue, as heretofore, a practitioner of the law."

But he very soon recognized the truth of the trite aphorism that "the law is a jealous mistress," and there is no evidence in his letters, or elsewhere, that his desertion of Themis for the Muses cost him any real pang.

His heart was now thoroughly in his work and the result was that under his management, for nearly thirteen years, the *Messenger* held an unchallenged place in the front rank of American magazines. In July, 1854, still retaining titular editorship of the *Messenger* (though the year before he had sold the proprietorship to its publishers), he sailed for Europe, whence he contributed regularly to its pages during his absence, a series of always clever and often brilliant sketches of travel. Apart from the mere delight of intelligent "sight-seeing," during this visit he formed some of the pleasantest and most lasting friendships of his life, his refinement, genial-

ity, keen observation, and exquisite culture drawing to him many of the foremost men of letters in England and on the Continent.

At this time he renewed a slight acquaintance with Charles Dickens (though they never became really friends) and for the first time met Bulwer, who greeted with unwonted graciousness the young American *littérateur;* he saw much of Macaulay, not only in society, but in easy intercourse in the latter's bachelor quarters in The Albany, which he afterward made the setting for a wonderfully vivid and charming sketch of the great essayist and historian, and became an ever welcome guest of the Brownings at Casa Guidi in Florence.

Now, too, began an acquaintance with Carlyle and Tennyson, destined in both instances to ripen into hearty friendship; while with the greatest humorist of the century, "good old Thackeray," whom he had entertained in Virginia, there were "free quarters" for him at No. 36 Onslow Square, boyish rambles together from Highgate to Hounsditch, jolly nights over pipes and foaming tankards at "Evans's" in Covent Garden ("The Cave of Harmony" of 'The Newcomes'), and more than one cosy dinner at "The Ship" at Greenwich, or "The Star-and-Garter" at Richmond-on-the-Hill.

On his return to America, after six halcyon months abroad, Thompson collected his sketches of travel, from which he had scrupulously omitted all mention of the distinguished people he had met, and the volume, entitled 'Across the Atlantic,' had already been printed and was in the hands of the binders, when the great New York fire of 1856 occurred, in which the establishment of his publishers, Messrs. Derby and Jackson, was burned, and the entire edition destroyed.

Years afterwards he would relate to his friends, in his inimitably droll fashion, how the news of the fire came to him in Washington just as he was mounting the rostrum to lecture before the Smithsonian Institution—how ghastly seemed all his jokes—how dreary all his *jeux d'esprit* in the light of that disastrous conflagration; and how there finally came into his possession the only copy of the book that was saved—a complete "final revise" of proof-sheets that had been accidentally left in a desk (fortunately rescued) belonging to a member of the firm—a volume, he was wont to declare with mock gravity, that should fetch as great a price as the 'Mazarin Bible' or the famous 'Il Decamerone' from the press of Messer Cristoforo Valdarfar, in that it was beyond cavil of captious bibliophile one of the very few really "unique books" to be found in the world.

In January, 1855, he resumed active editorial control of the *Messenger* (relieving his intimate friend, John Esten Cooke, whom

he had appointed "acting editor" during his absence); and once more, by the incisive brilliancy of his literary criticisms, the charm of his genial sympathy, and by that generous and hearty recognition of merit which he was ever ready to accord the humblest aspirants in letters, he drew around him the best literary talent in the South and not a few of the cleverest men and women further afield.

The jealousies of literary men have passed into a proverb—a *genus irritabile,* like the cooks in DeQuincey's 'Murder as One of the Fine Arts'—but it is noteworthy, as illustrating how truly genuine kindness of heart and an inimitable sweetness of disposition dominated Thompson's character, that of the great number of men and women he gathered about him in his long editorial life, many became his life-long friends, and so far as can be now recalled, he left no enemy behind.

During these four or five years (1855 to 1860), he also contributed to various Northern magazines some of his most charming *vers-de-société,* pronounced before various literary and college societies several odes of occasion of marked distinction as to finish and mastery of flexible metrics, and delivered in the chief cities throughout the South a series of admirable lectures, of which those on "European Journalism" and "The Life and Genius of Edgar Allan Poe" were so exquisite in point of stylé, yet so thoughtful and just in sympathetic criticism as to create a great hope in those who knew the real abilities that lay behind the mere transient cleverness of much of his work that he would set to himself some task worthier of his wide and solid acquirement and conspicuous literary accomplishments.

That he felt this himself in his modest fashion there is no sort of doubt, a critical history of English poetry, with copious illustrative selections, from Chaucer to "the Victorians" (on the same lines as those followed twenty years later by Professor Humphry Ward), being the work most to his liking. But when his friends gently chided him because of delay, confident of their recognition of his prodigious industry and scrupulous punctuality in performing his editorial work, he would make some cheery remark about the *res augusta domi* and force them to confess that, with so many dependent on the earnings of his pen (for he was the most generous of sons and of brothers), he had reason on his side and must needs bide his time.

In May, 1860, he resigned the editorship of the *Messenger* after nearly thirteen years of faithful and brilliant service, being succeeded by Dr. George W. Bagby, our Virginia "Elia."

Despite the fact that he had worked with rare devotion born of a genuine enthusiasm for letters, that he had not only held the

best of the old contributors, but had enlisted the services of fresh talent, North and South—Poe contributing (under Thompson's editorship) his definitive "Rationale of Verse," and a new series of his scathing "Marginalia" (which ran through six numbers), in addition to some exquisite critiques, while of the *dii minores* we find prose or poetry by Owen Meredith, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, R. H. Stoddard, Mrs. Sigourney, Frances Sargent Osgood, George P. Morris, William Gilmore Simms, Moncure D. Conway, Commodore Maury, Philip Pendleton Cooke, G. P. R. James, Paul Hayne, Henry Timrod, James Barron Hope, John Esten Cooke, George W. Bagby —this quite apart from the complete works, of which, to mention but three out of a goodly number, Ik Marvel's 'Reveries of a Bachelor,' Tuckerman's 'Characteristics of Literature,' and Baldwin's inimitable 'Flush Times in Alabama' were first given to the public in the pages of the *Messenger* under the Thompson régime—despite all this, the magazine had not been liberally supported by the Southern people; and, as Mr. Thompson was poor, he felt that in justice to those dependent on him, though the decision cost him many a pang, he ought to accept a very liberal offer made him at this time to assume editorial charge of *The Southern Field* and *Fireside*, recently established at Augusta, Georgia.

In this position he remained about a year, making, as was his constant good fortune, many warm friends and admirers among the more cultured classes of the far South.

Then burst the storm of war. In the clash of arms, letters, like laws, were in great measure silent, and Mr. Thompson at once returned to Virginia. His health, even then precarious, prevented his serving his State in arms, but his heart was thoroughly in the cause and his patriotic enthusiasm found fitting expression in prose and verse. Despite his duties as Assistant-secretary of the Commonwealth (a position which had been tendered him on his return), he contributed steadily to the columns of the daily and weekly press and wrote stirring battle-lyrics, which won instant applause at home and across the seas.

At the beginning of July, 1864, he embarked from Wilmington for England, *via* Nassau and Halifax, to take up a position on the editorial staff of *The Index* (the official organ of the Confederate States in London), being at the time so prostrated in health that his nephew and a friend had to carry him in their arms on board the blockade-runner, in which he was sailing for Bermuda. The voyage was safely made, and once more settled in London in cheery quarters at No. 17 Savile Row (the old residence of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and within a few minutes' walk of his beloved Piccadilly), with kind friends and compatriots about him, he soon re-

gained his health and spent what were perhaps, the happiest months of his maturer years. Idleness was always irksome to him, and returning health, with consequent high spirits, soon gave the impulse for accomplishing some excellent literary work. His editorial articles in *The Index* more than once received the very unusual honor of being copied into *The Times* (which was at that time the greatest power in Europe of "the fourth estate"), he, meanwhile, finding leisure to contribute "leaders" to that sturdy old Conservative organ, *The Standard,* whose "American Correspondent" he remained, on his return home, to the day of his death.

He went much into London society, was elected a member of the famous "Travellers Club," and had the *entrée* into the most distinguished literary circles of the capital. True, death had been busy during the ten years that had elapsed since his former visit—Macaulay was dead—Mrs. Browning was dead—and, sharpest pang of all, he missed the hearty grasp of the master-hand that had penned 'The Newcomes.' But, as is the beneficent "way of the world," new faces had come to take the place of the old ones passed away, and now began between himself and Kinglake (whose 'Eothen' had long been one of his favorite books), Dean Stanley, Francis Palgrave, Lord and Lady Donoughmore, and the Stuart Wortleys, much pleasant friendly intercourse; while Thackeray's accomplished daughter Anne (now Lady Ritchie), whom he had last seen as a young schoolgirl, gave him warmest welcome in the new home which she and her sister Minnie (afterward Mrs. Leslie Stephen) had made for themselves after their father's sudden death.

With Tennyson and Carlyle, as has been stated, his acquaintanceship soon ripened into friendship; the Laureate he saw often in town (you will find him mentioned in the 'Life' as "Thompson, the Confederate,") and occasionally at Farringford, while on any fine day he might be seen in Battersea Park or St. James's, pacing slowly arm in arm and deep in converse with the venerable philosopher of Chelsea, who, as is well known, took the keenest interest to the very end in the triumph of Southern arms.

For more than a year after the disastrous end of the war, he continued to reside in London, eking out a livelihood by contributions to the daily and weekly press, as chance offered, and by writing for *Blackwood's Magazine* from Major Heros von Borcke's note-books the experiences of that gallant officer as chief-of-staff of the Cavalry Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia.

In the autumn of 1866 he returned to America, and was connected for a short time with *Every Afternoon,* a high-class journal somewhat after the style of the *Pall Mall,* or *St. James's Gazette,* established by William Young, formerly editor of *The Albion,* a fast

friend of Thackeray, and chiefly remembered now as the translator of Béranger's lyrics. But New York was not yet ripe for such an ambitious venture, and the paper had but a brief existence.

Finally, through the kindly efforts of an influential man of letters, books were sent to Thompson at odd times to be reviewed in the columns of the *Evening Post.* The veteran editor-in-chief of that scholarly journal, William Cullen Bryant, was at once impressed with the literary distinction of the critiques, made inquiries as to the writer, and, perhaps, remembering Thompson's generous words in the *Messenger* in the very heat of acrimonious sectional discussion: "The sins of Bryant, the editor, have not deadened us to the beauties of Bryant, the poet," after a brief interval offered him the position of literary editor on the staff of the *Post.*

With that scrupulous honesty and keen sense of personal honor which characterized him in things small and great, Thompson went at once to the proprietors of the paper, in view of its pronounced political attitude, and stated frankly his course during the war and his abiding sympathies with the people of his section, then struggling for their very existence under the curse of the detestable "Reconstruction Acts."

In turn, Mr. Bryant and his son-in-law and associate editor, Mr. Parke Godwin, in a manner highly honorable to their good sense and good feeling, declared that they should consider only the quality of his work, and with rare delicacy, on which Thompson often dwelt, and which no Southern man of letters should ever forget, carefully refrained from putting into his hands for review any book dealing with the civil conflict that could possibly wound his feelings.

The four or five years spent in this dignified and congenial employment were, despite his rapidly failing health, not without much genuine, if subdued, pleasure. He accomplished much literary work outside his regular duties on the *Post,* contributing not infrequently to *Harper's Weekly, Scribner's* and the *Galaxy,* and beguiling his *horæ subsicivæ* with some exquisite translations from the French and German, notably from Béranger and Heine.

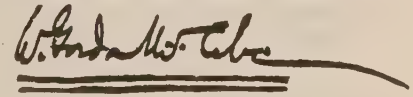
In the North, as in the far South years before, Thompson made not a few friends (chief among them Edmund Clarence Stedman and Richard Henry Stoddard), of whom he always spoke with hearty admiration and generous warmth of affection—sentiments which, if one may judge from the noble tribute paid him in the leading article in the *Post* on the day following his death, were returned to the full by those with whom he spent these last years of his life.

In the spring of 1873, through the liberality of his friend, Mr. Isaac Henderson, one of the chief owners of the *Post,* he went to

Colorado in the hope that the progress of the pulmonary disease that held him in its grip might be stayed for a time. But within a few weeks he recognized the hope to be vain, and he returned to New York, where he passed away, April 30, 1873. His constant prayer met fulfilment, and, laid to rest on the bosom of his mother State, he now lies sleeping on a lovely spot overlooking the city of his birth, whose fame and beauty and heroism he had so often celebrated in song and story.

We may be reasonably confident that as a writer of pure and graceful prose, charming in its delicacy of touch, apt literary allusion and felicity of epithet, John R. Thompson will rank high on the roll of American men of letters of his time. As a poet, he shared with Henry Timrod, Paul H. Hayne and James Barron Hope the foremost place among the singers of whom the South can be justly proud. Even the coldest must allow that Thompson was possessed not seldom of true vatic fire, to which was added a marvelous mastery of technique, and that, in his wide range, he did many things with consummate grace and finish. Endowed by nature with keen sensibility and with a rare and delicate fancy, he had a genuine vein of lyric passion, and it is upon his lyrics that his reputation as poet must chiefly rest.

In considering the results of his unceasing literary activity, we may with perfect justice apply to him the criticism made on Goldsmith: "When we reflect upon the amount of hack-work that he was forced to do, we are astonished at the high excellence he actually attained in many departments of literature. . . . His place in literature is not the highest, but it is secure. He did not compete for the greatest prizes, but what he attempted, he accomplished, and the things he did best could hardly be done better. His ideals are sweet and wholesome; his humor gracious and free from malice; his work full of ease and naturalness, and pervaded by an indefinable and enduring grace and charm."



THE WINDOW-PANES AT BRANDON

[Upon the window-panes at Brandon, on the James River, are inscribed the names, cut with a diamond, of many of those who composed the Christmas and May parties of that hospitable mansion, in years gone by.]

As within the old mansion the holiday throng
  Reassembles in beauty and grace,
And some eye looking out of the window by chance,
  These memorial records may trace—
How the past, like a swift-coming haze from the sea,
  In an instant surrounds us once more,
While the shadowy figures of those we have loved,
  All distinctly are seen on the shore!

Through the vista of years, stretching dimly away,
  We but look, and a vision behold . . .
Like some magical picture the sunset reveals
  With its colors of crimson and gold,
All suffused with the glow of the hearth's ruddy blaze,
  From beneath the gay "mistletoe bough,"
There are faces that break into smiles as divinely
  As any that beam on us now.

While the old year departing strides ghost-like along
  O'er the hills that are dark with the storm,
To the New the brave beaker is filled to the brim,
  And the play of affection is warm:
Look once more . . . as the garlanded Spring reappears,
  In her footsteps we welcome a train
Of fair women, whose eyes are as bright as the gem
  That has cut their dear names on the pane.

From the canvas of Vandyke or Kneller that hang
  On the old-fashioned wainscoted wall,
Stately ladies, the favored of poets, look down
  On the guests and the revel and all;
But their beauty, though wedded to eloquent verse,
  And though rendered immortal by Art,
Yet outshines not the beauty that, breathing below,
  In a moment takes captive the heart.

Many winters have since frosted over these panes
With the tracery work of the rime;
Many Aprils have brought back the birds to the lawn
From some far-away tropical clime:
But the guests of the season, alas! where are they?
Some, the shores of the stranger have trod,
And some names have been long ago carved on the stone,
Where they sweetly rest under the sod.

How uncertain the record! the hand of a child
In its innocent sport, unawares,
May, at any time, lucklessly shatter the pane,
And thus cancel the story it bears;
Still a portion, at least, shall uninjured remain
Unto trustier tablets consigned,
The fond names that survive in the memory of friends
Who yet linger a season behind.

Recollect, O young soul, with ambition inspired!
Let the moral be read as we pass;
Recollect, the illusory tablets of fame
Have been ever as brittle as glass;
Oh! be not content with the name thus inscribed,
For as well may you trace it in dust;
But resolve to record it, where long it shall stand,
In the hearts of the good and the just.

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE

One gifted child thou hadst who reached in vain
The vast propylon of the gleaming fane,
'Twas his to see the columns pure and white
Of marble and of rangèd chrysolite—
The lines of jasper through the golden gates—
Alas! no more was suffered by the Fates—
Like Baldur, fairest of the sons of morning,
The halls of Odin lustrously adorning,
He early caught the pale, blue, fearful glance
Of shadowy Helas' awful countenance.

Lamented Cooke! if all that love could lend
To the chaste scholar and the faithful friend,
If all the spoiler forced us to resign
In the calm virtues of a life like thine
Could bid him turn his fatal dart aside,
From our young Lycidas, thou hadst not died.
Peace to the Poet's shade! His ashes rest
Near the sweet spot he loved on earth the best—
The modest daisies from the surface peeping
As from the sod where Florence Vane lies sleeping,
While his own river murmurs as it flows
Perpetual requiem o'er his soft repose.

DEDICATION HYMN

(Written for the Dedication of the First Presbyterian Church, Richmond, Va., 1851.)

Lord! Thou hast said when two or three
Together come to worship Thee,
Thy presence, fraught with richest grace,
Shall ever fill and bless the place.

Then let us feel, as here we raise,
A temple to Thy matchless praise,
The blest assurance of Thy love
As it is felt in realms above.

Lord! here upon Thy sacred day
Teach us devoutly how to pray,
Our weakness let Thy strength supply,
Nor to our darkness light deny.

Here teach our flattering tongues to sing
The glories of the Heavenly King,
And let our aspirations rise
To seek the Saviour in the skies.

And when at last in life's decline
This earthly temple we resign,
May we, oh, Lord! enjoy with Thee
The Sabbaths of eternity.

THE WANDERER

Translation from the German of Heine

Where shall yet the wanderer jaded
In the grave at last recline?
In the South by palm-trees shaded?
Under Lindens by the Rhine?

Shall I in some desert sterile
Be entombed by foreign hands?
Shall I sleep beyond life's peril,
By some sea-coast in the sands?

Well! God's heaven will shine as brightly,
There as here, around my bed,
And the stars for death-lamps, nightly
Shall be hung above my head.

CARCASSONNE

Translation from the French of Gustave Nadaud

"I'm growing old, I've sixty years;
I've labored all my life in vain:
In all that time of hopes and fears
I've failed my dearest wish to gain.
I see full well that here below
Bliss unalloyed there is for none.
My prayer will ne'er fulfilment know
I never have seen Carcassonne,
I never have seen Carcassonne!

"You see the city from the hill,
It lies beyond the mountains blue,
And yet to reach it one must still
Five long and weary leagues pursue,
And to return as many more!
Ah! had the vintage plenteous grown!
The grape withheld its yellow store!
I shall not look on Carcassonne,
I shall not look on Carcassonne!

"They tell me every day is there
Not more nor less than Sunday gay:
In shining robes and garments fair
The people walk upon their way.
One gazes there on castle walls
As grand as those of Babylon,
A bishop and two generals!
I do not know fair Carcassonne,
I do not know fair Carcassonne!

"The vicar's right; he says that we
Are ever wayward, weak and blind,
He tells us in his homily
Ambition ruins all mankind;
Yet could I there two days have spent
While still the autumn sweetly shone,
Ah me! I might have died content
When I had looked on Carcassonne,
When I had looked on Carcassonne!

"Thy pardon, Father, I beseech,
In this my prayer if I append:
One something sees beyond his reach
From childhood to his journey's end.
My wife, our little boy Aignon,
Have traveled even to Narbonne;
My grandchild has seen Perpignon,
And I have not seen Carcassonne,
And I have not seen Carcassonne!"

So crooned one day, close by Limoux,
A peasant double-bent with age;
"Rise up, my friend," said I; "with you
I'll go upon this pilgrimage."
We left next morning his abode,
But (Heaven forgive him) halfway on,
The old man died upon the road;
He never gazed on Carcassonne,
Each mortal has his Carcassonne!

THE BATTLE RAINBOW

[On the evening before the battles before Richmond, a magnificent rainbow, following a thunder-storm, overspread the eastern sky, exactly defining the position of the Confederate Army, as seen from the Capitol.]

The warm weary day was departing, the smile
  Of the sunset gave token the tempest had ceased,
And the lightning yet fitfully gleamed for awhile
  On the cloud that sank sullen and dark in the east.

There our army, awaiting the terrible fight
  Of the morrow, lay hopeful and watchful and still;
Where their tents all the region had sprinkled with white
  From river to river, o'er meadow and hill.

While above them the fierce cannonade of the sky
  Blazed and burst from the vapours that muffled the sun,
Their "counterfeit clamours" gave forth no reply;
  And slept 'till the battle, the charge in each gun.

When lo! on the cloud a miraculous thing!
  Broke in beauty the rainbow our hosts to enfold;
The centre o'erspread by its arch and each wing
  Suffused with its azure and crimson and gold.

Blest omen of victory, symbol divine
  Of peace after tumult, repose after pain,
How sweet and how glowing with promise the sign
  To eyes that should never behold it again!

For the fierce flame of war on the morrow flashed out,
  And its thunder peals filled all the tremulous air
Over slippery entrenchment and reddened redoubt
  Rang the wild cheer of triumph, the cry of despair.

Then a long week of glory and agony came,
  Of mute supplication and yearning and dread;
When day unto day gave the record of fame,
  And night unto night gave the list of its dead.

We had triumphed!—the foe had fled back to his ships,
His standards in rags and his legions a wreck,
But alas! the stark faces, and colourless lips
Of our loved ones gave triumph's rejoicing a check.

Not yet, oh, not yet, as a sign of release,
Had the Lord set in mercy his bow in the cloud,
Not yet had the Comforter whispered of peace
To the hearts that around us lay bleeding and bowed.

But the promise was given . . . the beautiful arc,
With its brilliant confusion of colours, that spanned
The sky on that exquisite eve, was the mark
Of the Infinite Love overarching the land . . .

And that Love, shining richly and full as the day,
Through the tear-drops that moisten each martyr's proud pall,
On the gloom of the past the bright bow shall display
Of Freedom, Peace, Victory, bent over all.

ASHBY

To the brave all homage render,
Weep, ye skies of June!
With a radiance pure and tender,
Shine, oh saddened moon!
Dead upon the field of glory,
Hero fit for song and story,
Lies our bold dragoon.

Well they learned, whose hands have slain him,
Braver, knightlier foe
Never fought with Moor nor Paynim
Rode at Templestowe;
With a mien how high and joyous,
'Gainst the hordes that would destroy us
Went he forth, we know.

Nevermore, alas! shall sabre
  Gleam around his crest;
Fought his fight, fulfilled his labour;
  Stilled his manly breast:
All unheard sweet nature's cadence,
Trump of fame, and voice of maidens:
  Now he takes his rest.

Earth, that all too soon hath bound him,
  Gently wrap his clay,
Linger lovingly around him,
  Light of dying day,
Softly fall the summer showers,
Birds and bees among the flowers
  Make the gloom seem gay.

There, throughout the coming ages,
  When his sword is rust
And his deeds in classic pages,
  Mindful of her trust,
Shall Virginia, bending lowly
Still a ceaseless vigil holy
  Keep above his dust!

THE BURIAL OF LATANÉ

["The next squadron moved to the front under the lamented Captain Latané, making a most brilliant and successful charge with drawn sabres upon the enemy's picked ground, and after a hotly-contested hand-to-hand conflict, put him to flight, but not until the gallant Captain had sealed his devotion to his native soil with his blood."—Official Report of the Pamunkey Expedition by General J. E. B. Stuart, C.S.A.

"Lieutenant Latané carried his brother's dead body to Mrs. Brockenbrough's plantation, an hour or two after his death. On this sad and lonely errand he met a party of Yankees, who followed him to Mrs. Brockenbrough's gate, and stopping there, told him that as soon as he had placed his brother's body in friendly hands, he must surrender himself prisoner. . . . Mrs. Brockenbrough sent for an Episcopal clergyman to perform the funeral ceremonies, but the enemy would not permit him to pass. . . . Then, with a few other ladies, a fair-haired little girl, her apron filled with white

flowers, and a few faithful slaves who stood reverently near, a pious Virginia matron read the solemn and beautiful burial service over the cold, still form of one of the noblest gentlemen and most intrepid officers in the Confederate Army. She watched the clods, heaped upon the coffin-lid, then sinking on her knees, in sight and hearing of the foe, she committed his soul's welfare, and the stricken hearts he had left behind him, to the mercy of the All-Father."—Extract from private letter.]

The combat raged not long, but ours the day;
And through the hosts that compassed us around
Our little band rode proudly on its way,
Leaving one gallant comrade, glory-crowned,
Unburied on the field he died to gain,
Single of all his men amid the hostile slain.

One moment on the battle's edge he stood,
Hope's halo like a helmet round his hair,
The next beheld him, dabbled in his blood,
Prostrate in death, and yet in death how fair!
Even thus he passed through the red gate of strife,
From earthly crowns and palms to an immortal life.

A brother bore his body from the field
And gave it unto stranger's hands that closed
The calm, blue eyes on earth forever sealed,
And tenderly the slender limbs composed:
Strangers, yet sisters, who with Mary's love,
Sat by the open tomb and weeping looked above.

A little child strewed roses on his bier,
Pale roses, not more stainless than his soul,
Nor yet more fragrant than his life sincere
That blossomed with good actions, brief but whole:
The aged matron and the faithful slave
Approached with reverent feet the hero's lowly grave.

No man of God might say the burial rite
Above the "rebel"—thus declared the foe
That blanched before him in the deadly fight,
But woman's voice, in accents soft and low,
Trembling with pity, touched with pathos, read
Over his hallowed dust the ritual for the dead.

" 'Tis sown in weakness, it is raised in power,"
Softly the promise floated on the air,
And the sweet breathings of the sunset hour
Came back responsive to the mourner's prayer:
Gently they laid him underneath the sod,
And left him with his fame, his country, and his God.

Let us not weep for him whose deeds endure,
So young, so brave, so beautiful, he died;
As he had wished to die; the past is sure,
Whatever yet of sorrow may betide
Those who still linger by the stormy shore,
Change cannot harm him now nor fortune touch him more.

And when Virginia, leaning on her spear,
Victrix et vidua, the conflict done,
Shall raise her mailèd hand to wipe the tear
That starts as she recalls each martyred son,
No prouder memory her breast shall sway,
Than thine, our early-lost, lamented Latané.

MUSIC IN CAMP

Two armies covered hill and plain,
Where Rappahannock's waters
Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
In meads of heavenly azure;
And each dread gun of the elements
Slept in its hid embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew it made
No forest leaf to quiver,
And the smoke of the random cannonade
Rolled slowly from the river.

And now where circling hills looked down
With cannon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town,
The golden sunset slanted.

When on the fervid air there came
A strain, now rich, now tender,
The music seemed itself aflame
With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which eve and morn
Played measures brave and nimble
Had just struck up with flute and horn
And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks
Till, margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still, and then the band
With movements light and tricksy,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream, with burnished glow,
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause, and then again
The trumpet pealed sonorous,
And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew
To kiss the shining pebbles,
Loud shrieked the crowding Boys in Blue
Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugle rang
Above the stormy riot;
No shout upon the evening rang,
There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad slow stream its noiseless flood
Poured o'er the glistening pebbles;
All silent now the Yankee stood,
And silent stood the Rebels.

No unresponsive soul had heard
That plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply "Home, Sweet Home," had stirred
The hidden founts of feeling.

Or Blue or Gray the soldier sees,
As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,
The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold or warm his native skies
Bend in their beauty o'er him,
Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes
His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain
In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished as the strain
And daylight died together.

But Memory, waked by Music's art,
Exprest in simplest numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart,
Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of Music shines,
That bright, celestial creature,
Who still 'mid War's embattled lines
Gave this one touch of Nature.

GENERAL J. E. B. STUART

We could not pause, while yet the noontide air
  Shook with the cannonade's incessant pealing,
The funeral pageant fitly to prepare,
  A nation's grief revealing.

The smoke, above the glimmering woodland wide
  That skirts our southward border with its beauty,
Marked where our heroes stood and fought and died
  For love and faith and duty.

And still what time the doubtful strife went on,
  We might not find expression for our sorrow,
We could but lay our dear, dumb warrior down,
  And gird us for the morrow.

One weary year ago, when came a lull
  With victory, in the conflict's stormy closes,
When the glad spring, all flushed and beautiful,
  First mocked us with her roses.

With dirge and minute-gun and bell we paid
  Some few poor rites, an inexpressive token
Of a great people's pain, to Jackson's shade,
  In agony unspoken.

No wailing trumpet and no tolling bell,
  No cannon, save the battle's boom receding,
When Stuart to the grave we bore, might tell
  Of hearts all crushed and bleeding.

The crisis suited not with pomp, and she
  Whose anguish bears the seal of consecration,
Had wished his Christian obsequies should be
  Thus void of ostentation.

Only the maidens came sweet flow'rs to twine
  Above his form so still and cold and painless,
Whose deeds upon our brightest records shine,
  Whose life and sword were stainless.

They well remembered how he loved to dash
Into the fight, festooned from summer bowers,
How like a fountain's spray his sabre's flash
Leaped from a mass of flowers.

And so we carried to his place of rest
All that of our great Paladin was mortal
The cross, and not the sabre, on his breast,
That opes the heavenly portal.

No more of tribute might to us remain—
But there will come a time when Freedom's martyrs
A richer guerdon of renown shall gain,
Than gleams in stars and garters.

I claim no prophet's vision, but I see
Through coming years, now near at hand, now distant.
My rescued country, glorious and free,
And strong and self-existent.

I hear from out that sunlit land which lies
Beyond these clouds that gather darkly o'er us,
The happy sounds of industry arise
In swelling, peaceful chorus.

And mingling with these sounds, the glad acclaim
Of millions, undisturbed by war's afflictions,
Crowning each martry's never-dying name
With grateful benedictions.

In some fair future garden of delights,
Where flowers shall bloom and song-birds sweetly warble,
Art shall erect the statues of our knights
In living bronze and marble.

And none of all that bright, heroic throng,
Shall wear to far-off time a semblance grander,
Shall still be decked with fresher wreaths of song,
Than the beloved commander.

The Spanish legend tells us of the Cid,
That after death he rode erect, sedately
Along his lines, even as in life he did,
In presence yet more stately;

And thus our Stuart at this moment seems
To ride out of our dark and troubled story
Into the region of romance and dreams,
A realm of light and glory.

And sometimes when the silver bugles blow,
That radiant form, in battle re-appearing,
Shall lead his horsemen headlong on the foe,
In victory careering!

LEE TO THE REAR

An Incident of the American War.

Dawn of a pleasant morning in May,
Broke through the Wilderness, cool and gray,
While perched in the tallest tree-tops, the birds
Were carolling Mendelssohn's "Song without Words."

Far from the haunts of men remote,
The brook brawled on with a liquid note,
And nature, all tranquil and lovely, wore
The smile of Spring, as in Eden, of yore.

Little by little, as daylight increased
And deepened the roseate flush in the East,
Little by little, did morning reveal
Two long, glittering lines of steel!

Where two hundred thousand bayonets gleam,
Tipped with the light of the earliest beam,
And the faces are sullen and grim to see,
In the hostile armies of Grant and Lee.

All of a sudden, ere rose the sun,
Pealed on the silence the opening gun,
A little white puff of smoke there came,
And anon the valley was wreathed in flame.

Down on the left of the rebel lines,
Where a breastwork stands in a copse of pines,
Before the rebels' thin ranks can form,
The Yankees have carried the place by storm.

Stars and stripes o'er the salient wave,
Where many a hero has found a grave,
And the gallant Confederates strive in vain,
The ground they have drenched with their blood to regain

Yet louder the thunder of battle roared,
Yet a deadlier fire on their columns poured,
Slaughter, infernal, rode with despair,
Furies twain, through the smoky air.

Not far off, in the saddle there sat,
A gray-bearded man, with a black slouch hat;
Not much moved by the fire was he,
Calm and resolute, Robert Lee.

Quick and watchful, he kept his eye,
On two bold rebel brigades close by,
Reserves, that were standing (and dying) at ease,
Where the tempest of wrath toppled over the trees.

For still with their loud, bull-dog bay,
The Yankee batteries blazed away,
And with every murderous second that sped
A dozen brave fellows, alas! fell dead.

The grand old gray-beard rode to the space,
Where Death and his victims stood face to face,
And silently waved his old slouch hat—
A world of meaning there was in that!

"Follow me! steady! We'll save the day!"
This was what he seemed to say:
And to the light of his glorious eye
The bold brigades thus made reply:

"We'll go forward, but you must go back,"
And they moved not an inch in the perilous track;
"Go to the rear and we'll send them to h—"
Then the sound of the battle was lost in their yell.

Turning his bridle, Robert Lee
Rode to the rear. Like the waves of the sea
Bursting the dykes in their overflow,
Madly his veterans dashed on the foe;

And backward in terror that foe was driven,
Their banners rent and their columns riven,
Wherever the tide of battle rolled
Over the Wilderness, wood and wold.

Sunset, out of a crimson sky,
Streamed o'er a field of a ruddier dye,
And the brook ran on with a purple stain,
From the blood of ten thousand foemen slain.

Seasons have passed since that day and year,
Again o'er the pebbles the brook runs clear,
And the field in a richer green is drest
Where the dead of the terrible conflict rest.

Hushed is the roll of the rebel drum,
The sabres are sheathed and the cannon is dumb;
And Fate, with pitiless hand has furled,
The Flag that once challenged the gaze of the world.

But the fame of the Wilderness fight abides,
And down into history grandly rides,
Calm and unmoved as in battle he sat,
The gray-bearded man in the old slouch hat.

NOTE:—General Gordon was in command of the reserves and he it was who rode forward and addressed General Lee in the words quoted.

A VINDICATION OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

From a Lecture on "Fools."

But not only do nations appear as fools, certain large divisions of time may be called such. The Dark Ages were foolish as most of us would admit, and Mr. Carlyle has taken occasion to arraign the Eighteenth Century as a fool of the first water. I trust I may have your indulgence while I attempt for a little space to inquire with what justice this wholesale accusation is made, and, so far as I can, to vindicate the age of a not remote ancestry from his bitter and characteristic reproaches.

* * * * * *

Nothing grand in the Eighteenth Century, Mr. Carlyle! There was a countryman of yours, who passed his whole life within the limits of that century and rose to a blessed immortality ten years before it came to its close, the glorious example of whose works would alone redeem the age from the hasty and sweeping censure you have bestowed upon it. He was born in 1726 and died in 1790, so that his experience embraced nearly two-thirds of that Century and whatever he did for humanity belongs wholly to its annals. His was indeed, an unpoetic nature and the peculiar field of his exertions was removed from the range of heroic life. No ray of fancy brightened his practical mind, no ambition for vulgar fame impelled him to startle the world by brilliant achievement. But he followed, with resolute step and cheerful spirit, the star of duty shining for him in the gloom of prisons, from the mournful precincts of the Marshalsea to the noisome dungeons of St. Petersburg, and falling at last a victim to a virulent and infectious fever, he asked for no pompous mausoleum to enshrine, his remains, simply saying "Lay me quietly in the earth, place a sundial over my grave, and let me be forgotten." Shall John Howard ever be forgotten? Hero-worshippers like Mr. Carlyle may forget him, for he flourished neither the baton of Cromwell nor the rattan of Frederick; his mission was one of philanthropy, not conquest, but so long as true grandeur shall be admired among men, his name and his works shall be held in honorable remembrance.

Nothing grand in the Eighteenth Century! Was it nothing that while poor Burns, around whose urn the freshest flowers of poesy and eloquence have been entwined so recently, was singing the songs which will forever touch the world's great heart, the Wesleys and Whitefield were laying broad and deep the foundations of that system of religious polity which is now a part of the fabric of the two greatest nations of the earth? We cannot expect Mr. Carlyle to trace with enthusiasm the progress of these reformers upon their journeyings through the wilderness, to mark them undergoing with patience and fortitude the contumely of wits, the violence of mobs, the privations of hunger, the disasters of the sea, to carry onward the great movement to which their lives were devoted, now rousing the careless multitude by the loftiest eloquence and now cheering the despondent few with the tenderest of hymns; these men were not after the historian's heart, they bore aloft no pennons red with the blood of slaughtered victims, they seated themselves upon no thrones erected upon the liberties of mankind, and yet if the records of the past contain anything of real grandeur since centuries began to roll it may be found in their lives.

Nothing grand in the Eighteenth Century! What does Mr. Carlyle think of American progress during those eventful hundred years, nearly rounded into a hundred, which elapsed between the death of William III and the death of Washington? Was there nothing grand in the subjugation of a vast continent; in that onward march of the European race, now under the cross of St. George and now under the lilies, from the waters of the Atlantic to those of the Mississippi; sowing the germs of rising states from line to line of fifteen degrees of latitude; in the heroism of the pioneers, the self-sacrifice of the Christian missionary, the daring of the undaunted navigator, the sufferings of delicate women; was there nothing grand in the spectacle of thirteen little Colonies contending for their freedom against a power which had overrun India, humbled the pride of Spain, and illustrated the fields of Continental Europe by her victories, and lastly in the establishment of a Republican form of government, the freest the world had ever seen, in the wilds of the Western Hemisphere? Were the elements of grandeur wanting in a life

which was the wonder of contemporaries and which has been and will be the admiration of all succeeding generations of men? Washington was the child of the Eighteenth Century, he expired amid the lamentations of his countrymen as that Century was drawing rapidly to an end; and hereafter when Fredericks and Louises shall have been forgotten or remembered only as the mad victims of ill-regulated ambition, the Century shall stand out prominently to distant ages relieved against the lustre of his fame. Surely we must conclude that in arraigning this period of time as a foolish one, he was betrayed into the commission of a folly himself.

JAMES MAURICE THOMPSON

[1844—1902]

WILLIAM H HAYNE

WHEN James Maurice Thompson died at Crawfordsville, Indiana, on February 15, 1902, one of the truest of American lyric poets passed away. He was born at Fairfield, Indiana, September 9, 1844. The combination of Dutch and Irish blood in his ancestry gave him an heredity of enthusiasm, mingled with prudence.

His parents were not born at the South, but settled on a farm in Gordon County, Georgia. Previously to this, they had sojourned in Kentucky, and doubtless the move was made because of the interesting fact that one of Daniel Boone's followers was a forbear of Maurice Thompson. The poet's father seemed to inherit the roving spirit of the Western pioneers, although it is said that he was a Baptist preacher of some distinction, and a man of rugged, sterling character. His wife was a woman of literary culture, so it is probable that Maurice learned from his mother about the world's great authors. And it is certain that the woods, and fields, and streams of Kentucky and Georgia were his first sources of inspiration in wood-lore and verse. In Gordon County schools were not abundant; so Maurice's father employed a private tutor. While Maurice was deprived of college training, he acquired some proficiency in Greek and French, and also gained knowledge of other languages, ancient and modern.

When the war between the States began, Thompson was still a beardless boy, but his Irish blood, and Southern environment made him respond quickly to the call to arms. He volunteered in 1862 and it is credited to him that he was especially efficient as a scout. He did not allow his army career to interrupt his education. He carried some good books on his scouting trips during the three years that he was a Confederate soldier.

After the struggle was over, his family was impoverished, largely because their home had been in line of Sherman's march to the sea. Young Thompson, however, took up the burden of life, and worked in the field by day, and read and studied by the lightwood fire by night. Later he prepared himself for the Bar, and was admitted to the practise of law at the little town of Calhoun, Georgia. These were the days of Reconstruction; therefore, he did not have much

chance to attain legal success. Having studied civil engineering, he very wisely decided to go back to Indiana and find work in railroad surveying. This he succeeded in obtaining, and continued at it until he had saved enough means to enter other fields. He ultimately returned to the law, and took an active part in politics, becoming one of the Cleveland electors for Indiana in 1888. He was appointed State Geologist of Indiana in 1885, and continued to fill the office until 1889.

In 1868 Thompson married Alice Lee, the eldest daughter of the Honorable John Lee, president of the railway of which Thompson had become chief engineer. They settled in Crawfordsville, Indiana, and their home was called Sherwood Place. The old mansion had belonged to Mrs. Thompson's family. Several children were the fruit of this union. Of Thompson's wife it is said that she was his inspiration and joy, and he is quoted as saying, with regard to their early married life: "We had no money; we were like two children, and in experience little more than children."

When Thompson went to Indiana he was poor and almost unknown; but in the course of time he accumulated a comfortable fortune, chiefly through his own labor and wise management. He kept in touch with southern scenery and associations by purchasing a winter home at Bay St. Louis, Mississippi, and delighted in the semi-tropical woods and waters about him. As far back as 1867 he explored Lake Okeechobee, Florida, making a list of its birds, animals, and plants; and he also made ornithological explorations in the Okefinokee Swamp and other places in Louisiana, Michigan, Alabama, Mississippi, and Georgia.

His literary career began before he left Georgia, when he contributed youthful essays, stories, and verses to *Scott's Magazine*—an Atlanta monthly which dragged out a precarious existence from about 1867 to 1868. These early efforts were only forerunners of the good work Thompson accomplished in his mature years. Probably his first book that won unqualified approval from the public was 'The Witchery of Archery,' which was warmly welcomed on account of the novelty of the theme, and its breezy, open-air treatment. It had the practical effect of bringing into vogue for several seasons a long forgotten and fascinating sport. He wrote many articles on the same subject, and a long list of stories of varying length.

His novels of southern life—such as 'A Tallahassee Girl' and 'His Second Campaign'—do not read as if written *con amore*—strange as this may appear. Little value attaches to his fiction, with the single exception of 'Alice of Old Vincennes.' That novel is ex-

ceedingly entertaining, compactly put together, and has a distinct historical flavor. It won the appreciation it deserves.

Thompson's editorial connection with the New York *Independent* —which began in 1890, and continued, I believe, until his death— gave him an ample opportunity to do much of his best critical work.

After due praise has been accorded to Thompson's versatility as a writer, it seems to me that his highest right to remembrance has been established by his poetry. It was a boon to the lovers of verse when Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company published Thompson's 'Songs of Fair Weather' (1872) and followed this slender volume by a fuller edition of his poems. William Dean Howells, referring to his lines "At the Window," pronounced Thompson "a real poet," and these words carry with them a sincerity of conviction which all of Thompson's admirers necessarily share. Mr. Howells also stated, in the anniversary number of the *Atlantic Monthly,* that he always welcomed the poet to "the hospitality of the magazine," on account of "the freshness of his note." In his threnody for Thompson, James Whitcomb Riley beautifully expressed for him the hope that illuminates dissolution:

> "Perchance—with subtler senses than our own,
> And love exceeding ours—he listens thus
> To ever-nearer, clearer pipings blown
> From out the lost lands of Theocritus.
> O, happily, he is beckoned from us here
> By knight or yeoman of the bosky wood;
> Or, chained in roses, haled a prisoner
> Before the blithe Immortal, Robin Hood."

Edgar Fawcett likened Thompson to a "Theocritus of the wood," and the comparison is in several respects an apt one.

Thompson had an unquenchable passion for groves and streams, and was a happy wanderer of hill and dale. His art was of that apparently unstudied kind which, as Thomas Bailey Aldrich properly insisted, should be the craftsman's "all in all." In recognizing this, it must not be asserted that his work always showed the spontaneity of thought and the final finish which assures perfection. He was a poet of unequal merit, and sometimes allowed his impulsiveness of feeling to drift him away from the sterner requirements of art. Especially is this noticeable in his semi-political poems, many of which possess fervor of expression, with passages here and there, of undeniable force.

In reading them, however, the judicious reader feels that the writer produced them while wrapped in his mantle of reform, and sounding his note of progress, rather than when clothed in his

"singing robes," which he wore with such grace and charm. He was essentially a poet of Nature, and whenever he stepped aside, even temporarily, from her domain, he trod upon uncertain territory.

A notable outcome of one of Thompson's higher lyrical moods is to be found in his poems on archery, which should be accorded a unique niche in literature. They have a straightforward realism, an unstudied ideality, and a musical movement which is attained only by one who climbs the slope of Parnassus with the wholesome wind of song to gladden him on his journey.

All the varied moods of sky, earth, and water; the enthusiasm of the hunter; the quiet expectancy of the fisherman; the zest for every phase of outdoor life—these were the poet's intimate, and never failing, sources of inspiration.

Wm H. Hayne

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AN EARLY BLUEBIRD

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Leap to the highest height of spring,
And trill thy sweetest note,
Bird of the heavenly plumes and twinkling wing
And silver-tonèd throat!

Sing, while the maple's deepest root
Thrills with a pulse of fire
That lights its buds. Blow, blow thy tender flute,
Thy reed of rich desire!

Breathe in thy syrinx Freedom's breath,
Quaver the fresh and true,
Dispel this lingering wintry mist of death
And charm the world anew!

Thou first sky-dipped spring-bud of song,
Whose heavenly ecstasy
Foretells the May while yet March winds are strong
Fresh faith appears with thee!

How sweet, how magically rich,
Through filmy splendor blown,
Thy hopeful voice set to the promise-pitch
Of melody yet unknown!

O land of mine (where hope can grow
And send a deeper root
With every spring), hear, heed the free bird blow
Hope's charmèd flute!

Ah! who will hear, and who will care,
And who will heed thy song,
As prophecy, as hope, as promise rare,
Budding to bloom ere long?

From swelling bulbs and sprouting seed,
Sweet sap and fragrant dew,
And human hearts, grown doubly warm at need,
Leaps answer strong and true:

We see, we hear (thou liberty-loving thing,
That down spring winds doth float),
The promise of thine empyrean wing,
The hope that floods thy throat!

OUT OF THE SOUTH

A migrant song-bird I,
Out of the blue, between the sea and the sky,
Landward blown on bright, untiring wings;
Out of the South I fly,
Urged by some vague, strange force of destiny,
To where the young wheat springs,
And the maize begins to grow,
And the clover fields to blow.

I have sought,
In far wild groves below the tropic line,
To lose old memories of this land of mine;
I have fought
This vague, mysterious power that flings me forth
Into the North;
But all in vain. When flutes of April blow
The immemorial longing lures me, and I go.
I go, I go,
The sky above, the sea below,
And I know not by what sense I keep my way,
Slow winnowing the ether night and day;
Yet ever to the same green, fragrant maple grove,
Where I shall swing and sing beside my love,
Some irresistible impulse bears me on,
Through starry dusks and rosy mists of dawn,
And flames of noon and purple films of rain;
And the strain

Of mighty winds hurled roaring back and forth,
Between the caverns of the reeling earth,
Cannot bewilder me
I know that I shall see,
Just at the appointed time, the dogwood blow,
And hear the willows rustle and the mill-stream flow.

The very bough that best
Shall hold a perfect nest
Now bursts its buds and spills its keen perfume;
And the violets are in bloom,
Beside the boulder, lichen-grown and gray,
Where I shall perch and pipe,
Till the dewberries are ripe,
And our brood has flown away,
And the empty nest swings high
Between the flowing tides of grass and the dreamy violet sky.

I come, I come!
Bloom, O cherry, peach, and plum!
Bubble brook, and rustle corn and rye!
Falter not, O Nature, nor will I.
Give me thy flower and fruit,
And I'll blow for thee my flute;
I'll blow for thee my flute so sweet and clear,
This year,
Next year,
And many and many a blooming coming year,
Till this strange force
No more aloft shall guide me in my course,
High over weltering billows and dark woods,
Over Mississippi's looped and tangled floods,
Over the hills of Tennessee,
And old Kentucky's greenery,
In sun, in night, in clouds, and forth
Out of the South into the North,
To the spot where first the ancestral nest was swung,
Where first the ancestral song was sung,
Whose shadowy strains still ravish me
With immemorial melody.

BETWEEN THE POPPY AND THE ROSE

How tired! Eight hours of racking work,
With sharp vexations shot between!
Scant wages and few kindly words—
How gloomy the whole day has been!
But here is home. The garden shines,
And over it the soft air flows;
A mist of chastened glory hangs
Between the poppy and the rose.

The poppy red as ruby is,
The rose pale pink, fullblown, and set
Amid the dark rich leaves that form
The strong vine's royal coronet;
And half-way o'er from this to that,
In a charmed focus of repose,
Two rare young faces, lit with love
Between the poppy and the rose.

Sweet little Jessie, two years old,
Dear little Mamma, twenty-four,
Together in the garden walk
While evening sun-streams round them pour.
List! Mamma murmurs baby-talk!
Hush! Jessie's talk to laughter glows!
They both look heavenly sweet to me,
Between the poppy and the rose.

Two flakes of sunshine in deep shade,
Two diamonds set in rougher stone,
Two songs with harp accompaniment
Across a houseless desert blown—
No, nothing like this vision is;
How deep its innocent influence goes,
Sweeter than song or power or fame,
Between the poppy and the rose!

Between the poppy and the rose,
A bud and blossom shining fair,
A childlike mother and a child,
Whose own my very heart-throbs are!
Oh, life is sweet, they make it so;
Its work is lighter than repose:
Come any thing, so they bloom on
Between the poppy and the rose.

NECTAR AND AMBROSIA

If I were a poet, my sweetest song
Should have the bouquet of scuppernong,
With a racy smack in every line
From the savage juice of the muscadine.

The russet persimmon, the brown papaw,
The red wild plum and the summer haw,
Serviceberries and mandrake fruit,
Sassafras bark and ginseng root,
Should make my verse pungent and sweet by turns;
And the odor of grass and the freshness of ferns,
The kernels of nuts and the resins of trees,
The nectar distilled by the wild honey-bees,
Should be thrown in together, to flavor my words
With the zest of the woods and the joy of the birds!

Who sings by note, from the page of a book,
So sweet a tune as the brawl of a brook?
Shall Homer, or shall Anacreon
Suggest as much as the wind or the sun?
Give me a shell from the sea so green,
Cut me a flute from the Aulocrene,
Give me Nature's sweets and sours,
Her barks and nuts, her fruits and flowers;
And all the music I make shall be
Good as the sap of the maple-tree,
Whilst a rare bouquet shall fill my song
From the muscadine and the scuppernong.

THE ARCHER

The joy is great of him who strays
In shady woods on summer days,
With eyes alert and muscles steady,
His longbow strung, his arrows ready.

At morn he hears the woodthrush sing,
He sees the wild rose blossoming,
And on his senses, soft and low,
He feels the brook-song ebb and flow.

Life is a charm, and all is good
To him who lives like Robin Hood,
Hearing ever, far and thin,
Hints of the tunes of Gamelyn.

His greatest grief, his sharpest pain,
Is (when the days are dark with rain)
That for a season he must lie
Inert, while deer go bounding by;

Lounge in his lodge, and long and long
For Allan-a-Dale's delightful song,
Or smack his lips at thought of one
Drink from the Friar's demijohn.

But when the sky is clear again,
He sloughs his grief, forgets his pain,
Hearing on gusts of charming weather
The low laugh of his arrow feather!

THE BLUEBIRD

When ice is thawed and snow is gone,
And racy sweetness floods the trees;
When snow-birds from the hedge have flown,
And on the hive-porch swarm the bees—
Drifting down the first warm wind
That thrills the earliest days of spring,
The bluebird seeks our maple groves,
And charms them into tasselling.

He sits among the delicate sprays,
With mists of splendor round him drawn,
And through the spring's prophetic veil
Sees summer's rich fulfillment dawn;
He sings, and his is nature's voice—
A gush of melody sincere
From that great fount of harmony
Which thaws and runs when spring is here.

Short is his song, but strangely sweet
To ears aweary of the low,
Dull tramp of Winter's sullen feet,
Sandalled in ice and muffed in snow:
Short is his song, but through it runs
A hint of dithyrambs yet to be—
A sweet suggestiveness that has
The influence of prophecy.

From childhood I have nursed a faith
In bluebird's songs and winds of spring;
They tell me after frost and death
There comes a time of blossoming;
And after snow and cutting sleet,
The cold, stern mood of Nature yields
To tender warmth, when bare pink feet
Of children press her greening fields.

Sing strong and clear, O bluebird dear!
While all the land with splendor fills,
While maples gladden in the vales
And plum-trees blossom on the hills:
Float down the wind on shining wings,
And do thy will by grove and stream,
While through my life spring's freshness runs
Like music through a poet's dream.

DIANA

She had a bow of yellow horn,
Like the old moon at early morn.

She had three arrows strong and good,
Steel set in feathered cornel wood.

Like purest pearl her left breast shone
Above her kirtle's emerald zone;

Her right was bound in silk well-knit,
Lest her bowstring should sever it.

Ripe lips she had, and clear gray eyes,
And hair pure gold blown hoiden-wise

Across her face, like shining mist
That with dawn's flush is faintly kissed.

Her limbs how matched and round and fine!
How free like song! how strong like wine!

And, timed to music wild and sweet,
How swift her silver-sandalled feet!

Single of heart and strong of hand,
Wind-like she wandered through the land,

No man (or king or lord or churl)
Dared whisper love to that fair girl.

And woe to him who came upon
Her nude, at bath, like Actæon!

So dire his fate that one who heard
The flutter of a bathing bird,

What time he crossed a breezy wood,
Felt sudden quickening of his blood;

Cast one swift look, then ran away
Far through the green, thick groves of May;

Afeard, lest down the wind of spring
He'd hear an arrow whispering!

UNAWARE

There is a song some one must sing,
  In tender tones and low,
With pink lips curled and quivering,
  And eyes with dreams aglow.

There is some one must hear the tune,
  And feel the thrilling words,
As flowers feel, in early June,
  The wings of humming-birds.

And she who sings must never learn
  What good her song has done,
Albeit the hearer slowly turn
  Him drowsily, as one

Who feels through all his being thrown
  The influence sweet and slight
Of strange, elusive perfume, blown
  Off dewy groves by night!

ATALANTA

When Spring goes old, and sleepy winds
  Set from the south with odors sweet,
I see my love, in green, cool groves,
  Speed down dusk aisles on shining feet.

She throws a kiss and bids me run,
  In whispers sweet as roses' breath;
I know I cannot win the race,
  And at the end I know is death.

But joyfully I bare my limbs,
  Anoint me with the tropic breeze,
And feel through every sinew thrill
  The vigor of Hippomenes.

O race of love! we all have run
  Thy happy course through groves of spring,
And cared not, when at last we lost,
  For life or death, or anything!

THE ROMANCE OF COMPOSITION

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Be sure of one thing: the immanent power of Christian civilization is freedom of investigation, and nothing which shrinks from the severest test will long appeal to credence. The stupendous composition called Greek mythology or Greek religion would be a living organism to-day had it been true in the first place. The higher criticism dissolved it because it was not a truth. The grip of fatality is fastened in the roots below every possible reading and revision. The composition, the attitude of groups and masses, the composite whole invite belief or disbelief. We are a Christian people because the composition of the Christian picture has met our approval. The moment that an arbitrary edict sets the picture aside as specially exempt from critical tests, that moment a smile and a wink of doubt disturb the face of Christendom. It looks too

much like a precaution against the dissolution of another mythology. The old way of enforcing educational measures was with a rod. Now we appeal, not by brute force, but by tender kindness. Not so long ago witches were burned a few miles from here, and just over yonder the Protestant felt fire and thumb-screw. To-day is the day of open freedom, and the difference must be respected. But education must not in the name of freedom assume license. The only safe taste is that grounded in the deepest meaning of our civilization. To me the word "heresy" is not a pleasing one; it brings to my ears the hissing of flames, to my nostrils the smell of burning human flesh. I like better the word "education," and I delight in coupling it with freedom and light. Search the Scriptures of all ages and all peoples; eternal life is visible by eternal light. Shut off one ray from the picture and the composition is blurred.

The finest quality of a composition is authenticity, which shows it steadfast after all mutations of time, manners, and creeds. Such a composition is a criterion only so long as it can resist the criticism of all comers; its inerrancy must meet and vanquish every new era's suggestion of readjustment, else suspicion will eat against it like an acid. Not all the critics and grammarians of the Alexandrine period could dim one flower of Homer. What "higher criticism" is likely to shake the solid pillars of the Bible? With every failure of the critic to remove the foundations of divinely inspired authority, the Book of Books takes deeper hold upon human credence and shows the more its solidity. So it is with the humanly inspired works of art. We put them to the test of higher criticism, and if they stand we know that their value is not a moment's accident or the result of a mere factitious vogue. It may be that some Callimachus of to-day dreams that Scott's day is over; but the vitality of organic composition keeps and will keep those grand romances alive. The groups and masses of history are there; the significance of true manhood and womanhood is there; the appeal of honor and courage is there, and life is there bearing itself heroically. Everybody loves a hero.

The fascination of a composition is always romance; good or evil it is still romance. Your sermon, your picture, your house, your novel, your poem, your religion, must satisfy the

imagination with romance. Romance is not a lie; it is the surprise of the picturesque. Call up Adam and Eve, or Romeo and Juliet, and there is the composition of romance. Come reverently and with unfaltering credence to the story of Christ's life and death, and tell me truly, did Æschylus, did Shakespeare ever write so picturesque a tragedy? When you tell that story to your child, it clutches his imagination and holds it fast. The wonder of it comes before any deeper significance is comprehended. Here lies the secret of imaginative appeal, whether the composition be of life or of fiction. Beecher, Phillips, Webster, and Emerson knew it, and used it in sermon, oration, lecture. Napoleon the First, Hugo, Scott, Shakespeare, Plato, Æschylus, Sappho felt its imperious power. Begin in the far mist of antiquity and come down to the present with microscopic scrutiny, and you cannot lay hand on any great achievement which had not its hero and its romance.

You academic men are fond of invoking the "scientific spirit." Well, invoke it now. Collect the facts of literary history, mass them, classify them, analyze them, and then show me one, just one immortal work of fiction, drama, oratory, or poetry, or religion which has not romance as its chief source of appeal. Throw in history for good measure, and still the rule holds. Heroism, extraordinary events, the roll and crash of war, great reforms, the villainies of tyrants, the divine patience of saints, the influence of beautiful women, the charm of poets, the building of temples, the destruction of cities, wonderful discoveries and inventions, revolutions in religion and philosophy—take these from history and who will read or remember it? Take any period of our country's life and eliminate the extraordinary features, the pioneers, the heroism of '76, the mediæval romance of slavery, the great war, Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Lee, Beecher, Whittier, Stonewall Jackson, Ossawattomie Brown, Grover Cleveland, the ocean telegraph, the stupendous growth of wealth and liberal education—take out the extraordinary and you have no book to write of us. Or if you should persist and write the book it would have no significance, no human appeal. Take the extraordinary from science and what is it?

Do you understand how Darwin's theory took hold of

mankind? Do you fancy that it captivated a mere "scientific" taste? Not that. Never did human imagination find a more wonderful romance than this story of the origin of species and the descent of man. Agnostics like to smile at the simple Bible story of creation as at a nursery tale. Well, the story may not be literally true, it may not be true at all; but this romance of evolution, is it literally true? Is it true at all? Go ask the sphinx if its ancestors knew. Like a child with a new toy, the human imagination plays with "natural selection" and "the survival of the fittest," and for a little while is content. For awhile it is Darwin; yesterday it was Humboldt or La Place; the day before it was Pythagoras. Always it is the genius who presents a great romantic composition. Darwin's theory may be true; it may be false; but it is extraordinary; it is picturesque, and it appeals to the elemental universal love of the wonderful in the human mind. When Leibnitz and Newton were discovering calculus, imagination was on tip-toe to catch the first glimpse of infinity.

If you plan to control men, you first captivate their imagination. Give me the key to a people's imagination and you may have the rest; I will lead them through nine crusades in spite of you. Peter the Hermit, John Law, Napoleon, Pasteur, old John Brown—every man who has shaken the world did it with the lever of imagination. When lately the curtain was rung up and Doctor Pasteur made his bow we were for a thrilling moment sure that there stood the master of disease and death. The light of perennial health flashed from continent to continent. To-morrow some other great romancer of science will arise. We shall turn our backs upon the epic of microbes and hang Pasteur's picture in the garret with those of Descartes, La Place, and Buffon. It all comes to one goal, which every creative genius grazes with the wheel of his chariot.

Eliminate from religion, any religion, its specific romance, and you still have left the ancient generic wonder of it. Take this away and the residual composition will not attract a second glance from mankind. Creeds are at best but persistent, refractory wounds upon the fair body of religion; mayhap some sweet day they will all coalesce and heal without a scar. But deprive religion of its vital romance and observe how quickly

it dies. If we can rid our minds of factitious reverence and give ourselves over to true reverence, we shall for the first time feel how God, the universe, religion, and duty form in the imagination a picture sphered on the radius of supreme beauty and harmony. How petty and trifling a religion becomes the moment it disengages itself, as Greek religion at last did, from that highest credulity which alone amounts to absolute faith, the credulity of the imagination! What the human soul longs for is the step beyond, the higher lift, the supreme surprise. Ethics enters the field to demand that this step beyond shall not be into the pit, that this higher lift shall not be to the mountain-top of temptation, that this supreme surprise shall not come of evil splendor. It requires that every scene of art shall be so composed as to have its focus in a cleanly and wholesome truth.

LADY TOXOPHILITES

From 'The Witchery of Archery.'

Much might be said why archery, as a lawn game, should be preferred to croquet by ladies; the reasons, however, for such a preference are not needed as arguments here. The preceding chapters of this book have shown that drawing the long-bow is an exercise, all at once, of the most important muscles of the body and limbs. Mr. Charles Reade and other eminent men lately have been at some pains to show that ambidexterity is a very great and a perfectly attainable accomplishment. How they have succeeded with the demonstration I do not care to consider; but that equal development of all the muscles of arms, legs, and body is quite desirable, and, in fact, necessary, in course of a complete physical training, no one can deny.

This matter of bodily education, so to speak, is greatly overlooked in the training of our boys; and, as for girls, such a thing has scarcely been thought fit for polite mention in connection with them. Croquet has done much. It has taught our mothers that sunshine and wind and a little outdoor physical exercise cannot quite spoil a girl. But croquet is objectionable for two reasons. The first is that, since ladies will wear corsets, stooping is to them a very unwholesome act, causing a

pressure upon organs of the body very sensitive and easily injured. The second is that the right hand and arm, or the left, if the player be left-handed, are the ones used all the time, and the effort of muscle required is too slight for working any appreciable benefit even to the active members.

Archery is performed in an erect attitude; it calls into action both hands and arms, the muscles of the shoulders and back, the chest and legs. The strain on all may be just as powerful and just as slight as one may desire, and the shock of relaxation may be perfectly governed. Another thing: one is sure to draw in a deep, full breath, expanding the lungs to their utmost with pure outdoor air, just before drawing the bow, or during the act of drawing.

Archery is rowing, boxing, fencing, and club-practice, all in one, so far as its exercise of the muscles is concerned, without any of the objectionable and dangerous features of those excellent athletic performances. A thoroughly trained archer is a perfectly built athlete. He has perfect control of all his physical powers. His arms are hard, supple-jointed, with biceps like those of a stone-cutter; his chest is full, his back is straight, his legs quick and firm, his neck muscular, and his head well poised, his movements easy and graceful.

Ladies who wish to have rounded and beautiful forms must learn that exercise in the open air and free light of outdoors is the one thing that will gratify the desire. Pure complexions come of pure blood, and pure blood comes of sunlight and free, pure air. Deep breathing and regular use of all the muscles bring perfect health and powerful vitality. A lady should be careful to begin shooting with a very weak bow. A twenty-pound weapon is not too light for the first month of practice. The act of bracing a bow is likely to produce pain in the right side when first attempted; but a few trials will overcome the difficulty, if the bow is not too long or too strong.

Ladies should always use the shooting-glove, as their fingers are too delicate to bear the friction of the bow-string.

It is surprising how rapidly a lady gains strength under well-directed training in archery. She begins a slow-moving, languid, half-invalid, and at the end of four weeks of regular practice you see her running across the lawn to recover her

arrows, like Diana pursuing the stags of old. She has thrown off her lassitude, and is already beginning to develop on her arms the outlines of perfect muscles. Let us see what has been done in modern times by female archers.

Eighty-eight years ago a match was shot at Branhope Hall, Yorkshire, England, between Miss Littledale, Mr. Wyborough, and Mr. Gilpin. The shooting lasted three hours. The targets were one hundred yards apart, four feet in diameter, with nine-inch golds. During the match, Miss Littledale hit the gold four times, *the last three shots being all in the gold!* Here was a lady winning a prize, by hard shooting, over two strong men! The most admirable part of it all is, that she closed up three hours of steady work with the three successive centre hits. What steadiness of nerve! what power of endurance! And then, too, to have accomplished this she must have been shooting at least a fifty-pound bow!

The Marchioness of Salisbury won the first prize of the "Hertfordshire Archers," which was a gold heart, bearing a bow set with diamonds.

In 1832, Miss Gresley won the gold bracelet, and Miss Isabel Simpson the turquoise gold knot, prizes offered by the "Woodmen of the Forest of Arden."

To this tolerance of archery by all, and the practice of it by so many distinguished ladies of England, during the past hundred years, the present generation of English women are in great part indebted for their fine physiques. Not that archery has directly done it all; but a proper appreciation of outdoor exercise was, by the fostering of target practice, thoroughly planted in the minds of mothers, and has borne fruit in the plump, muscular forms and healthful faces of their daughters.

Many of our city ladies, averse to the gayeties and fashionable dissipations of the watering-places, can find nothing to amuse them at the summer-houses in the country. Sylvan archery is just the thing they need. So soon as they have learned the use of bows and arrows, they may roam the green fields and shady woods, shooting at tufts of grass, or the slender stems of the young trees; nor need they have any fear of tramps or robbers, for a drawn bow, in the hands of a resolute woman, will bring the boldest villian to a halt, or to his

death, if necessary. An arrow from a thirty-pound bow will pass entirely through the body of a man.

If you wish to sketch, take your bow and arrows with you so as to shoot when you are tired of the pencil; and if you are fond of botanizing, your bow will serve you for a staff, and a strong arrow makes a first-rate utensil for digging up small plants.

On the soft white sand of the ocean's beach, and along the shores of our northern lakes, a party of ladies may have fine sport, and most vitalizing recreation, shooting flight shots or aiming at the curlews and sandpipers and plovers, a hundred yards away.

Social science begins with physical culture. The world must be moved by muscle as well as mind. The nearer women approach to the standard of the physical power possessed by men, the nearer they will be able to make their mental prowess recognized by the world. Vim, resistless energy, the magnetism of the great individual, come of powerful vital resources. The vigor of manhood on the world's fields of battle, its tireless strength of purpose and physical execution in clearing away the forests and hewing out civilizations in different ages, and its muscular force in every way, has done as much for the world as all the operations of mind or more. Women who are agitating the question of women's enfranchisement must learn that "might makes right" is not a maxim of immorality when clearly understood. The might of the liberally trained body, combined with the might of the broadly cultured mind gives the right to a higher sphere of physical and intellectual action, and no power can curtail the right without first weakening the might. The ocean has the might to fill the vast hollows of the earth wherein it lies, and it has the God-given right. So with a strong body and master-mind, the right to rule is inherent, and can never be eliminated by clever sophistries or impracticable theories of moral equality.

The end of social science is in the perfection and universal adoption of liberal humanities; but this must result from a lifting, not by a lowering process, to the highest equality. Men and women must be borne together to the high plane of the millennium, and none but the perfectly developed bodies and souls can bear the strain of the lifting.

UNDER THE CHERRY TREE

From 'Alice of Old Vincennes.' Copyright, The Bobbs, Merrill Company, and used here by permission.

Alice Roussillon was tall, lithe, strongly knit, with an almost perfect figure, judging by what the master sculptors carved for the form of Venus, and her face was comely and winning, if not absolutely beautiful; but the time and the place were vigorously indicated by her dress, which was of coarse stuff and simply designed. Plainly she was a child of the American wilderness, a daughter of old Vincennes on the Wabash in the time that tried men's souls.

"Jump, Jean!" she cried, her face laughing with a show of cheek-dimples, an arching of finely sketched brows and the twinkling of large blue-gray eyes.

"Jump high and get them!"

While she waved her sun-browned hand holding the cherries aloft, the breeze blowing fresh from the southwest tossed her hair so that some loose strands shone like rimpled flames.

The sturdy little hunchback did leap with surprising activity; but the treacherous brown hand went higher, so high that the combined altitude of his jump and the reach of his unnaturally long arms was overcome. Again and again he sprang vainly into the air comically, like a long-legged, squat-bodied frog.

"And you brag of your agility and strength, Jean," she laughingly remarked; "but you can't take cherries when they are offered to you. What a clumsy bungler you are!"

"I can climb and get some," he said with a hideously happy grin, and immediately embraced the bole of the tree, up which he began scrambling almost as fast as a squirrel.

When he had mounted high enough to be extending a hand for a hold on a crotch, Alice grasped his leg near the foot and pulled him down, despite his clinging and struggling until his hands clawed in the soft earth at the tree's root while she held his captive leg almost vertically erect.

It was a show of great strength; but Alice looked quite unconscious of it, laughing merrily, the dimples deepening in her plump cheeks, her forearm, now bared to the elbow, gleam-

ing white and shapely while its muscles rippled on account of the jerking and kicking of Jean.

All the time she was holding the cherries high in her other hand, shaking them by the twig to which their slender stems attached them, and saying in a sweetly tantalizing tone:

"What makes you climb downward after cherries, Jean? What a foolish fellow you are, indeed, trying to grabble cherries out of the ground, as you do potatoes! I'm sure I didn't suppose that you knew so little as that."

Her French was colloquial, but quite good, showing here and there what we often notice in the speech of those who have been educated in isolated places far from that babel of polite energies which we call the world; something that may be described as a bookish cast appearing oddly in the midst of phrasing distinctly rustic and local—a peculiarity not easy to transfer from one language to another.

Jean the hunchback was a muscular little deformity and a wonder of good nature. His head looked unnaturally large, nestling grotesquely between the points of his lifted and distorted shoulders, like a shaggy black animal in the fork of a broken tree. He was bellicose in his amiable way and never knew just when to acknowledge defeat. How long he might have kept up the hopeless struggle with the girl's invincible grip would be hard to guess. His release was caused by the approach of a third person, who wore the robe of a Catholic priest and the countenance of a man who had lived and suffered a long time without much loss of physical strength and endurance.

This was Père Beret, grizzly, short, compact, his face deeply lined, his mouth decidedly aslant on account of some lost teeth, and his eyes set deep under gray, shaggy brows. Looking at him when his features were in repose a first impression might not have been favorable; but seeing him smile or hearing him speak changed everything. His voice was sweetness itself and his smile won you on the instant. Something like a pervading sorrow always seemed to be close behind his eyes and under his speech; yet he was a genial, sometimes almost jolly, man, very prone to join in the lighter amusements of his people.

"Children, children, my children," he called out as he

approached along a little pathway leading up from the direction of the church, "what are you doing now? Bah, there, Alice, will you pull Jean's leg off?"

At first they did not hear him, they were so nearly deafened by their own vocal discords.

"Why are you standing on your head with your feet so high in air, Jean?" he added. "It's not a polite attitude in the presence of a young lady. Are you a pig, that you poke your nose in the dirt?"

Alice now turned her bright head and gave Père Beret a look of frank welcome, which at the same time shot a beam of willful self-assertion.

"My daughter, are you trying to help Jean up the tree feet foremost?" the priest added, standing where he had halted just outside of the straggling yard fence.

He had his hands on his hips and was quietly chuckling at the scene before him, as one who, although old, sympathized with the natural and harmless sportiveness of young people and would as lief as not join in a prank or two.

"You see what I'm doing, Father Beret," said Alice. "I am preventing a great damage to you. You will maybe lose a good many cherry pies and dumplings if I let Jean go. He was climbing the tree to pilfer the fruit; so I pulled him down, you understand."

"Ta, ta!" exclaimed the good man, shaking his gray head; "we must reason with the child. Let go his leg, daughter, I will vouch for him; eh, Jean?"

Alice released the hunchback, then laughed gayly and tossed the cluster of cherries into his hand, whereupon he began munching them voraciously and talking at the same time.

"I knew I could get them," he boasted; "and see, I have them now." He hopped around, looking like a species of ill-formed monkey.

Père Beret came and leaned on the low fence close to Alice. She was almost as tall as he.

"The sun scorches to-day," he said, beginning to mop his furrowed face with a red-flowered cotton handkerchief; "and from the look of the sky yonder," pointing southward, "it is going to bring on a storm. How is Madame Roussillon to-day?"

"She is complaining as she usually does when she feels extremely well," said Alice; "that's why I had to take her place at the oven and bake pies. I got hot and came out to catch a bit of this breeze. Oh, but you needn't smile and look greedy, Père Beret, the pies are not for your teeth!"

"My daughter, I am not a glutton, I hope; I had meat not two hours since—some broiled young squirrels with cress, sent me by René de Ronville. He never forgets his old father."

"Oh, I never forget you either, *mon père;* I thought of you to-day every time I spread a crust and filled it with cherries; and when I took out a pie all brown and hot, the red juice bubbling out of it so good smelling and tempting, do you know what I said to myself?"

"How could I know, my child?"

"Well, I thought this: 'Not a single bite of that pie does Father Beret get.' "

"Why so, daughter?"

"Because you said it was bad of me to read novels and told Mother Roussillon to hide them from me. I've had any amount of trouble about it."

"Ta, ta! read the good books that I gave you. They will soon kill the taste for these silly romances."

"I tried," said Alice; "I tried very hard, and it's no use; your books are dull and stupidly heavy. What do I care about something that a queer lot of saints did hundreds of years ago in times of plague and famine? Saints must have been poky people, and it is poky people who care to read about them, I think. I like reading about brave, heroic men and beautiful women, and war and love."

Père Beret looked away with a curious expression in his face, his eyes half closed.

"And I'll tell you now, Father Beret," Alice went on after a pause, "no more claret and pies do you get until I can have my own sort of books back again to read as I please."

She stamped her moccasin-shod foot with decided energy.

The good priest broke into a hearty laugh, and taking off his cap of grass-straw mechanically scratched his bald head. He looked at the tall, strong girl before him for a moment or two, and it would have been hard for the best physiognomist

to decide just how much of approval and how much of disapproval that look really signified.

Although, as Father Beret had said, the sun's heat was violent, causing that gentle soul to pass his bundled handkerchief with a wiping circular motion over his bald and bedewed pate, the wind was momently freshening, while up from behind the trees on the horizon beyond the river, a cloud was rising blue-black, tumbled, and grim against the sky.

"Well," said the priest, evidently trying hard to exchange his laugh for a look of regretful resignation, "you will have your own way, my child, and—"

"Then You Will Have Pies Galore and No End of Claret!" she interrupted, at the same time stepping to the withe-tied and peg-latched gate of the yard and opening it, "Come in, you dear, good Father, before the rain shall begin, and sit with me on the gallery" (the creole word for veranda) "till the storm is over."

Father Beret seemed not loath to enter, albeit he offered a weak protest against delaying some task he had in hand. Alice reached forth and pulled him in, then reclosed the queer little gate and pegged it. She caressingly passed her arm through his and looked into his weather-stained old face with a child-like affection.

There was not a photographer's camera to be had in those days; but what if a tourist with one in hand could have been there to take a snapshot at the priest and the maiden as they walked arm in arm to that squat little veranda! The picture to-day would be worth its weight in a first-water diamond. It would include the cabin, the cherry-tree, a glimpse of the raw, wild back-ground and a sharp portrait-group of Père Beret, Alice, and Jean the hunchback. To compare it with a photograph of the same spot now would give a perfect impression of the historic atmosphere, color and conditions which cannot be set in words. But we must not belittle the power of verbal description. What if a thoroughly trained newspaper reporter had been given the freedom of old Vincennes on the Wabash during the first week of June, 1778, and we now had his printed story! What a supplement to the photographer's pictures! Well, we have neither photographs nor graphic report; yet there they are before us, the gowned and straw-

capped priest, the fresh-faced, coarsely-clad and vigorous girl, the grotesque little hunchback, all just as real as life itself. Each of us can see them, even with closed eyes. Led by that wonderful guide, Imagination, we step back a century and more to look over a scene at once strangely attractive and unspeakably forlorn. What was it that drew people away from the old countries, from the cities, the villages and the vineyards of beautiful France, for example, to dwell in the wilderness, amid wild beasts and wilder savage Indians, with a rude cabin for a home and the exposures and hardships of pioneer life for their daily experience?

WILLIAM TAPPAN THOMPSON

[1812—1882]

CLARINDA PENDLETON LAMAR

THE best-known prose writers of the State of Georgia have been humorists. They were not exclusively fun-makers—if we except "Bill Arp"—but of that class of realists who see the details of everyday life in an atmosphere of humor, which is to the author what the lamplight and the firelight are to the painters of *genre* scenes, and which gives to these pictures, whether of brush or of pen, a warmth and reality lacking in the sketches made in the light of common day.

Longstreet, Thompson, Johnson, Harris, Edwards—there are no more faithful and truthful historians of life and of human nature; and yet the first two had no very serious purpose in the light sketches which they produced so easily; nor did they foresee the reputation they would achieve, nor could they have believed that they would go down to posterity, not as judge or as editor, but as the authors of these simple pastorals, which, in a sense, blazed the way for the American novel of the East, the South, and the West. This was so true of Thompson that he realized almost no pecuniary return from the large sale of his sketches; the copyright went for a song, and his books were of greater pleasure and profit to all his countrymen than to their author.

He was born in Ravenna, Ohio, August 31, 1812, the first white child born in the "Western Reserve." His father was a Virginian and his mother brought from her native Ireland, and transmitted to her son, that priceless gift, which cannot be acquired, of seeing the humorous side of life.

He was but a lad when he suffered the loss of both parents, that irreparable loss, which is, nevertheless, sometimes a boon to those highly gifted by nature, who need to be thrown upon their own resources, to sharpen their faculties by the hard friction of life, in order to bring out the best that is in them. Certainly these parents had done, during the brief years they were with him, all that parents can do for their children in moulding his character along the lines of truth and honor which characterized his after life.

He received an appointment as private secretary to the Honorable James D. Westcott, Territorial Governor of Florida, and

with him he went South and began the study of law. But nature had not intended him for a lawyer, and in 1835 he found his way to Georgia, the State with which he was ever afterward identified, and settled in Augusta, where he was associated with Judge Longstreet as editor of the *States' Rights Sentinel,* while still pursuing his study of law. One need only hear the titles of those ante-bellum newspapers to know their section and their politics, and Thompson's mind never lost the bias it received in his first journalistic work.

The Seminole War broke out in this year, and Thompson joined the Richmond Blues of Augusta, serving throughout the campaign. At the close of the war he definitely abandoned the study of law for literature, and in 1836 established the first purely literary paper ever published in Georgia—*The Augusta Mirror.* He also married the woman whom he afterward described as "having blessed the morn, cheered the noon, and brightened the evening" of his life—Miss Caroline A. Carrie of Augusta—and began what was ultimately to prove a successful career as a journalist.

Success did not come at first. *The Augusta Mirror* did not pay, and one wonders why. With leisure to read; with money to buy books, why was the antebellum Southerner never a patron of the literature of his own section? Perhaps he had too much leisure—for it is only busy people who have time to read; perhaps his taste for the classic in literature was as characteristic as his love for the classic in architecture; or perhaps the interest and enthusiasm which should have been expended upon the budding literature of the time and place found expression in the great political questions which even then were agitating the country and forming the theme of discussion at the county court-house, the country churchyard, and wherever Southern men assembled.

However it happened, a change had to be made; the young couple removed to Macon and the *Mirror* was merged in the *Family Companion;* this enterprise failing, by reason of uncongenial business connections, they moved again, this time to Madison, Georgia, where Thompson took charge of *The Miscellany,* a weekly published in that town.

The paper, already prosperous, increased in public favor under his management. It was for this periodical that the famous "Letters of Major Jones" were written. The Major was a typical countryman, a small planter of the middle class; he wrote to Colonel Thompson from his home in "Pineville," Georgia, a naïve account of his courtship of Miss Mary Stallins, and of the various and usually ludicrous episodes and vicissitudes which attended his pursuit and final capture of the affections of this maiden.

Though there is an abundance of bad spelling and a lack of grammar, which in that day was considered a necessary adjunct of humor, the letters were not written in dialect; and the humor, though not of a subtle or delicate order, was not forced. The letters were faithful portrayals of the life and character of the locality; true pictures of a people who were simple and unsophisticated, but honest and kindly, reverent toward God and gentle to women and to little children.

The Major himself is typical. He is a country bumpkin, whose credulous simplicity makes him the butt of local wits; and yet he is so genuine and takes his baiting with such unfailing good humor that he excites our interest as well as our amusement.

He artlessly lays bare his inmost soul in his letters to Colonel Thompson; and yet, though there is much at which one must smile, there is nothing for which one should blush, and one is glad to see him win in the end.

The cruder taste of the time was for practical joking and for what is now called horse-play. Even people of refinement, in that day, would often find diversion in the roughest of pranks and would laugh unrestrainedly over a predicament that was both painful and unfortunate. Major Jones's letters abound in such incidents, and the harder the victim is hit the more the spectators are amused.

These letters were so popular that Thompson was persuaded to collect and publish them in book form; but he valued them lightly, sold them for a trifle, and received a very small portion of the money they brought the publishers.

He wrote also 'The Chronicles of Pineville,' in which the story antedates 'Major Jones's Courtship,' and 'Major Jones's Travels'; and in the line of more serious if less popular literature he wrote a farce called "The Live Indian," and a dramatization of 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' which met with a favorable reception in both Europe and America. He also prepared for the press Hotchkiss's 'Codification of the Statute Laws of Georgia.'

In 1845 he joined the poet, Park Benjamin, in the publication of *The Western Continent* in Baltimore, a weekly of which he afterward became sole editor and proprietor.

In 1850 Thompson began the journalistic enterprise with which his name is associated in Georgia. He founded *The Morning News* of Savannah, a paper which he edited continuously and successfully for more than thirty years, and which still enjoys the favor and reputation that rewarded his efforts in its behalf. The founder of a successful daily is a creator in a different and a broader sense from the author of a book or of a character in fiction. He calls

into being an entity, a living personality, which wields a power and speaks with an authority greater than the person or persons who may be behind it. It grows and develops with the times and yet retains the imprint and the character which its author has given it.

As an editor, Colonel Thompson kept his paper aloof from party politics, but stoutly maintained the doctrines which gave its title to the first paper with which he was associated—the *States' Rights Sentinel.*

With the men who held this faith he went to war in 1861, serving as aide-de-camp to Governor Brown; and, with the heroic devotion to principle which characterized him, he followed the fortunes of the Confederacy to the bitter end, even when that end was in sight, and when his age would have excused him from further service.

The war over, Colonel Thompson returned to Savannah, to the editorial chair, which he did not again forsake until his death in 1882.

He was a member of the National Democratic Convention which nominated Seymour and Blair, and of the State Convention which framed the present Constitution of Georgia. But before all and above all other honors he valued that of being the successful editor of a daily which ranked among the first in its section.

In Laurel Grove Cemetery in Savannah is a granite shaft with this inscription:

To the Memory of
WILLIAM TAPPAN THOMPSON
Author and Journalist
Born August 31, 1812.
Died March 24, 1882.
Dedicated by the Savannah *Morning News*
To its
Founder and during thirty-two years
Its faithful and able Editor,
And by the
Georgia Press Association
To a distinguished and lamented member.

A TRIP TO MADISON

From 'Major Jones's Courtship.'

PINEVILLE, October 27th, 1842.

TO MR. THOMPSON:—Dear Sir—I ariv here last night, all safe as a crate o' warrented cups and sassers. My cold's got a good deal better sense I left Madison, and cordin to promis, I have tuck up my pen to give you a account of my trip to your town.

As I told you, I left my horse at Warrenton and tuck the cars at Camack for Madison. It was bout leven o'clock fore the dratted thing cum along, and when it got thar it made sich a bominable blowin and snortin that I was more'n half a mind not to venter in no sich outlandish sort of contrivance. I'd hearn a grate deal about steam ingins, but if the Semmynole ingins is any uglier, or frightfuller than they is, I don't wonder nobody wants to tack 'em. Why sich other cog-wheels, cranks and conflutements, I never did see—and then they's so spiteful, and makes the fire fly so. I couldn't help feelin sort o' skeered of it all the time, and I wouldn't been that feller what rid on top of the cussed critter, and fed and watered it, not for no considerashun. I was lookin round it a little, to try to git the hang of it, when the feller just tetched one of the fixins, and feugh-h-h! it went rite in my ear, and like to blowd my brains out with hot steem. "My Lord!" ses I, "mister, what made it do that!" "Oh, it was jest blowin its nose," ses he, and he tuck hold of another thing, and the infurnel critter set up a yell like a panther with a grindstone on his tale. Thunderation, how the steem did fly! enuff to blow all creation to Ballyhack. "All aboard," ses the man, the bell tapped, and in bout a minit everybody was stowed away and waitin. Chug, went sumthing, and away I goes rite over the back of the seat—it jerked once more, and then it begun to go. Chow, chow, chow—chew, chew, chew—che, che, chit-tu, chit-to, fit-te, fit, fit, fit, cher-r-r-r-r; and the whole bilin of us was gwine a long with a perfect whiz; and the way the fire flew was miracelus—grate big sparks now and then dodgin all round a feller's face like a yaller-jacket, and then drappin

rite down in his busum. For sum time it would tuck three men to watch the sparks of one, and they couldn't.

Well, we went hummin along jest like iled thunder, makin more noise nor a dozen cotten gins all gwine at once, only stoppin now and then to pile on lighterd and fill up the bilers, and to drap a feller here and thar on the road. They was the sleepyest set of fokes aboard that I ever did see. Thar they was, all scattered about in the seats, heads and heels together; here a pair o' boots stickin rite strate upwards, and thar a feller's face, opened wide enuff to swaller a saw-mill. Some of 'em was monstrous troubled in ther dreams, and kep tossin and twistin about as bisy as bull yearlins in fly-time, while some big-foot fellers lay sprawl'd out on the benches, quiet as a midlin of meat, snorin a perfect harrycane.

The effect was unresistible, and the fust thing I knowd I didn't know anything in pertickler, cept that my eyes felt monstrous gritty when I tried to open 'em wide—

"Look here; master—master!"

"Hello!" ses I, "Jim, what's the matter?"

"I isn't Jim, master," ses the nigger feller what was shakin me by the coller; "you better go to the Hotel, the passengers is all gone long time ago."

I soon seed how it was, and not havin no baggage but jest my saddel-bags, I tuck the road the feller pinted to, and went long down the hill, whar I like to fell over lots of cotton bags, till I come to a place whar ther was more waggons than I could count in an hour. It was so dark I couldn't make out nothin but waggons and a lot of fellers settin round a fire. Thinks I, Madison aint sich a ding grate city as I thought, after all; and as I felt sort o' chilly, I jined the fellers round the fire.

"Whar's the hotel?" ses I.

"Thar aint no hotel here," ses one feller, what was singin,

> Drive my waggon long the rode;
> Sorry team and heavy load.

"Won't you take something?" ses he, drawin a old junk bottle of rum, that smelled strong enuff of inguns to knock a man down, and pintin it rite under my nose fore I know'd what he was bout.

"No, I thank you," ses I, "I's a Washingtonian."

"Who's they?" ses he; "sum of your d—n Flurney preachers, I spose?"

"No," ses I, "they's revolutioners."

"Revolutioners!" ses he, "why my father was a revolutioner, and fit agin the British at King's Mounting, and help'd to lick tyranny out of the country."

"Well, that was right," ses I; "hurra for the revolutioners."

"Come, take sumthing," ses he, and pinted the bottle at my nose agin.

"No," ses I, "I'm a revolutioner, and go agin King Alkohol tooth and toe nail."

"King who?" ses he.

"King Rum," ses I; "that very tyrant that's got you by the guzzle now, and he'll have you choked down on yer knees to him fore a half hour if you don't revolutionize on him and quit him."

The feller stopped and looked rite down in the fire—then at me—then at the bottle, and then he tuck another look at the fire.

"That's a fact," ses he, "it's had me on my back afore to-night; but somehow I can't—yes I kin—and here goes, mister—d—n all tyrants—I'm a revolutioner too, a Washington revolutioner, forever!" and with that he throw'd the bottle of rum smack in the middle of the fire, and it blazed up blue and yaller like a hell-broth, as it is.

"Give me yer hand, mister!" ses I, "I don't want no better proof of your manhood than that: stick to it like a true Washington revolutioner."

"Stick to it, mister?" ses he; "why I never broke my word when I was sober in my life, and now I must tell a lie afore I kin get drunk. Stick to it! I've been wantin to revolutionize long ago, and now I've done it, and I'll never knock under as long as I live!" and he shuck my hand, and a tear shined in the fire-light. I don't blieve that waggoner 'll ever git stalled agin, on a good rode as long as he lives.

Well, after a while, fore it was clear light, I started to find the town.

"Good mornin," ses one feller, comin out from mong the waggons with a quar sort of gimlet and sum tags of cotton

in his hand. "Would you like a bid for your cotton this mornin?"

"I don't keer," ses I, "I'm always willin for a good trade."

"Whar is it?" ses he, and fore I had time to answer, another feller slapped me on the shoulder on tother side.

"Is it prime now, neighbor?" ses he; "I'll give you the top of the market. Is it prime now, eh?"

"Never mind," ses the fust, "it's as good as sold."

"Beg pardon," ses the other, "I won't interfere, then."

"Whar is it?" ses the fust, puttin his arm in mine, and walkin in among the waggons; "square or round bales, eh?"

"Stop, stop, mister," ses I, "your mistaken in the man; you——"

"Oh, let's have a sample, and we'll talk about the price; is this it?" and in goes his gimlet, "I always sample from both ends," ses he.

"But stop, mister," ses I, "I haint got no cotton here; my cotton is in Pineville, and aint more'n half ginned out yet. I haint got no——"

"Whar?" ses he.

"Way down in Pineville, in——"

"Pooh!" ses he, "beg yer pardon—thought you was in the markit," and fore I could ax him bout Madison or you, he was half a dozen waggons off, borin his gimlet into another bag of cotton.

The next feller I met was rite at me to buy my cotton; but I tuck him a one side and splained things confidentially to him fore he went so far.

"Is this Madison," ses I, "whar the Southern Miscellany is printed?"

"Oh, no," ses he, "this is Beaver Tail."

"Beaver Tail!" ses I; "why I never hearn of that place afore," and I jest begun to bile up a little.

"I tuck my passage for Madison," ses I, "and paid the munny, and they've gone and drapped me in Beaver Tail! Now that's a way to do bisness; that's the way travelers is tuck in, by these infernal corperashuns. If they don't fix it all to my satisfaction, I'll persecute the company as long as there's any law in Georgia. Beaver Tail!" ses I.

"Yes," ses he, "this is Beaver Tail, which is to Madison

as the 'Bay' is to Savannah, 'Wall-Street' to New-York, the 'Exchange' to Filadelfy, or the 'Rialto,' ('whar merchants most do congregate,') to Venice. This is the bisness part of Madison, do you understand?" ses he.

"Yes, but I want to go to Madison, to see Mr. Thompson on pertickler bisness."

"This is Mr. Thompson's place of bisness; you'll find him thar," ses he, pintin to a big open brick house.

Well, I went thar, but he was the rale-rode agent what keeps the books of the consarn. "Oh, no," ses I, "its the other Mr. Thompson what I want to see."

"Well, there he is," ses Mr. Thompson, "jest cum down from Covington."

When I went to the man he pinted to, he axed me if I wanted to take a contract on the rode? "Lord, no," ses I, "I want to see Mr. Thompson bout a very different kind of a bisness.

"Perhaps you will find him over in that bildin," ses he.

Well, over I went.

"Kin we serve you this mornin, sir? Do you wish to store your cotton?" ses he.

"No, no," ses I, "I want to see Mr. Thompson what edits the Miscellany."

"Oh," ses he, "*that* Mr. Thompson—my name's Thom*a*son. You'll find him at the Planter's Hotel; the first good-lookin man you see with spectickles on."

Good grashus, thinks I, if the old Frenchman had lived in Beaver Tail he would have found monsieur Tonsons enuff to kill him sevral times, as he says in the play. Well, I put out for the Planter's as fast as I could—whar you know I found you at last—but (I hope you wont be riled at what I say) if it hadn't been for the specks I wouldn't a knowed you by Mr. Thomason's description.

I needn't tell you agin how much I is bleeged to you for yer kindness and advise in that pertickelerly delicate bisness on which we conversed. Takin every thing in considerashun, I am very much pleased with my visit to Madison; and sense I went to Macon and your town I'm more'n ever in favor of travellin. I think the riter was bout rite, who said "the world is a monstrous big book, full of picters and good readin, but

he that never travels only reads the title-page." I blieve I'll go to the city of Athens next.

You know I tuck dinner at the Planter's with you. Well, I was put a lettle to the onplush by that old nigger feller what waits on the table thar. I didn't know what to make of the old feller. He flew round me like I was Mr. Clay, or sum other grate karacter.

"Will you have sum of the Berkshire ham," ses he, "or sum of the Durham beef—fust rate, stall-fed, sir, jest imported."

"Why, you aint got English provisions here, is you, old feller?" ses I.

"Certain, master; we don't sarve up nothin else at the Planter's—pure English, in French style."

I tuck a piece of the Durham.

"Have a little of the essence?" ses he, puttin sum gravy on it; "shall I have your plate splied with a piece of veal—real Durham—only twelve year old? Take sum of the Irishmans, sir? A piece of the turky—wild turky, cotched wild in the Okefenoky—fust rate? Some peach sas, made out of the large English white reserve peaches, what grow big as your fist, sir?" and fore I knowed what to say, he had my plate piled up with good things, so I couldn't clear it in a hour, hard eatin at that.

"Have a nother plate, sir?" ses he. I had done eat more'n I wanted then, but everybody, as fur as I could see, on both sides, was gittin clean plates, so thinks I, here goes.

"Have sum of the kramberry tarts," ses the old feller, "what grows on grape-vines, or sum of the North Carolina blackberrys, second sister to the goose-berry? Kustad, sir—tater kustad, made out of the biggest kind o' yams? Here's a hot one, sir, rite out of the mouth of a red hot oven? Have sum milk, sir—Durham cows' milk; buttermilk, if you like, rich as cream?" And that's the way the old feller went on, never crakin a smile all the time; and I like to busted jest eatin to bleege him.

In the afternoon, I tuck a look at your town—and a mighty smart town it is—but I needn't tell you nothing bout that. At supper, thar was that old feller agin, flyin round the long table, with his check apern on and a sarver in one hand.

"Will you have a hot biskit," ses he, "made out of best Canal flower from imported wheat? Take square-toed waffell, sir; here's swaller-tailed ones, if you like 'em better? Fust rate Rio Coffee, sir; sum Muskevado Sugar to give a pleasant taste to it? Cold ham! briled ditto! warm Durham stakes! briled fowl—English breed—so tender they wont bare bitin hard! Let me sply your plate with a very small piece of the busum of this pullit? Sum of the reserves, sir? any kind—quinch, pare, big English peaches. Take another hot biskit, sir——," and if I'd sot thar, he'd kep me eatin till this time. The cars was reddy to start; I paid my bill at the Planter's and was soon whirlin on the way home.

I've been thinkin ever sense of your advise, and I'm satisfied you was rite. I shall ax Miss Mary fust, and by that time I'll be more used to it, and wont be so skeery of her mother. But it's the wurst job I ever undertuck any way I can fix it. I'll tell you all about it. No more from

Your frend, till deth,

Jos. Jones.

A UNIQUE PROPOSAL

From 'Major Jones's Courtship.'

Pineville, December 27th, 1842.

To Mr. Thompson:—Dear Sir—Crismus is over, and the thing's ded. You know I told you in my last letter I was gwine to bring Miss Mary up to the chalk a Crismus. Well, I done it, slick as a whistle, though it come mighty nigh bein a serious undertakin. But I'll tell you all about the whole circumstance.

The fact is, I's made my mind up more'n twenty times to jest go and come rite out with the whole bisness; but whenever I got whar she was, and whenever she looked at me with her witchin eyes, and kind o' blushed at me, I always felt sort o' skeered and fainty, and all what I made up to tell her was forgot, so I couldn't think of it to save me. But you's a married man, Mr. Thompson, so I couldn't tell you nothing about popin the question, as they call it. It's a mighty grate favour to ax of a rite pretty gall, and to people as aint used

to it, it goes mighty hard, don't it? They say widders don't mind it no more'n nothin. But I'm makin a transgression, as the preacher ses.

Crismus eve I put on my new suit, and shaved my face as slick as a smoothin iron, and went over to old Miss Stallinses. As soon as I went into the parler whar they was all settin round the fire, Miss Carline and Miss Kesiah both laughed rite out.

"There, there," ses they, "I told you so, I knew it would be Joseph."

"What's I done, Miss Carline," ses I.

"You come under little sister's chicken bone, and I do blieve she knew you was comin when she put it over the dore."

"No I didn't—I didn't no such thing, now," ses Miss Mary, and her face blushed red all over.

"Oh, you needn't deny it," ses Miss Kesiah, "you 'long to Joseph now, jest as sure as ther's any charm in chicken bones."

I knowd that was a first rate chance to say something, but the dear little creater looked so sorry and kep blushin so, I couldn't say nothin zackly to the pint, so I tuck a chair and reached up and tuck down the bone and put it in my pocket.

"What are you gwine to do with that old bone now, Majer," ses Miss Mary.

"I'm gwine to keep it as long as I live," ses I, "as Crismus present from the handsomest gall in Georgia."

When I sed that, she blushed worse and worse.

"Aint you shamed, Majer?" ses she.

"Now you ought to give *her* a Crismus gift, Joseph, to keep all *her* life," sed Miss Carline.

"Ah," ses old Miss Stallins, "when I was a gall we used to hang up our stockins——"

"Why, mother!" ses all of 'em, "to say stockins rite afore——"

Then I felt a little streaked too, cause they was all blushin as hard as they could.

"Highty-tity!" ses the old lady—"what monstrous finement. I'd like to know what harm ther is in stockins. People now-a-days is gittin so mealy-mouthed they can't call nothin by its rite name, and I don't see as they's any better than the old time people was. When I was a gall like you,

child, I use to hang up my stockins and git 'em full of presents."

The gals kep laughin.

"Never mind," ses Miss Mary, "Majer's got to give me a Crismus gift—won't you, Majer?"

"Oh, yes," ses I, "you know I promised you one."

"But I didn't mean *that,*" ses she.

"I've got one for you, what I want you to keep all your life, but it would take a two bushel bag to hold it," ses I.

"Oh, that's the kind," ses she.

"But will you keep it as long as you live?" ses I.

"Certainly I will, Majer."

"Monstrous finement now-a-days—old people don't know nothin bout perliteness," said old Miss Stallins, jest gwine to sleep with her nittin in her hand.

"Now you hear that, Miss Carline," ses I. "She ses she'll keep it all her life."

"Yes, I will," ses Miss Mary—"but what is it?"

"Never mind," ses I, "you hang up a bag big enuff to hold it and you'll find out what it is, when you see it in the mornin."

Miss Carline winked at Miss Kesiah, and then whispered to her—then they both laughed and looked at me as mischievous as they could. They spicioned something.

"You'll be sure to give it to me now, if I hang up a bag," ses Miss Mary.

"And promise to keep it," ses I.

"Well, I will, cause I know that you wouldn't give me nothin that wasn't worth keepin."

They all agreed they would hang up a bag for me to put Miss Mary's Crismus present in, in the back porch, and bout nine o'clock I told 'em good evenin and went home.

I sot up till mid-night, and when they was all gone to bed I went softly into the back gate, and went up to the porch, and thar, shore enuff, was a grate big meal-bag hangin to the jice. It was monstrous unhandy to git to it, but I was tarmined not to back out. So I got some chairs on top of a bench and got hold of the rope and let myself down into the bag; but jest as I was gittin in, the bag swung agin the chairs, and down they went with a terrible racket. But nobody didn't wake up but old Miss Stallinses grate big cur dog, and here he

cum rippin and tarin through the yard like rath, and round and round he went tryin to find what was the matter. I sot down in the bag and didn't breathe louder nor a kitten, for fear he'd find me out, and after a while he quit barkin. The wind begun to blow bominable cold, and the old bag kep turnin round and swinging so it made me sea-sick as the mischief. I was fraid to move for fear the rope would brake and let me fall, and thar I set with my teeth ratlin like I had a ager. It seemed like it would never come daylight, and I do blieve if I didn't love Miss Mary so powerful I would froze to deth; for my hart was the only spot that felt warm, and it didn't beat more'n two licks a minit, only when I thought how she would be sprised in the mornin, and then it went in a canter. Bimeby the cussed old dog come up on the porch and begun to smell about the bag, and then he barked like he thought he'd treed something. "Bow! wow! wow!" ses he. Then he'd smell agin, and try to git up to the bag. "Git out!" ses I, very low, for fear they would hear me. "Bow! wow! wow!" ses he. "Be gone! you bominable fool," ses I, and I felt all over in spots, for I spected every minit he'd nip me, and what made it worse, I didn't know whar bouts he'd take hold. "Bow! wow! wow!" Then I tried coaxin—"Come here, good feller," ses I, and whistled a little to him, but it wasn't no use. Thar he stood and kep up his eternal whinin and barkin, all night. I couldn't tell when daylight was breakin, only by the chickens crowin, and I was monstrous glad to hear 'em, for if I'd had to stay thar one hour more, I don't blieve I'd ever got out of that bag alive.

Old Miss Stallins come out fust, and as soon as she saw the bag, ses she,

"What upon yeath has Joseph went and put in that bag for Mary? I'll lay its a yearlin or some live animal, or Bruin wouldn't bark at it so."

She went in to call the galls, and I set thar, shiverin all over so I couldn't hardly speak if I tried to—but I didn't say nothin. Bimeby they all come runnin out.

"My lord, what is it?" ses Miss Mary.

"Oh, it's alive." ses Miss Kesiah, "I seed it move."

"Call Cato, and make him cut the rope," ses Miss Carline,

"and lets see what it is. Come here Cato and git this bag down."

"Don't hurt it for the world," ses Miss Mary.

Cato untied the rope that was round the jice, and let the bag down easy on the floor, and I tumbled out all covered with corn meal, from hed to foot.

"Goodness gracious!" ses Miss Mary, "if it aint the Majer himself!"

"Yes," ses I, "and you know you promised to keep my Crismus present as long as you lived."

The galls laughed themselves almost to deth, and went to brushin off the meal as fast as they could, sayin they was gwine to hang that bag up every Crismus til they got husbands too. Miss Mary—bless her bright eyes—she blushed as butiful as a morninglory, and sed she'd stick to her word. She was rite out of bed, and her hair wasn't komed, and her dress wasn't fixt at all, but the way she looked pretty was rale distractin. I do believe if I was froze stiff, one look at her charmin face, as she stood lookin down to the floor with her rogish eyes, and her bright curls fallin all over her snowy neck, would fotch'd me too. I tell you what, it was worth hangin in a meal bag from one Crismus to another to feel as happy as I have ever sense.

I went home after we had the laugh out, and set by the fire till I got thawed. In the forenoon all the Stallinses come over to our house and we had one of the greatest Crismus dinners that ever was seed in Georgia, and I don't blieve a happier company ever sot down to the same table. Old Miss Stallins and mother settled the match, and talked over every thing that ever happened in their families, and laughed at me and Mary, and cried bout ther ded husbands, cause they wasn't alive to see ther children married.

It's all settled now, 'cept we haint sot the weddin day. I'd like to have it all over at once, but young galls always like to be engaged a while, you know, so I spose I must wait a month or so. Mary (she ses I mustn't call her Miss Mary now) has been a good deal of trouble and botheration to me; but if you could see her, you wouldn't think I ought to grudge a little sufferin to git sich a sweet little wife.

You must come to the weddin if you possibly kin. I'll let you know when. No more from

Your frend, til deth,

Jos. Jones.

N.B.—I like to forgot to tell you bout cousin Pete. He got snapt on egnog when he heard of my ingagement, and he's ben as meller as hos-apple ever sense.

SENSATIONS AFLOAT

From 'Sketches of Travel.'

Washington City, May 18, 1845.

To Mr. Thompson:—Dear Sir—I left off my last letter to you only a few minits before the omnibus cum to take me from the Hotel to the steambote. Well, I was a little behind the administration in gettin my trunks packed agin, and cum monstrous nigh gettin left. But Patrick got me down to the wharf jest as the last ring was dyin out of the bell, and in a few minits I was afloat on salt water for the fust time in my life. You must know I fell in a mill-pond once when I was a boy, and was pulled out by old nigger Ned, jest when I had 'bout tuck my last swaller, and I spose it's that what's always made me have sich a mortal dred of water whar I can't tetch bottom ever sense. I felt monstrous jubus 'bout gwine aboard, and if ther was any possible way of gettin round it I wouldn't a run no sich risks you may depend.

It was a butiful afternoon, and the passengers was all as lively as crickets, talkin and laughin and lookin at the city as the steambote went spankin along with her flags a flyin, and her wheels turnin the sea into soapsuds, and leavin a white track in the water behind us. Ther was a heap of ships and steambotes all about—sum standin still, sum gwine out and sum cumin in; and little boats not bigger than a feedin-trough was dodgin all about, with ther white sails a shinin in the sun like sand-hill cranes in a rice-field. The city kep gettin smaller and smaller, til bimeby Fort Moultry, whar you know the Carolina boys licked the British so in the revolution, didn't look no bigger than a fodder-stack. I looked around for

the shore, but the sky seemed to cum down to the water on every side, til it looked jest like the crystal of my watch, 'thout a spot of yeath to put one's foot on as far as my eyes could see. I began to feel monstrous skary, and I don't blieve I ever did draw sich long breths before in all my born days. I do blieve I thought of all the ship-racks I ever red of in my life, and I would a gin ten per-cent of all I had in the world to had my life insured. I held on to the side of the bote with both hands, and kep as fur off from the biler as I could. But the ladys and the little children didn't seem to mind it a bit, and after we was out of sight of land about an ower I got a little over my skeer.

Bimeby a nigger feller commenced ringin' a bell as hard as he could ring, and hollerin out—"Gentlemen what hain't paid ther passage will please to walk up to the captin's office and settle!" As soon as I could git a chance I paid for my tickets, and pretty soon after that the bell rung agin for supper. We had a fust rate supper, but sumhow it didn't seem natural to be swimmin and rockin about in the sea, and eatin at the same time, and I didn't eat much. Besides, ther was a sort of sick-ish feelin cum over me in the supper room, and I went up on the roof agin as quick as I could to smoke a segar, thinkin it mought make me feel better.

By this time it was night, but the moon and stars was shinin above and below—the only difference in the sea and the heavens bein that the stars and moon in the water was dancin and caperin about like they was out of ther senses, while them in the sky was winkin and twinklin in ther old places as quietly and sober as ever. I got a light for my segar and was jest beginnin to smoke when a nigger feller cum up to me, and ses he:

"Massa, no smokin lowed aft the machinery."

"The mischief ther ain't!" ses I, and I went away back to the hind eend of the boat and tuck a seat, and commenced a right good smoke to myself. But I hadn't been thar more'n a minit before here cum the nigger feller agin.

"You musen't smoke aft the machinery," ses he.

"Well," ses I, "I ain't near yer machinery."

"No; but," ses he, "you is aft."

"Aft what?" ses I.

"The place for gentlemen to smoke is forard," ses he.

"Well," ses I, "my buck, I don't understand your gibrish, but if you'll jest show me whar I can smoke 'thout any danger to your machinery, I'll go thar."

With that the boominable fool begun to snicker, til he seed my cane was takin the measure of his hed for a nock down, when he straightened up the pucker of his face and sed—

"Cum this way, sir, this is the forard deck, massa."

I follered him over to the fore eend of the boat, whar sum more gentlemen was smokin. I hadn't tetched a drap of licker in a coon's age, but I was never so put to to walk strait in my life. Sumhow I couldn't make no sort of calkerlation for the floor—one minit it was up to my knee, and the next step I couldn't hardly reach it—and my legs kep gittin mixed up and tangled so I didn't know one from tother. All the passengers seemed like they was tite—sum of 'em looked monstrous serious, and one or two was caskadin over the side of the boat into the sea with all ther might. I felt a little sort o' swimmy in the hed myself, and I begun to spicion I was gettin sea-sick, so I tuck a seat by the side of the boat and smoked my segar to settle my stummick.

Well, thar I sot and smoked til all the passengers went down into the bed-room to sleep. It was a butiful night, and the scene was jest the kind to set a man's brains a thinkin. The sea is a roomy place and ther's nothin thar to prevent one's givin free scope to his imagination—it's a mighty thing, the sea is, and if a man don't feel some sublime emotions in its presence, it's because his hed works is on a monstrous small scale. Thar it was, the great, the everlastin ocean, dressed out in its star-bespangled night-gown, dancin to the soft music of the sighin winds, and the liquid cadence of its ever-splashin waves; while down deep in its coral caverns the whales and porpoises was spoutin ther love ditties to ther sweetharts, and the maremaids was puttin ther hair in curl to break the harts of the young sea-hoses. It was monstrous still—the monotonous splashin of the wheels, the gruntin and groanin of the ingine, the rushin of the foam, and the rumblin and squeakin of the timbers of the boat, all keepin time together, made a sort of noisy silence that fell negatively on the ear. I leaned over the side and looked at the fiery foam, as it rolled sparklin

away from the bow: but it faded from the face of the sea while I looked at it, and a few yards behind us ther remained no track of our passage. I felt alone on the vast ocean, and a feelin of isolation cum over me, which, fore I got rid of it, made the boat seem no bigger than a teapot, and myself about the size of a young seed-tick. I could preached a sermon on the sublimity of creation, and the insignificance of man and his works, but I had no congregation then, and it's too late now. I don't know what made me think of home—but sumhow I felt like I'd gin a heap to be thar. I thought of the butiful bright eyes that was closed in sleep on my pillar, and the dear little cub that was nestled in my place. Bless ther dear souls—perhaps they was dreamin of me that very minit —perhaps I was never to see 'em in this world again. These thoughts made me feel monstrous bad, and the more I reflected about it, the worse I felt, til I blieve I would gin all I had in the world jest to be sure I wouldn't die before I got back.

Bimeby, I thought I'd try to go to sleep, so I went down into the bed-room, and tried it. But it was no go. I got into one of the little boxes, what they call berths, but I couldn't stay born no way I could fix it. In the first place I couldn't get stowed away no how, and in the next place, whenever I shut my eyes, it seemed like the boat was whirlin round and round like a tread-wheel. I got up agin, and went up stairs, and smoked another segar, til I got pretty tired, and then I went in the gentlemen's parlor, and stretched myself on one of the seats. I fell asleep thar sumtime between that and daylight, and never waked up til most breckfust time the next mornin, when they sed we was in Cape Fear, gwine right up to Wilmington.

Cape Fear is a very fine river, and ther's some fine plantations and houses on the banks when you git near to Wilmington. Pretty soon after breckfust we got in sight of the city, and a few minits afterwards we was long side the wharf, and the niggers was cartin our baggage up the hill to the railrode. Wilmington presents 'bout as curious a aspect from the river, as any other town in my knowins. The fust thing you see is everlastin piles of turpentine barrels, piled up on the wharf in evry direction, and on the vessels in the river.

That's the front rank. The next is a plattoon of wind-mills, enuff to lick all the Don Quicksots in Spain. In them they bile the spirits of turpentine out of the gum. The rare rank—and that's scattered all over the hill—is made up of houses, and old brick walls and chimneys of houses what's been burnt down, with here and thar a few more barrels of turpentine. They've had two or three fires here lately, what's burnt up the best part of the town; but I don't wonder at it, for I would as soon think of puttin out a powder-house as a place what's so perfectly soaked with turpentine. All I wonder at is, that the river don't ketch a fire too.

A VOYAGE TO NEW YORK

From 'Sketches of Travel.'

New York, June 2, 1845.

To Mr. Thompson: Dear Sir—I arriv in this city, all safe and sound, yesterday afternoon about three o'clock, but to tell you the truth, if I had cum up minus my coat-tail, or even a leg or arm, after sich a everlastin racket as I have been in ever sense I left Filladelfy, I wouldn't been much surprised. As for collectin my senses and gittin my mind composed, so as to know myself or anything else certain, I don't never expect to do it, as long as I'm in this great whirlpool of livin beins.

A little circumstance happened to me last night, before I had been here only a few hours, that sot me back a little the worst. I never was so oudaciously tuck in in all my born days, and if you had heard me cus about it, you'd thought I was turned a real Hottentot sure enuff. But to begin whar I left off in my last letter.

The porter at the United States Hotel waked me up early in the mornin, and I got to the steamboat jest in time. It was a butiful bright mornin and the storekeepers was openin ther stores, while the servant galls was scrubbin the dore-steps of the houses and washin off the pavements in front of 'em. I looked at 'em as I rode along in the hack, and I couldn't help feelin sorry to see such butiful, rosy-cheeked white galls, down in the dirt and slop in the streets, doin work that is only fit for

niggers. They say here that they aint nothing but slewers —but I seed sum that I would tuck for respectable white galls if I had seed 'em in Georgia. Slewers or whatever they is, they is my own color, and a few dollars would make 'em as good as ther mistresses, in the estimation of them that turns up ther noses at 'em now.

The Delaware is a noble river, and Filladelfy is a city worthy to stand on its banks. From the deck of the steamboat we had a splendid panaramic view of it, as we passed block after block, the streets runnin up from the water's edge, strait as a bee line, and affordin us glimpses of the fine houses and elegant public bildins that makes Filladelfy one of the handsumest cities in the world. But, long as it is, we was soon past it, and in a few minits its numerous steeples and towers and masts faded away in the distance, and we turned our eyes on the butiful country on both sides of the river.

Butiful farm houses and bright-lookin little towns was most all the time in site, till we got to the place what they call Bristol, whar we tuck the cars to New York. The railroad runs along the bank of a canal part of the way, crosses the river on a splendid bridge, and passes through Trenton, Princeton, Newark and a heap of other towns in New Jersey, til it gits to Jersey City, what stands on the Hudson River, opposite to the city of New York.

Well, when we got to Jersey City, we all got out and scrambled through the crowd as well as we could to the boat what was thar to take us across the river to New York. When we got up to the gate that encloses the wharf we could see the hackmen and porters peepin at us through the palins, like so many wild varmints in a big cage, ready and eager to devour us and our baggage too. I tuck my cane tight in my hand and kep a sharp eye on 'em, determined to defend myself to the last. As soon as the gates was open we rushed for the boat and they rushed at us. Sich another hellabaloo I never did see before, and I expected every minit to see sumbody git spilled overboard into the river.

I found it wasn't no use to try to keep 'em off without nockin sum of 'em in the hed, and then I would only be like the fox in the spellin book, ready to be worried to deth by a fresh gang. So when they cum round me with "Have a

hack, sir?—"I'm public porter, sir."—"Shall I take your baggage up, sir?"—"Will you give me your checks, sir?"—"Take you up for two shillins, sir, to any part of the city,"—all of 'em handin ther cards to me at once—I jest backed up agin the side of the boat and tuck evry card they handed to me, without sayin a word, and when they ax'd me for my checks I was deaf and dum, and couldn't understand a word they sed. That sot 'em to pushin and crowdin one another, and hollerin in my ear, and makin signs to me, til they found they couldn't make nothing out of me, and then they started after sum new victim.

Among the passengers ther was a old sun-burnt lookin feller, with green spectacles on, what put me in mind of a Georgia steam doctor, and who seemed to think he know'd more than anybody else 'bout evrything. He was gabbin and talkin to evrybody all the way on the steamboat, and in the cars, and tryin his best to git up a argyment 'bout religion with sumbody. One would supposed he owned half the baggage aboard, to hear him talk about it, and when we got on the ferry boat he was the bisyest man in the crowd, rearin and pitchin among the hackmen and porters like a blind dog in a meat house, and tryin to git into the crowd what was gathered all round the baggage like flies round a fat gourd. Bimeby a honest lookin Irishman cum up to me, and ses he, handin his card, "Shall I take your baggage, sir?" Ther was sumthing like honest independence in the feller's face, and I gin him my checks, and in he went for my trunks. In a minit he cum out safe and sound with one of 'em. "Stand by it, sir," ses he, "til I git the other." I tuck my stand, and it was jest as much as I could do to keep the devils from carryin it off with me on top of it. Ther was sich a everlastin rumpus I couldn't hear myself think. The clerks was callin out the numbers—evrybody was runnin about and lookin after ther baggage, children was cryin, wimmin was callin for their husbands to look out for ther bandboxes—hackmen and porters was hollerin and shoutin at the people and at one another—whips was stickin in your eyes evry way you turned—and trunks, and carpet bags and boxes was tumblin and rollin in every direction, rakin your shins and mashin your toes in spite of all you could do. In the middle of the fuss thar was old

Pepperpod, with his old cotton umbereller in his hand, elbowin his way into the crowd and whoopin and hollerin over evrybody else til he disappeared in the middle of 'em. In about a minit here he cum agin, cussin and cavortin enuff to sink the boat, with a pair of old saddle bags in one hand, sum pieces of whalebone and part of the handle of his embreller in the other, his hat gone, and his coat-tail split clear up to the collar. He was mad as a hornit, and swore he would prosecute the company for five thousand dollars damages for salt and battery and manslaughter in the second degree. He cut a terrible figer, but everybody was too bissy to laugh at him. I thought to myself that his perseverance was porely rewarded that time.

I sot thar and waited til nearly everybody was gone from the boat, and til my Irishman had picked up all the other customers he could git, before he come and tuck my trunk and told me to foller him to his hack. After cumin in a ace of gettin run over three or four times, I got to the hack, what was standin in the middle of 'bout five hundred more hacks and drays, all mixed up with the bowsprits and yards of ships that was stickin out over the edge of the wharves and pokin ther eends almost into the winders of the stores. The hackman ax'd me what hotel I wanted to go to. I told him to take me whar the southern travel stopped. "That's the American," ses he, and after waitin til the way opened so we could git out, we druv to the American Hotel on Broadway, rite opposite to the Park.

It was 'bout three o'clock when I got to the Hotel, and after brushin and scrubbin a little of the dust off, and gittin my dinner, I tuck a turn out into the great Broadway, what I've heard so much about, ever sense I was big enuff to read the newspapers, to see if it was what it's cracked up to be. Well, when I got to the door of the Hotel I thought ther must be a funeral or something else gwine by, and I waited some time, thinkin they would all git past; but they only seemed to git thicker and faster and more of 'em the longer I waited, til bimeby I begun to discover that they was gwine both ways, and that it was no procession at all, but jest one everlastin stream of peeple passin up and down the street, cumin from all parts of creation, and gwine Lord only knows whar.

I mix'd in with 'em, but I tell you what, I found it monstrous rough travellin. The fact is a chicken-coop mought as well expect to float down the Savannah river in a freshet and not git nocked to pieces by the driftwood, as for a person what aint used to it to expect to git along in Broadway without gettin jostled from one side to tother at every step, and pushed into the street about three times a minit. A body must watch the currents and eddies, and foller 'em and keep up with 'em, if they don't want to git run over by the crowd or nocked off the sidewalk, to be ground into mince-meat by the everlastin ominybusses. In the fust place, I undertuck to go up Broadway on the left hand side of the pavement, but I mought jest as well tried to paddle a canoe up the falls of Tallula. In spite of all the dodgin I could do, sumbody was all the time bumpin up agin me, so that with the bumps I got from the men and givin back for the wimmin, I found I was loosin ground instead of gwine ahed. Then I kep "to the right as the law directs," but here I like to got run over by the crowd of men and wimmin and children and niggers, what was all gwine as fast as if ther houses was afire, or they was runnin for the doctor. And if I happened to stop to look at any thing, the fust thing I knowed I was jammed out among the ominybusses, what was dashin and whirlin along over the stones like one eternal train of railroad cars, making a noise like heaven and yeath was cumin together. Then ther was the carriages and hacks and market wagons and milk carts, rippin and tearin along in every direction—the drivers hollerin and poppin ther whips—the peeple talkin to one another as if ther lungs was made out of sole leather—soldiers marchin with bands of music, beatin ther drums, and blowin and slidin ther tromboons and trumpets with all ther might—all together makin noise enuff to drive the very old Nick himself out of his senses. It was more than I could stand—my dander begun to git up, and I rushed out into the fust street I cum to, to try to git out of the racket before it sot me crazy sure enuff, when what should I meet but a dratted grate big nigger with a bell in his hand, ringing it rite in my face as hard as he could, and hollerin sumthing loud enuff to split the hed of a lamp post. That was too much, and I make a lick at the feller with my

cane that would lowered his key if it had hit him, at the same time that I grabbed him by the collar, and ax'd him what in the name of thunder he meant by sich imperence. The feller drapped his bell and shut his catfish mouth, and rollin up the whites of his eyes, 'thout sayin a word, he broke away from me as hard as he could tear, and I hastened on to find some place less like bedlam than Broadway.

JAMES HENLEY THORNWELL

[1812—1862]

SAMUEL M. SMITH

JAMES HENLEY THORNWELL was born near Society Hill, a small village in Marlborough County, South Carolina, December 9, 1812, and died in Charlotte, North Carolina, August 1, 1862. His academic training he received in the Cheraw Academy in the town of that name, under the tuition of Dr. Thomas Graham and Mr. John G. Bowman during the years 1828 and 1829. In December of the latter year he entered the College of South Carolina in Columbia, the State's highest institution of learning, from which he was graduated in due course with its highest distinction. He afterward pursued graduate study in Harvard University, but the severity of the Northern winter climate cut short his course which physicians there said could be prosecuted only at the risk of his life. He gave early promise of distinguished ability; his indefatigable application to study made him a youth of marked attainments, particularly in the department of philosophy, always his favorite field; and his very unusual gift for oratory gave him immediate and eminent distinction among his college mates, who confidently prophesied for him a career of marked brilliance.

As with most young men of gifts and ambition, the law at first attracted him, but only for a season; he soon recognized the ministry as his vocation, and in pursuance of his conviction he was licensed to preach by Harmony Presbytery, November 28, 1834.

His gifts, his attainments, his tastes, however, marked him as above all else a teacher, and as such his chief work was done and his widest influence exerted; he was a genuinely great teacher, the constant inspiration of his students, their idol and ideal.

He was professor of metaphysics, logic, and *belles-lettres* in the College of South Carolina in 1838, was professor of sacred literature, the evidences of Christianity, and chaplain in 1841; and when the distinguished Colonel William C. Preston retired from the presidency of the college, in 1842, Thornwell, at thirty years of age, was chosen his successor in that eminent position.

In the summer of 1845, within a few days of one another, three colleges; at Jefferson, Pennsylvania; Centre, Kentucky; and Hampden-Sidney, Virginia, conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity

upon him, and in 1857, Oglethorpe College, Georgia, added that of Doctor of Laws.

In 1856 his church called him to her peculiar service and placed him in the chair of theology in her Theological Seminary at Columbia, South Carolina. With such signal ability, such rare power as an orator, such distinctive gifts for broad, philosophic state-craft and eminent qualifications for leadership, one cannot but wonder what position he would have ultimately filled and adorned had he remained in the service of the State; but from this time forth his brilliant though brief career was to be identified with the church, which claimed his first allegiance and of which he was to be the most eminent and honored representative. His period of greatest activity coincided with the chaotic years of civil strife, and his chief work was in the molding of what has ever since been popularly known as "The Southern Presbyterian Church"; here his influence was dominant, and the highest possible tribute to his extraordinary personality is paid by his absolute and unquestioned preeminence among such men as Robert L. Dabney, Moses D. Hoge, B. M. Palmer, J. Leighton Wilson. and James Woodrow; that Thornwell was *facile princeps* among them all was ungrudgingly conceded by every survivor of that strenuous period.

He passed away in the first flush of a vigorous prime, without that ripening which comes only with years, and without a product of thought carefully selected and laboriously builded into a permanent memorial; but he was not without witness of abundant activities; and the friends and admirers who lamented his early decease gathered four octavo volumes, aggregating two thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight pages, entitled, 'Thornwell's Collected Writings.' They are doubtless far inferior to what his own fastidious taste would have left behind had he been spared to round out life and work to consummate completeness; but a discriminating reader may imagine something of the magnificence of such a structure from the splendor of these fragments.

His body sleeps in Elmwood Cemetery, Columbia, South Carolina, under a massive stone utterly barren of emblem or ornament, in severest simplicity bearing these words only:

JAMES HENLEY THORNWELL
Born Dec. 9, 1812. Died Aug. 1, 1862.

THE LOVE OF TRUTH

From 'Thornwell's Collected Writings.'

THERE is no principle which needs to be more strenuously inculcated, than that evidence alone should be the measure of assent. In reference to this principle, the whole discipline of the understanding must be conducted. Our anxiety should be to guard against all the influences which preclude the access of evidence, incapacitate us to appreciate its value, and give false measures of judgment, instead of the natural and legitimate laws of belief. All real evidence we are bound to receive, according to the weight which it would have, in a sound and healthful condition of the soul. It is a defect in the mind not to be able to appreciate its lowest degrees. That is a feeble and must be a fickle mind which, foolishly demanding certainty on all the questions submitted to its judgment, cannot proportion its faith to the amount of light it enjoys. Dissatisfied with probability, and ever in quest of what the circumstances of our case put hopelessly beyond our reach, such men, like Noah's dove, will seek in vain for a spot on which they can rest. Probability is the guide of life; and he who resolves to believe nothing but what he can demonstrate, acts in open defiance of the condition of sublunary existence. There are many things here which we can only see through a glass darkly. Our duty is to walk by the light which we have. God commands us to yield to all evidence that is real in precise proportion to its strength. Evidence, and that alone, He has made it obligatory on our understandings to pursue; and whatever opinions we hold that are not the offspring of evidence—that have come to us merely from education, authority, custom, or passion—however true and valuable they may be in themselves, are not held by us in the spirit of truth. These measures of assent are only presumptions, which should stimulate inquiry, and breed modesty and caution. They are helps to our faith, but should never be made the props of it.

Hence, all efforts to restrict freedom of debate and the liberty of the press should be watched with caution, as prejudicial to the eliciting of evidence, and the defence and propagation of the truth. But little is gained if opinions are

crammed into men; and this is likely to be the case where they are not permitted to inquire and to doubt. At the same time it must be remembered, that no spirit is more unfriendly to that indifference of mind, so essential to the freedom of inquiry, than that which arises in the conduct of controversy. When we become advocates, we lay aside the garb of philosophers. The desire of victory is often stronger than the love of truth; and pride, jealousy, ambition and envy, identifying ourselves with our opinions, will lend their aid to pervert our judgment, and to seduce us from our candor. A disputatious spirit is always the mark of a little mind. The cynic may growl, but he can never aspire to dignity of character. There are undoubtedly occasions when we must contend earnestly for the truth; but when we buckle on the panoply of controversy, we should look well to our own hearts that no motives animate us but the love of truth and zeal for the highest interests of man.

THE SACRIFICE OF CHRIST

Extract from a sermon preached in the First Presbyterian Church, New York City, May 18, 1856.

THE TYPE AND MODEL OF MISSIONARY EFFORT

When I consider the magnitude and grandeur of the motives which press upon the Church to undertake the evangelization of the world; when I see that the glory of God, the love of the Saviour and pity for the lost all conspire in one great conclusion; when I contemplate our own character and relations as spiritual priests, and comprehend the dignity, the honour, the tenderness and self-denial of the office; and then reflect upon the indifference, apathy and languor which have seized upon the people of God; when I look to the heavens above me and the world around me, and hear the call which the wail of perishing millions sends up to the skies thundered back upon the Church with all the solemnity of a Divine commission; when a world says, Come, and pleads its miseries; when God says, Go, and pleads His glory, and Christ repeats the command, and points to His hands and feet and His side

—it is enough to make the stone cry out of the wall and the beam out of the timber to answer it.

If Jesus should stand again upon the Mount of Olives and summon before Him this venerable court, as He summoned the disciples of His personal ministry and the apostles of His extraordinary call—if He should collect you and me and all the officers and all the people of His Church on earth—what, think you, would be the language in which He would address us? It would be an august spectacle—a solemn, an awful scene. The words that He would speak would pierce our souls and stir the very depths of our being. They could never be effaced from the memory. We should think of them by day and dream of them by night; and the most anxious cares of business could never drown them. The voice would ring in our ears wherever we went—at home, in the market, by the wayside, as we lay down and as we rose up. It would be an era in our history never to be forgotten. Is it presumption to imagine what those words would be? Shall we say that He would reproach us? His nature is made of tenderness, His bowels melt with love. His eyes would beam only with pity, but our own hearts would be busy with upbraidings. My brethren, there is no need of any exercise of fancy. He was once present with his collected Church, and He did give her a parting mandate—Go ye into all the world!

Methinks I see Him here to-night, with his hands uplifted to bless us, repeating the same commission to us; and as here present I cannot restrain the prayer that He would breathe upon us as He did upon the apostles, that we too may receive the Holy Ghost. With a fresh anointing from Him, we will look upon the world with new eyes and a new heart, and an impulse be given to our efforts which shall never falter or fail until the whole earth is filled with the glory of the Lord. Amen, so may it be!

THE OFFICE OF REASON IN REGARD TO REVELATION

In regard to doctrines which are *known* to be a revelation from God there can be no question as to the precise office of reason. The understanding is simply to believe. Every proud thought and every lofty imagination must be brought in captivity to the Father of lights. When God speaks, faith is the highest exercise of reason. In His testimony we have all the elements of truth, and His veracity is the ultimate ground of certainty in every species of evidence. The resistless laws of belief which he has impressed upon the constitution of our minds, which lie at the foundation of all human knowledge, without which the materials of sense and consciousness could never be constructed into schemes of philosophy and science, derive all their authority from His own unchanging truth. Let it, for a moment, be supposed that God is willing to deceive us, and who could rely with confidence upon the information of His faculties? Who would trust his senses if the instinct by which he is impelled to do so might, after all, be a false light to seduce him into error? That instinct is the testimony of God; and what we call *reasoning* is nothing but the successive steps by which we arrive at the same testimony in the original structure of our minds. Hence belief, even in cases of the strictest demonstration, must, in the last analysis, be traced to the veracity of God. Reasoning is only a method of ascertaining what God teaches; the true ground of belief is the fact that God *does* teach the proposition in question.* If the laws of belief be the testimony of God, and whatever accords with them be evidence, variously denominated, according to the clearness or directness with which the accordance is felt or perceived, then knowledge and opinion both rest alike upon this testimony, the only difference betwixt them being the difference in intensity and distinctness with which that testimony is perceived. All real evidence, whether intuitive, demonstrative or probable, is only the light with which He irradiates the mind; and we follow it in confidence, because the strength of Israel is not in man that He

*Reason, says Mr. Locke, is natural revelation, whereby the eternal Father of light and fountain of all knowledge communicates to mankind that portion of truth which He has laid within the reach of their natural faculties. 'The Human Understanding,' B. iv., c. 19, par. 4.

should lie, or the son of man that He should repent. The distinction between faith and the ordinary forms of assent is not in the ultimate ground of certainty—that is the same in all cases —but the methods by which it is reached. Faith reaches it immediately, having Divine revelation for its object; in other cases it is reached through the medium of those laws which God has impressed upon the mental constitution. Hence it would seem that faith, being less remote from the ultimate ground of certainty, is more excellent than knowledge or opinion. As Locke has shown that demonstration is inferior to intuition, the successive steps of proof increasing the possibilities of deceptions and mistake, so in all cases in which the testimony of God is only *mediately* perceived the exposure to fallacy is in proportion to the number of comparisons employed. When, consequently, any doctrine is known to be a matter of Divine revelation, "if we will truly consider it, more worthy is it to believe than to know as we now know." There can, strictly speaking, be no improbabilities in it. And however it may appear to contradict the sentiments and opinions we have cherished, yet "the prerogative of God extendeth as well to the reason as to the will of man"; so that, as we are to obey His law, though we find a reluctation in our will, so we are to believe His word, though we find a reluctation in our reason. To prefer the deductions of philosophy to a Divine revelation is to relinquish the sun for the stars, to "imitate," as Perrot expresses it, "the conduct of the cynic, who, not contented with the light of the sun, took a candle at noonday to search for a good man."

THE ETHICAL SYSTEM OF THE BIBLE

I DO not know that I can set the benefit of revelation in a clearer light than by sketching the doctrine of Aristotle, pointing out its defects, and contrasting the whole truth with the miserable sentiments which prevail, to the corruption of society and the degradation of the age in which we live. His fundamental notion is, that happiness consists in virtuous energies—that it is not mere pleasure—not the gratification which results from the possession of an object congruous to our desires. That is good only in a very subordinate sense, which

simply ministers to enjoyment. The chief good must be something pursued exclusively for its own sake, and never for the sake of anything else; it can never be used as an instrument; it must be perfect and self-sufficient. What, then, is the highest good of man? To answer this question, says Aristotle, we must understand the proper business of man, as Man. As there is a work which pertains to the musician, the statuary, the artist, which constitutes the good or end of his profession, so there must be some work which belongs to man, not as an individual, and not as found in such and such circumstances and relations, but belongs to him absolutely as Man. Now, what is this? It must be something which springs from the peculiarities of his nature, and which he cannot share with the lower orders of being. It cannot, therefore, be life—for plants have that; neither can it be the pleasures of sensitive existence, for brutes have them. It must be sought in the life of a being possessed of reason; and as that can be contemplated in a two-fold aspect, either as a state, or as an exercise; as the possession of faculties, or the putting forth of their activities; we must pitch upon the more important, which is activity or energy, or as he also styles it, *obedience to reason.* Energy, therefore, according to reason, is characteristic of man. This is his business, and he who pursues it best, is the best man. Human good, or the good of man as Man, is consequently energy according to the best and most perfect virtue.

This is a brief outline of what I regard as one of the finest discussions in the whole compass of ancient philosophy.* The notion is predominant that Happiness implies the perfection of our nature, and that perfection, not so much in the habits considered as so many states, but in the unimpeded exercise of the faculties themselves. The being properly exerted is their good. Happiness, therefore, is not something imparted to the soul from without; it springs from the soul itself—it is the very glow of its life. It is to the mind what health is to the body—the regular and harmonious action of all the functions of the frame. It is not a gratification, not the pleasure which results from the correspondence between an object and a faculty—it is the very heat and fervour of spiritual life. All this is strikingly in accordance with the doctrine of Scripture.

*Nichom. Ethicks. Lib. i. c. 7.

STANDARD AND NATURE OF RELIGION

The philosophy with which Mr. Morell is impregnated is essentially arrogant; and it is more to it than to him that we ascribe the pretending tone of his work. The pervading consciousness of the weakness and ignorance of man, the diffidence of themselves, the profound impression of the boundlessness of nature and of the limitless range of inquiry which lies beyond the present grasp of our faculties, the humility, modesty and caution which characterize the writings of the great English masters, will in vain be sought among the leading philosophers of modern Germany and France. Aspiring to penetrate to the very essence of things, to know them in themselves as well as in the laws which regulate their changes and vicissitudes, they advance to the discussion of the sublimest problems of God, the soul and the universe with an audacity of enterprise in which it is hard to say whether presumption or folly is most conspicuous. They seem to think that the human faculties are competent to all things, that whatever reaches beyond their compass is mere vanity and emptiness, that omniscience, by the due use of their favorite organon, may become the attainment of man, as it is the prerogative of God, and that, in the very structure of the mind, the seeds are deposited from which may be developed the true system of the universe.

Within the limits of legitimate inquiry we would lay no restrictions upon freedom of thought. All truly great men are conscious of their powers; and the confidence which they have in themselves inspires the strength, intensity and enthusiasm which enable them to conceive and to execute purposes worthy of their gifts. To the timid and distrustful their excursions may often seem bold and presumptuous; but in the most daring adventures of their genius they are restrained, as if by an instinct, from the visionary projects and chimerical speculations which transcend the sphere of their capacities, as the eagle, in his loftiest flights, never soars beyond the strength of his pinion. Confidence adjusted to the measure of power never degenerates into arrogance. It is the soul of courage, perseverance and heroic achievement; it supports its possessor amid discouragements and obstacles; it represses the melan-

choly, languor and fits of despondency to which the choicest spirits are subject; it gives steadiness to effort, patience to industry and sublimity to hope. But when men forget that their capacities are finite, that there are boundaries to human investigation and research, that there are questions which, from the very nature of the mind and the necessary conditions of human knowledge, never can be solved in this sublunary state—when they are determined to make their understandings the sole and adequate standard of all truth, and presumptuously assume that the end of their line is the bottom of the ocean—this is intolerable arrogance, the very spirit of Moloch,

> Whose trust was with the Eternal to be deemed
> Equal in strength; and rather than be less
> Cared not to be at all.

CONSISTENCY

Antecedently to experience, we should form a fine picture of a youthful student—we should figure him as one whose mind was expanding in knowledge—who was beginning to taste the sweetness of truth—to relish the beautiful and admire the good. We should expect him to be animated with a just sense of the dignity of his pursuits, to breathe their refinement, and to reflect, in all his conversation and deportment, the elevating influence of letters. His amusements and recreations, we should naturally think, would be impregnated with the same spirit. The groves in which he walked, the place in which he dwelt, we should spontaneously image to our fancy, as the abodes of quiet, tranquillity, and peace. But how sadly are these anticipations too often disappointed. "Let him," says the biographer of Bacon, "who is fond of indulging in dream-like existence, go to Oxford, and stay there; let him study this magnificent spectacle, the same under all aspects, with its mental twilight tempering the glare of noontide, or mellowing the shadowy moonlight; let him wander in her sylvan suburbs, or linger in her cloistered halls; but let him not catch the din of scholars or teachers, or dine or sup with them, or speak a word to any of the privileged inhabitants: for if he does the spell will be broken, the poetry and the religion gone, and the palace of enchantment will melt from his em-

brace into thin air." If the vain and frivolous agitations of their wit were all that disfigured our seats of learning, the evil would not be so intolerable. But how ill do turbulence, riot, and disorder, boisterous mirth, coarse ribaldry and even open profanity, comport with the temple which has been consecrated to letters. The case is immeasurably worse, when a low standard of opinion endures, if it does not sanction, flagrant breaches of morality. It is the influence of these abuses which, in too many cases, has rendered public schools and colleges, in the language of Dr. Arnold, "nurseries of vice." "Those who are dismissed from the parental roof," complains the same illustrious teacher, "frank, open, ingenuous and pure, soon lose these graces which adorned them, and return, to their parents' shame, without modesty, without nice sensibility to truth—without tenderness and sympathy—coarse, false, and unfeeling." This is the natural result of departing in the first instance from the spirit of rigid propriety. *Proficere in pejus* is the law of degradation. When the general feeling of fitness is shocked or rudely disregarded, a man has taken a step towards the corruption of his principles as well as his manners. The sentiment of honor is weakened by every blow which is inflicted on the sense of propriety. He that becomes accustomed to what is unseemly and unbecoming and out of all proportion in lighter matters, will soon lose the perception of the beautiful in the weightier matters of the law. This is the reason why it is so important that the amusements of the young should be made to harmonize with their condition and relations. In these amusements a moral discipline is going on, a moral influence exerted, which will tell upon their future character—unconsciously but surely they are shaping their destiny.

Many of these inconsistencies, my young friends, I rejoice to say cannot be imputed to you. They are of a character to make you scorn them. But be not satisfied with present attainments. Let it be your ambition to have a college, in which the deportment of every member shall reflect the refinement of the gentleman, the dignity of the scholar, and the integrity of the Christian. We can make this a delightful place—we can turn these groves into hallowed ground, and these cloistered halls we can render worthy of the illustrious immortals who

linger among them in their works. Is not this an object worthy of your ambition? Here we are permitted to converse from day to day, with the sages, poets, and heroes of antiquity; "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," that prodigy of genius, whose birth-place was Stagira, whose empire has been the world; that other prodigy of common sense who brought wisdom from the skies—the Divine Plato; the masters of the Porch, Academy, and Lyceum, are all here. Here, too, we can listen to the rapt visions of the prophets, hold converse with apostles and martyrs, and above all, sit at the feet of Him who spake as never man spake. Here, in a single word, we are "let into that great communion of scholars, throughout all ages and all nations—like that more awful communion of saints in the Holy Church Universal—and feel a sympathy with departed genius, and with the enlightened and the gifted minds of other countries, as they appear before us, in the transports of a sort of beatific vision, bowing down at the same shrines and glowing with the same holy love of whatever is most pure, and fair, and exalted, and Divine in human nature." Is there nothing in such society and such influences to stimulate our minds to a lofty pitch? Catch the spirit of the place, imbibe its noble associations, and you cannot descend to the little, the trifling, the silly, or the coarse. Every fibre of your hearts would cry out against it. When Bonaparte animated his troops in Egypt it was enough to point to the pyramids, beneath whose shadows they stood, and remind them that "from yonder heights forty generations look down upon them." That thought was enough. The same great motive may be applied to you. The general assembly of all the great, and good, and learned, and glorious, of all ages and of all climes, look down upon *you*, and exhort you to walk worthy of your exalted calling. Quit yourselves like men—and make this venerable seat of learning a joy and a praise in all the earth. Let TRUTH be inscribed on its walls, TRUTH worshipped in its sanctuary, and the LOVE OF TRUTH the inspiration of every heart.

FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED AT YALE COLLEGE, JULY, 1852

It is with unfeigned diffidence that I rise to respond to the sentiment which has just been drunk in behalf of the South Carolina College. I rejoice that in letters, as in religion, there is neither North nor South, East nor West. There should be no local jealousies, no sectional distinctions. The prosperity of one is the prosperity of all, as it indicates the partial attainment of the end for which all are instituted. I assure you, therefore, that in beholding this scene—a scene which touchingly and beautifully illustrates the past achievements and the present renown of your ancient and venerable institution, though I am a Carolinian by birth, by education, and love my native State, and my own *alma mater,* with a love passing the love of woman, yet I share with you—nay, more, I enter with full sympathy into the pride and generous exultation with which you must contemplate these trophies of Yale. Here are the fruits of her labours. These scholars, these educated men from every walk of life, from every liberal profession—physicians, lawyers, divines, and men more exclusively devoted to the pursuit of letters—these are the witnesses of her parental beneficence; and I can cheerfully unite with them, as they come from all quarters of our wide-spread country, to bring their votive offering, the tribute of their gratitude and the token of their affection, to her venerable feet. Sir, I cannot describe to you the feelings which, on an occasion like this, agitate my breast. It is not quite a week since I was invited to participate in similar festivities at that mother of American colleges at Cambridge. It was the first time in my life that I had ever sat down with such a multitude of men, whose sole bond of union was letters. I looked around me; on the one hand, was the hoary veteran of four-score years; on the other, the boy who had graduated yesterday; and between them, all the stages of human life. There were all classes of opinion, all kinds of occupations; but all their differences were melted down, their hearts were fused into a common mass; they were all pervaded by the genius of the place, and that genius was the love of letters. By a similar courtesy, I witness a

similar scene to-day; and with unfeigned sincerity, I open to you a brother's heart, and extend to you a brother's hand. These things remind us, sir, that "the schoolmaster is abroad in the land." The hope of our country is in the combined influence of letters and religion. Our colleges and schools are bulwarks and fortresses, stronger and mightier than weapons of brass or munitions of rock. A pure religion and a sound literature, these are our safety, and should be our highest glory. Education is the cheap defence of nations.

I rejoice to say to you, sir, that the institution with which I have the honor to be connected, and where I learned the little that I know, is a sister whose kindred the noblest institution of New England need not blush to own. The South Carolina College is organized upon the same principles, conducted in the same general way, and devoted to the same ends, with the institutions of your own section of the country. She has made, too, the same mistake; she has aimed to do too much. I am satisfied, sir, that our American Colleges have conceded too much to the utilitarian spirit of the age; and, in obedience to it, have aimed at something more than that intellectual discipline which should be the object. They have undertaken, not simply to teach men *how* to think, but *what* to think. They have undertaken, not merely to *educate,* that is, to bring out, and polish and perfect, what is *in* man; but they have also undertaken, over and above this, to put *into* him what the exigencies of life may require. This, sir, is too much. It is enough for them to fashion and sharpen the instrument, not to give the materials upon which it is to operate. We have all erred in this respect; but I am proud to say that South Carolina has not sinned so grievously as some of her sisters. But still, sir, she has sinned enough. Our course, as projected, looks to much more than a simple education, or effective discipline. It is largely scientific; and though we do not turn out men ready fashioned as lawyers and doctors, we help them amazingly to the no less mysterious art of rearing a crop, or calculating the changes of the weather. We have enough of the practical to show that we belong to the nineteenth century.

It will certainly be conceded to us, Mr. President, that we have made our mark upon the country. As I boasted—in no vain spirit, however—at Cambridge, so I boast here, that we

have produced at least one scholar, of whom any College and any country might well be proud. No name in this country stands higher than that of HUGH S. LEGARÉ. His article in the New York *Review* upon Demosthenes is enough to immortalize him; but that was only the earnest of his strength. In the walks of public life, though we are not yet fifty years old, and of course never saw Abraham, we have sent men to the councils of the nation, with whom it was perilous for the boldest and best from other quarters to enter the lists in intellectual strife. Need I tell you of McDuffie; not the politician, not the statesman, but McDuffie the orator. He was one of the few men that could still to silence, and chain in the profoundest attention, that most tumultuous, most disorderly, most ungovernable of all public bodies, the House of Representatives of the United States. It hung with breathless interest on his lips. Like Pericles—for it was of Pericles, and not Demosthenes, that Aristophanes wrote the sentence—he wielded at will that fierce democratic. Need I tell you of another, in some respects still more accomplished; more graceful, if not so vigorous; more attractive, if not so resistless; one who could charm as well as persuade. I have listened for hours, sir, to the gifted Preston, and have forgotten under the fascination of his eloquence that there was such a thing as time. He ruled, like a wizard, the world of the heart; and we point to him with pride, as one of the jewels of our beloved institution. Sir, if in less than half a century we had done nothing but help to make these men, our time and efforts and money would not have been ill-spent. This thought suggests to me an anecdote. Ours, you know, is a State institution. We have no funds, no endowment, and but one scholarship, the munificent donation of a wealthy, noble, high-minded citizen, now in the vigor of his faculties. We are dependent upon an annual vote of the Legislature for all our means. When the College was first established, there was a good deal of prejudice in certain quarters against it; and some districts sent representatives to the Legislature who were not favourable to its continuance. On one occasion, while Mr. McDuffie was a member of the Legislature, after he had made one of his splendid speeches, the question of the College came up. The venerable Judge Huger, then a member of the House, rose

and said, in his peculiarly slow and emphatic style: "Mr. Speaker, if the South Carolina College had done nothing, sir, but produce that man, she would have amply repaid the State for every dollar that the State has ever expended, or ever will expend, upon her." The appeal was irresistible; opposition was disarmed; and every year, sir, we receive nearly twenty-five thousand dollars from a small State, and from a poor people.

But, sir, enough of ourselves. I cannot sit down, sir, without expressing to Yale our debt of gratitude for the part she took in fashioning a man, of whom South Carolina will be proud as long as her people can appreciate genius, patriotism, integrity, and disinterested zeal in the service of his country. Sir, you number among your Alumni a name which cannot be pronounced in Carolina without the profoundest emotion; and may I not say it, it is rather a glory to you than to him, that his name is found on your catalogue. You took him, sir, when we had no place for him to go to. You honoured him; you understood his worth; and you sent him out to gladden and bless the land. Sir, we thank you for it; we cannot cease to love you for it; and as that dear and cherished name is one in which we have a common interest, permit me, without any reference to any type of political opinions, permit me, on this occasion, to give as a sentiment:

"The Memory of John C. Calhoun."

THE ATTITUDE OF THE SOUTH

But, whether it be for weal or woe, the South has no election. She is driven to the wall, and the only question is, will she take care of herself in time? The sooner she can organize a general Government the better. That will be a centre of unity, and, once combined, we are safe.

We cannot close without saying a few words to the people of the North as to the policy which it becomes them to pursue. The whole question of peace or war is in their hands. The South is simply standing on the defensive, and has no notion of abandoning that attitude. Let the Northern people, then, seriously consider, and consider in the fear of God, how, under present circumstances, they can best conserve those great interests of freedom, of religion, and of order, which are

equally dear to us both, and which they can fearfully jeopard. If their counsels incline to peace, the most friendly relations can speedily be restored, and the most favourable treaties entered into. We should feel ourselves the joint possessors of the continent, and should be drawn together by ties which unite no other people. We could, indeed, realize all the advantages of the Union, without any of its inconveniences. The cause of human liberty would not even be retarded, if the North can rise to a level with the exigencies of the occasion. If, on the other hand, their thoughts incline to war, we solemnly ask them what they expect to gain? What interest will be promoted? What end, worthy of a great people, will they be able to secure? They may gratify their bad passions, they may try to wreak their resentment upon the seceding States, and they may inflict a large amount of injury, disaster and suffering. But what have they gained? Shall a free people be governed by their passions? Suppose they should conquer us, what will they do with us? How will they hold us in subjection? How many garrisons, and how many men, and how much treasure, will it take to keep the South in order as a conquered province? and where are these resources to come from? After they have subdued us, the hardest part of their task will remain. They will have the wolf by the ears.

But upon what grounds do they hope to conquer us? They know us well; they know our numbers, they know our spirit, and they know the value which we set upon our homes and firesides. We have fought for the glory of the Union, and the world admired us; but it was not such fighting as we shall do for our wives, our children, and our sacred honor. The very women of the South, like the Spartan matrons, will take hold of shield and buckler, and our boys at school will go to the field in all the determination of disciplined valour. Conquered we can never be. It would be madness to attempt it. And after years of blood and slaughter, the parties would be just where they began, except that they would have learned to hate one another with an intensity of hatred equalled only in hell. Freedom would suffer, religion would suffer, learning would suffer, every human interest would suffer, from such a war. But upon whose head would fall the responsibility? There can be but one answer. We solemnly believe that the

South will be guiltless before the eyes of the Judge of all the earth. She has stood in her lot, and resisted aggression.

If the North could rise to the dignity of their present calling, this country would present to the world a spectacle of unparalleled grandeur. It would show how deeply the love of liberty and the influence of religion are rooted in our people, when a great empire can be divided without confusion, war, or disorder. Two great people united under one Government differ upon a question of vital importance to one. Neither can conscientiously give way. In the magnanimity of their souls, they say, let there be no strife between us, for we are brethren. The land is broad enough for us both. Let us part in peace; let us divide our common inheritance, adjust our common obligations; and, preserving as a sacred treasure our common principles, let each set up for himself, and let the Lord bless us both. A course like this—heroic, sublime, glorious—would be something altogether unexampled in the history of the world. It would be the wonder and astonishment of the nations. It would do more to command for American institutions the homage and respect of mankind than all the armies and fleets of the Republic. It would be a victory more august and imposing than any which can be achieved by the thunder of cannon and the shock of battle.

Peace is the policy of both North and South. Let peace prevail, and nothing really valuable is lost. To save the Union is impossible. The thing for Christian men and patriots to aim at now, is to save the country from war. That will be a scourge and a curse. But the South will emerge from it free as she was before. She is the invaded party, and her institutions are likely to gain strength from the conflict. Can the North, as the invading party, be assured that she will not fall into the hands of a military despot? The whole question is with her; and we calmly await her decision. We prefer peace; but if war must come, we are prepared to meet it with unshaken confidence in the God of battles. We lament the widespread mischief it will do, the arrest it will put upon every holy enterprise of the Church, and upon all the interests of life; but the South can boldly say to the bleeding, distracted country,

> Shake not thy gory locks at me;
> Thou canst not say I did it.

LUCY MEACHAM THRUSTON

[1862—]

EMILY EMERSON LANTZ

LUCY MEACHAM THRUSTON, the Maryland writer, is an author who has not only achieved signal success in her own generation and among her own people—the people who best know the facts and conditions concerning which she writes—but she is one whose works will have an increasing historical value as time rolls by.

She was born in King and Queen County, Virginia, the daughter of John Meacham and Elizabeth Rebecca (Adams) Kidd, and upon her mother's side she is descended from that branch of the Adams family related to the Massachusetts house. She went to Baltimore when very young, and in 1887 married Julius Thruston, a descendant of the well known Virginia family, members of which played distinguished parts in Colonial and Revolutionary days, and trace their descent from one of Norman William's knights, noted for valor at the Battle of Hastings.

Mrs. Thruston was educated in Virginia and in Maryland, and that part of her literary training to which she attributes the most influence was received in private instruction under a master of arts of the University of Virginia. In addition to instruction in language and history, this tutor trained her in novel-reading and criticism of fiction, beginning the course with the Waverley novels. Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens were the only fiction writers whose works were then within her reach, but these she read eagerly in conjunction with Ossian, the Gaelic Bard, Milton, Homer, and Bryant, the only classical authors attainable in her early reading years.

With the larger facilities of life in Baltimore, Mrs. Thruston's attention was directed to the field of historical literature, and her preference for this has not changed. Her greatest interest in historical research has been concerning the States of Virginia and Maryland, in the study of which she has had some exceptional advantages, and in the literary presentation of which in her books she has proved how thorough and exhaustive her research has been.

Mrs. Thruston's special gifts are perhaps unusual ability for reproducing in historical tales events and conditions as they actually were, also a rare understanding of the new conditions of the South and their meaning, a catching of that intangible breath known as the significance of the age.

Mrs. Thruston's novels are charming examples of pure literary style, beautiful imagery, graphic pictures and wholesome and inspiring love stories. They are written with a naturalness that is refreshing and there is a note of hope and gaiety in life that pulses through the lines and leaves the reader with a sense of the gladness, beauty, and purpose of life and love that is in strong contrast to the pessimistic tone of much fiction of the present day. Her books are characterized also by strength and an insight into the deeper truths of life that will give her work even more permanent value than their literary charm, poetic imagery, and the delightful love stories they tell. In addition is their historical value, since they present accurately the scenes, events, and conditions of which they relate.

The keynote of Mrs. Thruston's personality is directness and truth, and these virtues are strongly evident in any piece of literary work she undertakes. It is not generally known that her development into a novelist instead of a historian was in a measure accidental. Her first book, 'Mistress Brent,' was begun and submitted to the publisher in the form of historical essays. The publisher was quick to realize the romantic possibilities surrounding the early settlement of St. Mary's, Maryland, and suggested the setting of a historical love story for the Colonial facts. Hence the novel, in addition to the sustained interest of the romance, has the value of being a correct picture of Lord Baltimore's Colony during the Governorship of Leonard Calvert.

The story 'Jack and His Island' is a vividly written account of Baltimore in the days of the post-roads and the overland caravans, the big schooner wagons that had definite names like the white-winged brigs of Chesapeake Bay, and carried their inland freight from Baltimore to the West and back again. The Battle of Blandenburg and the siege of Baltimore are portrayed, taking up those posts of defense less known than the history of the Battle of North Point. The book has the distinction of dealing with Maryland and her part at that period as a whole. Although written for youth, it is equally interesting to the scholar. The volume is on the list of books officially recommended to teachers and students of special Maryland topics.

'A Girl of Virginia' is a love story of simplicity but of absorbing interest. The scene is laid in Charlottesville and the characters are drawn from the faculty and student circle of the University of Virginia.

'Where the Tide Comes In' presents, through fiction, a part of Virginia thought to be more practical than romantic. The incidents occur in the trucking country about Norfolk, Virginia, and the story

without detracting from the interests of a dramatic plot, points out the significance of the changing industries in the State, contrasting the old order with the new, and shows the meaning of the incoming tide as well as the development of the new constitution.

'Called to the Field' has been highly praised by critics. It is a unique story in that it has an intimate, personal touch, a touch of reality, that is only explained by the fact that the story was written, as the writer says, from remembered tales of the family circle. Its purpose is to show a side of the war between the States, hitherto lightly dwelt upon, the side of the woman at home—not the home that lay within the blazing pathway of the conflict, but the home upon the border, with its unrecorded story of womanly heroism and unguessed privation and suffering.

'Jenifer' is a strong novel of the Carolina Mountains; it shows the South with new possibilities of mineral and agricultural development and with sturdy, if perchance less aristocratic, blood and energy coming to the front. It is a volume whose utterances sink into the heart and mind, and are not forgotten.

The personality of the authoress is no less interesting than her books. She is tall with the gracious outlines so pre-eminently the heritage of the Southern woman and her face has soft rounded curves with dark expressive eyes. Her hair is brown and abundant, her voice musical and her laughter possesses a gay contagious note of mirth peculiarly fascinating. Her manner is womanly, very simple and direct and in her chosen church—the Quaker fold, for she belongs to this "still and quiet company" of that faith—she is an earnest worker. She is a woman of wide sympathy, and, as her books would indicate, one whose mind is ever bent on the vital and changing conditions that affect humanity.

Emily Emerson Lantz

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THE WOOING OF MISTRESS MARGARET BRENT

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At St. Mary's the summer waxed and waned. The maize yellowed in the sun, the long leaves were pulled and stalked, the tobacco was cut and hanging in the drying-sheds. The colonists were hopeful. The season had been bountiful. The losses, when the smaller settlers had lost all save lands and buildings, were being repaired. With good harvests, with maize for use and maize for paying the quit-rents, with tobacco for the selling, all might go well.

Shipping was slight and lading was yet scant, save for the great manors. There was little news from my Lord of Baltimore, and that little but his old exhortation set forth in fiery language; but his stinging speech, when he sank to such, moved the governor not. Never had he held the province in such firm guidance. Never yet had the New World brought him such happiness—it was summer-tide in his life as well as in the land wherein he dwelt.

Summer-tide in all those delightful days when he could slip away to St. Anne's and find its mistress busied and happy, content dawning on her face, which had ever been too restless in its look, and which it joyed him to see. For he knew long before her speech that no wild love waited him, and for himself he prized the affection that grew slowly and yet from year to year, until some time, please God! his beloved might scarce know herself how deep it was.

When the leaves upon the oaks were green, when the leaves upon the oaks were bronzing, when the woodlands were filled with verdure and when they flamed in scarlet and gold, when, as now, they were filled with the down-drifting of leaves which rustled in every wind that chased them underfoot or clung in pine or cedar, or in the twistings of the grape-vines where the wild grapes were purple and sweet—he journeyed to and fro.

Now the mocking-bird was gone with its summer kind, cedar-bird and robin were in his stead; the wild "cohonk" was heard overhead, and the marshes were filled with the flocks of ducks and geese that lingered on their journey southward.

Mistress Hawley had come for her summer visit and was again at home. Giles had come and gone again to Kent; the great manor was getting ready each day for its winter rest and quiet. Ere long the hogs and their keepers would be gathered in from the marshes, the cattle from far afield. Mistress Margaret's busy fingers held all the threads, and when the work was well done, she told herself, they would hold Christmas-tide royally at St. Anne's. Last year she had been in St. Mary's; next—nay, she could not yet say where next Christmas-tide might find her. Jock and Sarah would be left in charge for many a long day, in truth, an she became the governor's wife; and yet she loved St. Anne's in every fibre of her being—better, far better, than that English homestead whose memory was blackened for her. She must talk of it to her cousin.

Her cousin! he would visit her on the morrow, so he had said by the messenger who came from St. Mary's not many days hence. It pleased her to think on his coming. The days grew solitary, or if the days were filled with work, the long evenings were dull and tiresome; there might be song and laughter in the servants' cabins, but in the great living-room was silence and dusky corners and dark rafters overhead; the wind howled in the chimney and the tide raced, dashing, along the shore—there was no sound of life or cheer save the crackling of the fire.

It was well when there was a guest beside the hearth, and Mistress Margaret blithely made ready for him from the warning of the early morn to Sarah that her serving must be of the best, to the hour in the dusk of the short afternoon, when the governor kissed the finger-tips he held in his strong clasp and read the welcome of her greeting in her gray eyes.

"In sooth we are glad to see you, Cousin Calvert," she said, though her tone was warmer far than her words.

"In sooth, we are glad to be with thee, Cousin Margaret," answered the governor, though he laughed as he spake and pushed forward the great chair from which Mistress Brent had risen.

"Methinks the night will prove stormy," she said, turning quickly to light speech; "best have thy sails close-reefed and leave thy men to tarry with the servants in their quarters."

She went to the casement window to call to Jock as he crossed the yard.

"Jock, bid the governor's men ashore, and have them leave the boat in readiness for storm."

"Aye," answered Jock, looking shrewdly to the thickness gathering in the east.

"An thou art storm-bound?" queried Mistress Margaret, fastening the window-bolt and coming to the fireside.

"I am well content."

"And I," said Mistress Brent, her red lip curving mischievously, though she lifted her lowered lids but for the space of a second to note the happiness in the governor's face.

The governor rose from his chair and came over to the side of the mantel-shelf near her.

"Wouldst thou be indeed content, Margaret?" he asked unsteadily, for there were moments such as this when he had been long away when he could not think calmly on his happiness, it was too incredulous.

Mistress Margaret shrugged her shoulders. "Listen to the wind, how it howls in the chimney! 'tis not a pleasant voice when 'tis the sole one one has to hearken to."

Calvert was silent for a moment, looking about him at the rich carpet beneath the table, the square that covered it and the silver candlesticks there, the thick hangings on wall and draperies about the window, the settle and chests and chairs of dark mahogany or carven oak.

"The governor's house, albeit the governor's, is not so fine as this," he said, half quizzically.

"Yet it should be," said Margaret, quickly.

"So it should, and the centre of the life of the colony; so my brother would have it."

"And such it must be," repeated Mistress Brent, sententiously.

"But it hath no mistress, naught but a bachelor with simple habits and few wants."

"Aye," laughed Mistress Margaret, "I have dwelt not within it for a winter not to know;" and though she laughed, the governor looked uneasy. He well knew he should look more closely to the fashion of his living. Truth, he had learned to do so in one way at least. Scarce Captain Brent himself

went more gayly apparelled than he did since his return from England, though he would never look the man of fashion—the thoughtful face and deep-set eyes would ever belie it.

But his uneasiness was only for a moment. "It shall not be for long untended," he declared, looking at the flaming fire, though he was aware of each change in Mistress Margaret's face.

"With a mistress at its head," he went on, slowly, "we'd keep such revelry there this yule-tide, we'd draw the settlers from far and near to the town, and not in such fear and trouble as when they crowded it before."

"Sooth, 't would be well," said Margaret, carelessly.

" 'Well!' Margaret, dost know what thou art saying?"

"In truth 'tis what I'd pray thee do. 'T would be well for all."

She looked up and met Calvert's gaze. "What is it thou wouldst?" she began, bewildered.

"Where hast thou been wandering in thy dreams?" asked Calvert quickly, nettled that the speech to which he had led so gracefully had gone unnoted.

"I was thinking," stammered Margaret, "as ye talked of the yule-tide, I was thinking of the season here. I would fain have the men and maids make joyous revel; last year I was in St. Mary's and—and next—"

"Next," broke in Calvert, and then left the finishing to Mistress Margaret, who flushed so rosily in the firelight he could not forego the sight of it.

But her confusion was but for the nonce.

"Faith," she said, lightly, "best make the most of what one has at once. Who can foresee the morrow?"

"To-morrow," thought the governor, and the vision of it was bright as the flame lapping the oak logs on the hearth; and he was silent for a space, his fingers resting on Mistress Margaret's chair, whither he had come to note her sweet confusion. There where the brown hair curled upon her neck was where he had kissed her that day when he had ventured with his gift; she wore it now, and the collar, low and rich, showed all the curve of her firm neck. He fell to studying her face as he had done a hundred times before, the round cheek, rosy and firm; the long sweep of her lashes; the small red

mouth and steady chin and smooth forehead where the wayward dark hair, though high-coiled, would wander.

"Margaret," he began, softly, "thou hast begged the question. I did make a plea and thou hast naught to say; I put it gently then, now I must put it bluntly—for speech, gallant speech and I—"

"Thou canst write far better than thou canst speak," said Margaret, lightly; "thy missives—"

"What of them?" said the governor, quickly.

"They are within my desk," said Margaret, saucily; "would it please thee—"

"Nay, spare me, and hearken! Thou art a rare fencer, yet must thou listen. Madge, I beseech thee, why all these months alone here whilst I am in St. Mary's? Thou knowest not the loneliness. The river betwixt us seems vast as the great seas —methinks thou mightest as well be across them."

"In faith, sir."

"Thou seemst so far away, in those days when I come not hither, and I cannot many a day when I would. Soon will be the meeting of the Assembly; I will find no time for journeyings then, I dare not." The furrow betwixt his brows deepened with the thought. The Assembly had been trying enough before, and now that the burgesses had arrogated to themselves the power of adjournment, he could not even forecast when the meetings would be done.

"I know not how long they'll linger; I pray God not 'til Christmas-tide. Then, the meetings over, could we hold revelry in the governor's house and keep the burgesses together and send them home, pleased and joyed."

Mistress Brent understood now, but she had no answer ready.

"I cannot," she said at length, "think not on it;" then seeing the look of pain on Calvert's face she hesitated.

"Think on it, Margaret, I adjure thee; speak not now, wait 'til the morrow an' I tarry 'til then; I had purposed—"

Mistress Brent, cut to the quick by the look on his face, had yet no word to say. Truly for this man, now she had been won to a thought of giving her life into his keeping, a most strange feeling was growing, a feeling blent much of pity and much of sympathy. She knew how his brother held him, as a

faithful servitor; and how many held him in England, as a man lacking all the brilliant parts of his older brother. She had come to the province prepared with these thoughts of him, added to a remembrance of a shy, quiet youth who had been often a guest of her father's house.

She had found a man of dignity and of stately manner; a man though slow, yet prudent; though silent, yet well loved; though surrounded with those grasping for new and better fortunes, yet doing naught for the aggrandizement of his own; though holding the power of granting the lands of the province, making no claims for himself; and when his brother had bestowed upon him the manor of South Fort, making a gift of it to another, and that other her brother.

Careless often, as he had been in his dress and his own affairs, he had been careless never of one of those about him. Yet few ever looked to give him pleasure. And Margaret, in the rush of pity for him, vowed there was naught she would not venture for him.

Each time he visited her, when she saw him first there was ever the mark of care and thoughtfulness upon him; she could watch as moment by moment the furrow faded from his forehead, the lines of his face were smoothed and the eyes brightened, until he looked as if years had fallen from him. She could interest him in a thousand ways, with affairs of the manor, of her household doings, with jest and laughter; and she had grown to look for the happiness in his face and to sheer from aught that brought a thought of care.

So it was now. She stole her slender fingers to where his rested on her chair and slipped them under his warm clasp. "I will think on it," she promised. "Hush!" as she saw the quick words forming on his lips, "here comes Sarah."

She pushed back her chair and rose to her feet.

"Truth, cousin," she went on, striving to speak steadily, as she crossed to the window looking out on a starlit lawn and river; "see," she called him to her side, "the clouds roll steadily up from the east, and soon the stars will be hidden, the oaks bend to the wind, 't will be such a night as one thanks God for shelter."

"And for shelter such as this," he looked meaningly at the bright room behind him and the slender figure by his side;

and if the wind moaned, it had no sinister sound to him; and if tide and wind ran swift to St. Mary's, it was but for the quicker journey on the morrow—the hour was his.

Though the storm howled over the house and shook the bronzed leaves from the oaks and scattered abroad the scurrying leaves in the woodland and tore the branches of the forest, and the rain beat on land and river and beat the requiem of the summer and its beautiful afterglow, the fire on the hearth blazed high and the candle-light shone on damask and silver and good cheer, and again on Mistress Margaret's piquant face as she sat by the fireside, her eyes bright with laughter, for she would have naught but fun and jest this night, and Calvert must bend himself to her humor.

Yet when the evening was done and Calvert slept the sleep of the well content within the guest chamber, Mistress Brent still lingered by the smouldering fire in the living-room. Much as she had come to think on her cousin's happiness she was not yet ready for the step he urged. She would rather have lingered and used herself more to the thought of it; a year hence was time enow, in faith, and he, she knew he grew impatient; yet, as he said, she had been a most excellent fencer and held him at bay. Now, Mistress Margaret sighed. Freedom was dear to her. Why could not they have gone on in the old way? Why should every one urge her on? Why, last of all, had she learned this strange insight of Leonard Calvert's nature, to read the craving for love and sympathy he hid under his calm exterior and to feel she dared not trifle with it? Yet did she care for anything?

Yes, for everything. She threw her arms above her head, and the wide, loose sleeves slipped back, showing the gleaming whiteness of them. She cared for the world about, for her ventures in the new country, for every acre of her grant, for every tree in her forests, yet unsurveyed, for every friend she claimed within the colony and every household in St. Mary's, and for the man who slept that night under the roof of St. Anne's.

Her heart ached for him, and because of that ache and because she was well content to be with him, to feel his love about her caring for her, she would do as he pleaded. She would tell him on the morrow. Yet she sighed as she rose,

the decision made, and blew out the candles and husbanded the fire, and made her way across the dark, draughty hall to her chamber, where Lucy waited her, asleep before the hearth.

On the morrow she was ready to answer the eager questioning of his eyes, though they met at the breakfast-board and Sarah waited on them. She saw the shaking of his fingers; the cake of maize upon his plate untouched, though smoking hot and thin and dainty; the venison uncut, though it was of the tenderest; the smoking hominy and potatoes neglected.

"Sarah," she called, though there was a demure look of mischief in her eyes, "Sarah, what have you within the tankard, beer of our own brewing? An thou wilt bring me hither some of the white ale. Nay, call no one! Go thyself; the keys hang there." She pointed to the mantel-shelf and busied herself with the food upon her plate until Sarah's heavy foot was on the cellar stair. Then she slipped hastily from her seat at the head of the board to the governor's chair.

"Sir Giant," she smiled bravely as she spoke, even if there were a catch in her voice and a tremble upon her red lip, "eat thy food in peace, it shall be as thou dost wish. Yes," to the quick question, "ere yule-tide. Shame!" for he had sprung to his feet and was crushing her close to him. "Sarah—unhand me!" she sprang back to her chair as Sarah's footfall sounded in the hall. And the governor as he smoothed the lace upon his coat wondered at the clear drops glittering on the velvet. Yet were there tears there, the face that looked at him from the head of the board was bright as sunshine.

TRAGEDY AT "THE BARRACKS"

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ALICE followed the gay crowd to the city, and flitted home but again to leave it. She filled the house with a Christmas party which was gayer than her summer guests: and again was gone.

Jenifer, seeing that she missed much which he had expected of her and taking her moods with masculine wonder, let her have her way.

The remoteness, the stillness and the sounds that broke it,

the short bitter days and the long black nights had been to Alice unendurable. The rutty, bemired roads shut her to the house; and if she would see Grame, she must make opportunity. The guests and her comings and goings had snapped the intimacy of rides and chance meetings. Alice's following of the crowd had been half in instinctive defense from a budding danger; and temptation lurked in the desolation left behind. The woman fled.

Jenifer and Wheatham were ashamed to find that their days had thus been simplified. Each in his blundering fashion had reached out to aid her, and both had failed; Wheatham chiefly because he had come again to the absorption of inspiration and interpretation, Jenifer because of the happy vigor of his life, his silent strength, and that new fascination which claimed the hours he spent within the house.

Her going left each free to follow his own way—Wheatham to his table and the wistful look towards the peaks when fancy flowed too sluggishly; Jenifer to the joy of the hills in storm and sleet and drifting rain, in clear cold, or folding mists when all the world in sight was his.

If Alice fretted against the loneliness of her life here, and if she were happier for a while at her girlhood's home, Jenifer's indulgence abetted her. His sense of protection made him excuse her to Wheatham.

"She doesn't like it up here in winter, you see. I suppose it is—well, cut-off like to her. She has been used to the city. If she were fond of anything to do now," he added helplessly, "sewing or reading—there are books enough, heaven knows." They were in the library. "If she were, it might—it would be different. All the women I have ever known were busy enough," he floundered. "The only trouble seemed to be they could never find time to do all the things they wanted to do. Still—Oh, well; it doesn't matter, you know. I want her to do what she likes best," he declared stoutly.

Wheatham, in truth, had begun to feel disdain of the listless figure, the dull eyes, and drooping mouth. To have only Jenifer's vigorous content as companion to his dreaming mood was ideal.

"Well, things are different from what you have mostly seen," he began carelessly and cynically. "A woman used to

be compelled to work in order to have the things she wanted. Now she need not. What is the use of sewing when some one is waiting and anxious to do it for you and when you can get half the things you want already made? And pickles and preserves are standing on the store shelves waiting to be bought.

"Fact is, woman has been talking emancipation for so many years that she's got it, only not just the sort she expected," he chuckled gracelessly. "Still she's free, if she pleases. And what is she doing with her freedom? She quotes man as example. The work of the world has so divided into lines that he has got to leave the crossings and keep to one, and trot a pretty good pace on that one, too. For what? Bread and meat, my boy." Wheatham was enjoying his monologue hugely; and it served the purpose of diverting their thoughts from personalities. "Bread and meat; and never were they harder worked for. But woman! Man, what is she going to do with the thing she had fought through two generations for? As far as I can see those who fought hardest, the leaders, battled for a purpose. They knew what they wanted, where they had been restricted. But all these idle sisters in their train!

" 'In the sweat of thy brow,' " added Wheatham dreamily, turning in his chair to watch the fire, " 'In the sweat of thy brow'—God knew the blossom he put beside the thorn. The Creator's high and unwritten promise which follows on that vow is, 'So doing man shall find joy.'

"Happiness," the monologue went fitfully on, "the world-old, world-wide quest. I found its secret long ago. Do you want to hear it?"—he leaned forward eagerly and peered through the cloud of smoke at Jenifer—"It is to do the work you long to do, to breathe the breath of your life into it, to see it live. Just now," he added with a touch of cynicism, "one must be sure that the Public wants it—and will pay for it." He threw himself back in his chair. His quick look at Jenifer was searching. Wheatham was not used to talking freely, and he had been saying some things he meant; not talking, as at first, merely for effect.

One tie, and a strong one, between them was that neither he nor the man who listened needed to beat out their thoughts with speech; but that each, divining somewhat of the other, was willing to leave that other to development.

Jenifer, his head thrown back against the cushions of the chair and his long limbs straight before him, was listening silently.

The undrawn curtain left in view the moon-flooded and untrodden lane with the drifted fences and snow-cushioned stile. The settling of the snow and the snapping of laden branches made sharp and sibilant sound.

"Tough tramping to-day?" asked Wheatham, as he glanced like Jenifer through the clear-paned windows.

"Tough?" Jenifer laughed. The sting of the snow upon his face, the settling of it upon his shoulders, the sight of the veil drifting down the valley and shutting out the mountains—Jenifer had not called it "tough." He had been thinking, as he silently watched the racing flames, of the mystic peaks which guarded the mountain world like gleaming pickets against the moonlit sky and of the sheltered cattle, the housed horses; and remembering how, flaring out across the snow, the circling lights shone about the tower.

Living—the breath of life alone—seems enough for some. Was it thus, taking God's daily gifts, He meant life to be? If so, man has wandered. Such fret of fear, such tangle of planning, such piling of breaks between him and disasters which never blow, till all his strength has gone in futile work, and that which should have been done with unvexed mind and skillful hand is forever marred, or left untouched.

But Jenifer lived, splendidly, freely, with a hint of broader life and a possibility of firmer grasp. Wheatham had become aware of the roundness of the man's thought and its completeness; and how he envied the quality Jenifer could not guess.

The artist got up lazily, and walked to a book-shelf, fingering the volumes upon it. "Half the time I read," he said carelessly, "I don't care what it is. Something to carry the mind easily along the story's train is all I want, something to ease its own thinking, something—Pshaw! I want to hear the birds sing and see the sun shine, and know that this old world is moving right when I read. As for this pulling out of the heart's strings to hear them twang—Lord, deliver me!

"Half the time a man himself couldn't tell why he did a thing. A hundred reasons, or the total of them all, might move him. Yet the man who writes a tale is wont to insist

on only one—and that the purpose of the story; while many a thread is tangled to make the cord. Thank God, the unravelling is not mine. It is hard enough to paint a face, but words —Lord!

"As for you, man," moving restlessly, coming back to the table and leaning across it and laughing at Jenifer's lazy content, "as for you, or what you would do at some unexpected moment, I wouldn't give a guess, a hint; nor could you."

"No," said Jenifer, flushing under the scrutiny, "nor care What's the use of thinking about it? Sets you wool-gathering. Have another smoke."

In some such fashion the evenings went. Quiet often; words, sometimes; long silences! To Jenifer the winter slipped by like a single magic day. Before he had learned its moods the haze was on the mountains and the green crept through the valleys.

"I must tell Alice she ought to be here. She is missing all this," he declared enthusiastically. Wheatham was following him out of the dining-room. The door of the wide hall was open. The spring-like air blew through, and Jenifer paused for a moment at the door which opened towards the quarters. Blue were the peaks, purplish blue. Bees were humming in the warm air; fowls clucking in the yard. "I must tell her," he repeated.

"When?" asked Wheatham with quizzical look. Jenifer's decisions were sudden and curious. The artist found himself looking for them, and weighing them when they came with an amusement which was sometimes mixed with astonishment.

"To-day will do. Everything will be out in no time. She will miss it all if I don't."

Wheatham recalled the last intelligence of her. The theatre, a dance, new clothes—gay notes, all of them, and sounding of the street. How would these weigh, with her, against the blossoming of the spring jessamine or the budding of the lilacs in the hedge?

"To-day," dreamily, "right now." Jenifer walked rapidly up the hall. He stopped by the telephone.

"Better wait till the roads are settled," warned Wheatham quickly as he followed.

"The carriage can get in easily enough. Ben can drive slowly."

"You are not going to call her up now?"

"Why not?" Jenifer saw before him always the one thing which he would do, and he was hindered by no doubt of it. He was ringing the telephone while he answered. Wheatham lingered to listen amusedly.

What he heard was sufficiently simple. The protests were from the other end of the wire. The directions from this end were explicit; and the date and hour selected were of that day.

"Think of staying in the city such a time as this. Man, she ought to see it," with a broad sweep of his hand. The men were on the porch. "The orchard will be in bloom soon," added Jenifer. "Lord, I pity those who miss it."

So did Wheatham; but he pitied, also, the woman who saw it perforce and missed its significance. The artist's quick nature stirred with sympathy for her restlessness when Alice had come. That swaying figure which paced the halls and loitered at the doors and hung from out the windows, and found nothing satisfying from any loophole of her view, was like a weight upon his fancy. He found himself waiting for calm upon her face before there could be quiet of his pulses and freedom of his thought: and none came; instead he felt a watchful consciousness of her which he detested.

He wondered at his dismay when he saw her cross the yard one morning to intercept Grame. So far the Englishman had kept to himself; but Alice made the move boldly.

Sunshine of March was about her and it was warm and sweet, with blue sky far above her head and soft airs to woo. Wheatham, through his open door, saw, as always, the notes, the hints of something the woman might have been but never was; and he berated himself for his distrust when her high voice carried to his ears.

Alice asked about her horse; Grame answered briefly. Was the horse in the stable? Had the winds dried the roads? Were they fit for riding? She would try them anyhow; could he go? She named the hour when she would be ready.

Then the light laugh which ended all her speeches. Why had it always rung false to Wheatham? He leaned back in his chair to watch her as she walked; tall, easy of movement,

past-mistress in the art of gowning—and the sunny yard, the waving shadows of budding branches across it—What was amiss with it and with him? Untuned, lowered from the key of his work, his fingers lay inert.

Jenifer, that night, vowed that Alice must ride every day. Her cheeks were already rosy. Soon she would be sunburned and strong. He himself would go with her; if he did not, Grame could. But Jenifer's intentions settled, through carelessness on his part and purpose on hers, into non-fulfilment. The routine was of the summer—the gallop, the twilight, and the hour of the day.

Now her rides with Grame and her manner were marked. Grame was neither overseer nor groom, and his work was not typical. Although at first he had been ready to assume the manner and garb of livery he was quick, when not called upon to do either, to forget them both. Ready to serve as he had been born and bred, he was yet alert to the standards of a new land; and he had recognized that she who ruled with careless hands the house he served was yet of his own kind. The strength of Jenifer's nature set him apart, above, a master to be served; but Alice, glorified, perhaps, by her setting and made shining by her garments, was of his class. Worst of all, Grame loved her.

He had fought against it sullenly and weakly; and had kept to his quarters when she returned. But Alice, blindly determined upon something which would amuse, had openly reinstated the order she herself had been glad to escape. Once more begun, the old way was easy and more fatal.

The coquetry of her manner when their horses were on the highroad, the something that he was none too anxious to conceal when the long lane was between him and the man he served, must be apparent; and Alice ignored too utterly those passers-by who seemed unobservant.

The thing wore an ugly tinge. Wheatham, who divined it, and Ben, who knew, were desperate. They felt themselves traitors to Jenifer in his ignorance; and they feared, with deadly fear, his faintest knowledge. Wheatham, with no whimsical wonder now as to what Jenifer would do, was sure only of the horror of what it would be: and the artist's

love and loyalty kept him dumb till he felt he could bear it not an hour longer. But then the end was near.

The riders came over the hill slowly one day at dusk. The orchard's bloom had been scattered across the grass; the locusts were white; the blossoms had died from the lilacs; and green hedges and tall trees made early darkness in the lane.

Alice slipped from her saddle and stood, her habit tight-held about her, looking down at Grame. Furrows of passionate perplexity were on her face; her breath was a long heave at her breast. He, with one searching look at the unlighted house and empty yard, struck the horses sharply. Both, knowing the careless customs of the house, thought themselves unseen.

"Wait a moment," begged Grame hoarsely. "You have not said a word. I—You have promised nothing. Wait!"

Long as the way had been not half had been said. The love that had been slow, at first, strangled, deflected, that had shown but a glance or broken word, had, fostered by the woman's coquetry, gone its way to flood; and it had swept her with it.

Grame was mad in his earnestness and his urging. Flight and England, he pleaded for; and Alice was as mad as he. Lacking just scales and broad balance, she had coaxed herself into the belief that this alone was love and that she had missed it and been defrauded.

The man's broken words were hoarse and low, the lilacs thick, the shadows heavy. Jenifer, coming up from the garden squares, turned that way and sauntered by the hedge. He walked carelessly, light-heartedly; and the young grass hushed his steps.

The tones of passion breathed through the branches in his very ear. They were what the dusk, the evening star, the perfume of the roses demanded; but who would have thought to hear him here? To whom could such words be spoken? Jenifer was rigid with astonishment, yet laughter twitched at his mouth. Then he heard the voice that answered.

His leap was clear and clean. In one breath, one heat of passion, Grame lay in the grass; and Alice, Jenifer's hand upon her arm compelling her, sped to the dark house, up the black stair, to her room. Jenifer's touch flared the lights in the

gaudy, tinselled room which she had bedecked; and as he looked at her in her fit setting Jenifer knew that the fancy he had taken for love had fled. He loathed her. He despised the white face and frightened eyes and whimpered assurances of her innocence. He did not hear them. He grasped the exact significance of what he heard, and knew it for the sequel of the wiles by which he himself had been won and others lured; the end of a coquetry which she had allowed, but whose climax she was too weak to grasp.

"Stay here," he commanded, without a glance at her white horror.

Wheatham was shouting his name in the hall. "What is it?" demanded Jenifer calmly, coming down the stair.

"I—The horses," Wheatham panted. "Is any one hurt? The horses—came to the stable—alone."

Wheatham cursed himself for his vehemence; but pull himself together, or speak coherently, he could not. His nerves had been too long on edge. He had been leaning on the fence, watching the slow coming of the night, when Ben ran up to him.

"De hosses in de stable; dey's loose dyar; de hosses dey rode. An' de saddles on 'em. An' I don't see dat man nowhars. Gawd's sake, Marse Wheatham, whar is he? Whar is she?" And Wheatham had started running to the house. He reiterated his question: "Is any one hurt?"

"He is dead, I think," said Jenifer clearly.

"God! Where?"

"In the lane," and at Wheatham's rush of steps Jenifer turned aside. He flooded with light the hall, the library, every wide room upon the floor; and he was in the hall when Wheatham, shaking, stumbled up the steps of the door which opened towards the quarters.

"Well?" demanded Jenifer sharply.

"He—he—" Wheatham gasped, his breath too short for speech.

"He is dead, I hope."

"He is not. Have you no sense?" catching Jenifer roughly by the shoulder.

The smile on Jenifer's face chilled Wheatham's fierceness. "Come in here," the master of the house commanded.

The library had come to be Jenifer's room. He took out his check-book now, filled one blank, another.

"You will go to New York to-night," he said to Wheatham evenly. "You will take him—"

"The man is half-dead."

"You will take him with you. This"—as if the paper scorched him—"is his; a year's wages. With this—take what you need. Buy his ticket. Pay every expense. See him aboard the ship. Watch him sail. If ever he puts foot on this side the ocean again I'll kill him. If he should write to her, or seek to have her join him it will be both. Let him know."

"The man cannot be moved," began Wheatham hotly.

Jenifer hushed him with a gesture. "The carriage will be ready for you at the stables. You start from there in fifteen minutes. You will catch the midnight train. And—" looking him squarely in the eyes, "you will go."

Go! With that half-conscious man beside him, with Ben ashy white in the starlight and his teeth chattering, Wheatham obeyed.

The roll of wheels, ominous in the stillness of the black night, was the last sound but the breath of the wind that the old house heard for many an hour.

The servants, knowing little, slept. The woman up-stairs, feeling God knows what horror of remorse or shame, slept also; but the wide doors were open, and, white and clear, the lights shone out into the night. White, too, the crown of fire hung above the hills.

Jenifer went from room to room looking about him steadily and slowly—the dark, gleaming floors, the red mahogany, the shining brass, the dim old portraits. The breath of long living was in the house, the hint of history, and the throb of passion. He loved it. But for what had it stood for him? For what did it stand? Treachery! Here had been born the passion whose touch debased his ancestry. Here the woman who was his had listened to the whisperings of dishonor. As he had loved it, he hated it. The white flare of light flickered red before him. If he had had any knowledge of himself Jenifer would have feared his own calm more than any whirl of furious rage.

He could sit and watch the stars. The locusts were luxuries

of perfume. A late narcissus gleamed like a candle-flame dropped in the grass. An old and wasted moon came up behind the peaks. Still Jenifer sat, his arm on the window-ledge. A moan of midnight wind stole through the hall—and a thin blue trail.

He never saw. Feathery and slow its fellows trailed after it. Jenifer watched the shadows beneath the hedge, the tall trees, the clearing light across the fields. Dark, heavy, pungent, a smoke-column rolled through the hall and house; crackling, hissing noises broke out; the quarters, awakened from sleep, set up wild clamor of confusion: and a shriek rang over the railing of the stair.

* * * * * *

From the tower Jenifer watched the dawn. In the dim duskiness he saw the servants huddled in the yard. Dull smoke rolled above the house-walls and drifted down about them. By him, above his head, the points of light showed yellow in the coming day. The dawn with long fingers stealing through the peaks plucked at the darkness in the vale, and a bird called clear across the fields; Jenifer, from his height, looked down on what the night had hidden and the day lay bare.

THE APPROACH OF EVENING

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I TURNED my cheek upon the hollow of my arm, curved on the low window-sill. The sun was swinging, round and red, above the distant pines, and the golden light lay on the brown, fresh-ploughed fields beyond the yard and the white ribbon of the lane which led out, between fields and woods, to the wide country road a mile away. The scent of the upturned earth and of green grass, of budding leaves and newly opened violets was abroad. The cherry tree, huge and shadowing and ruling half the yard, lifted a white cloud of bloom into the soft spring air; the buzzing of the bees about the scented blossomings was a part of the rhythm of low winds and bending grasses and tossing branches. I drew a long, ecstatic breath. The spring-tide was in my heart as well as in the

world. The cotton gown, fresh and dainty, which I wore, was the blossoming in which I had clothed myself, as the cherry put on its white petals; and I was as dreamful as the day when I thought of Robert, of his pleasure at this gay dress with which I would astonish him when he came home. But how late he was.

I got up restlessly from the chair and wandered to the door. Daddy was coming from the fields, the plough rope hanging loosely about his neck, the share scraping along the road, and the tired mule plodding with drooping head. Through the back door of the hall, wide-open likewise, I could see Dick driving the cows into the milking lot. It was very late; Robert must be coming; I would go and meet him.

I took down my sunbonnet; my knitted mitts hung beside it, but after a second's pause I put both back on the pegs and hurried out. The sun was too low to burn even a tender skin, and the touch of the wind on neck and cheek was a joy.

The rose-bush by the single low step was thick with odorous leaf-buds, jonquils shone in their long leaves by the pathway, the dandelions were set like gold in the lush grass.

In the road I met Daddy. "Well, Daddy," I began, intending some trivial talk; but he cut me short.

"Lawd, Miss Lucy, what is you doin' 'dout yo' sunbonnet? fus' thing you know, you 'll be all freckled up same lak a tukky-aig."

Now this tender skin of mine was a sore point to me. Left to myself, bonnet and gloves would be forever discarded; but the whole household from Robert down, through Daddy and Mammy to Dick, was a household guard for beauty. I was never allowed to forget.

"What Marse Robert say now?" queried Daddy, as he rested his plough-point for a moment and jerked at the reins. "Whoa dyar! you's in a pow'ful hurry! if you jes had showed a little o' dis disposition long 'bout fo' 'clock you'd a' finished dat fiel'. What Marse Robert gwine say?" he repeated to me.

"Nothing," said I, shortly. "I don't need anything on my head; it's near sunset now. I wonder what keeps Robert."

"I dunno, chile, 't ain't nuthin' to worry 'bout. Ain't you gwine back now?"

"No; maybe I'll meet him."

"Bettah not go beyon' de woods."

The restless mule was hurrying on to stable and his supper; Daddy followed perforce; I loitered on down the road. Every moment I thought I should see Robert riding out of the dusky woods and waving his hand gayly at sight of me. I went on and on with slow footsteps. I would not turn back now; the house was far behind me; the breath of brown, ploughed land on either side grew less and less, and the gloom of the pines, the sound of their soft sighing was nearer and nearer. Here the ploughing ceased, and a strip of land, yellow with thin sedge and set with saplings, made a border land between field and forest. The saplings were tipped with the pink or green tassels of new growth, the resinous smell of them was strong in the air; before me the pines loomed dark and sombre in the waning light. Should I venture on?

I stood listening, when I heard the blessed click and slam of the upper gate, and then the rhythmic sound of hoof-beats. I knew Lady's trot as I knew Robert's footsteps; in a moment they would be in sight, out of the forest.

I stood, laughter dimpling my face, and then in a flash crouched out of sight behind a well-rounded sapling by the roadside. Peering eagerly through the green needles, my eyes looked straight into two black, unwinking ones; a song-sparrow, flattened on her nest, kept anxious guard; I smiled into the tiny, frightened eyes, but whether I gave her courage I know not, for out of the woods rode Robert, and I swooped out and at him. Lady swerved, but he sat true, and when I looked for hearty laughter I won only a smile.

MARSE WILLUM HIMSELF AGAIN

From 'Called to the Field.' Copyright, Little, Brown and Company, and used here by permission.

THE rest of that story I had heard from 'Zekiel; he had told it to me many times.

"An' thar Marse Willum he was tied to de chair; did n't nobody know if he ebbah would walk no mo'; and Miss Lucy daid; an' you a-trottin' 'bout de house cryin' fer yo' ma. Lan'! but we had a time dem days! de niggahs dey would n't 'tend to nuthin' nohow an' eberyt'ing seem lak it goin' to rack an' ruin spipindicular. I done tole Marse Willum 'bout it, I done tole him; an' he sigh an' tuhn erroun' in his chair lak he ain't gwine notice nuthin' nebber no mo' in dis worl'. Den I pervide fer; an' if you don't look mighty sharper dan you's doin' now you's gwine come out lackin'. Ain't nuthin' gwine ups an' speaks to him one day sho' nuff. 'Marse Willum,' I says, 'Miss Lucy she's done daid an' she lef' you her chile to right on dis place; de niggahs look lak dey's clean 'stracted; de craps ain't gwine ermount to a row o' pins; dyar ain't gwine be corn ernuff to feed de niggahs wid, much less de hosses an' de cows.'

" 'What's dat?' he say, sharp lak.

" 'Dat it ain't,' I 'sponded, 'an' de wheat was plum ruined in de harves', an'—'

" 'Sen' Charles hyar.'

"Lawd knows I didn't know what he was 'bout, but I seed he was roused up, an' I went erlong. By and by Charles he came runnin' out de house an' he fell to workin' in de cyarpenter's shop like he was nigh 'pon gone crazy; an' I go 'long. 'Praise Gawd, Marse Willum is awakin' up,' says I. But de Lawd knows I nebbah hoped to see what I did. De very nex' day Marse Willum come hobblin' to de barn on de crutch Charles done made. I was busy dyar cleanin' out de stables, an' when I looks up an' sees him standin' right befo' me de pitchfork drap right out o' my han'. 'Lawd,' says I, 'my time done come!' 'case I thought 't was a sperrit, you see. An' den he say—de very fus' word he says is, 'Whar is dat roan colt?' An' I say wid my knees a-shakin' lak dey gwine knock te-ter-gedder spite o' all I could do, 'Jo got him, sah.'

" 'What in thunder is he doing with him?'

"I stood up straight den, an' my knees stiffened up good under me. 'T warnt no ghos' gwine swear lak Marse Willum swear when I tell him Jo's tryin' to break dat colt down in de fiel'.

" 'Tell him to come hyar.'

"I tell you, sah, I went.

"Jo he was off dat colt's neck in de shake o' a daid sheep's tail, an' he was glad ernuff to come off, too, for it sho was hard to stick on; he come a-runnin' 'long up wid de halter in his han' an' de colt cavortin' an' pawin' after him, yukkin' de halter nigh 'pon out Jo's han's.

" 'You idjit!' Marse Willum shouted out, 'bring him here.'

"Den I seed what Marse Willum was after. I tried to say sumpin' but my tongue jes dried up in my mouf I was so scared, an' little red an' black things got a-dancin' befo' my eyes. When I could see good an' clear dyar was Marse Willum on dat colt, an' dat colt was a-cavortin' an' a-pawin' up de earth; but Marse Willum he set good an' straight an' tight as ebbah. 'Glory Hallelujah!' says I. 'Glory Hallelujah!' I says it ergin when he come ridin' dat colt down de fiel' jes as easy an' peaceable! He sort o' laughed when he heard me shout out, an' he pull de colt up on de uddah side of de fence whar I was a-leanin'. His cheek is all done flushed up an' his eyes bright, but de win' done blow his hat off back dyar in de fiel', an' his hair done blow back on his haid, an' I seed dat undah de topmos' locks it 's all tuhn white.

"Marse Willum he drew a long breath. 'Gimme my crutch,' he says. An' I picked it up from whar it done drap when he clum on dat colt's back somehow; I picked it up an' han's it to him an' holp him down.

" 'Marse Willum done come back to hise'f,' I say dat day mo' dan once, 'but he's had a huht he'll nebbah git ober. Dyar's a huht in his body an' a huht in his heart, an' neider will nebbah be mended.' "

FRANCIS ORRAY TICKNOR

[1822–1874]

C. ALPHONSO SMITH

DR. TICKNOR'S work has never lacked admirers in the South, but it is only in very recent years that his recognition may be said to have become in any sense national. Paul Hamilton Hayne had declared in 1879 that the light irradiating from Ticknor's poems "seldom failed to be light from the heaven of a true inspiration." Professor William P. Trent wrote in 1905 that the work Ticknor did "ought to have given him more fame during his life and secured him much more consideration from posterity than has been allotted him." Mr. Charles W. Hubner in 1906 characterized Dr. Ticknor's war poetry as follows: "In the power of passionate feeling, in terse, concentrated diction, clear, ringing music, and idealistic imagery, the poetry evolved by the incidents, the pathos, the glory and the gloom of our Civil War, shows but few examples that can be considered superior to the best of Ticknor's contributions to that phase of our American literature."

But, as late as 1896, Mr. Samuel Albert Link could find no mention of Dr. Ticknor's name in any of the handbooks or cyclopedias of American literature. It should be said, however, that in 1891 Karl Knortz, in his 'Geschichte der Nordamerikanischen Literatur' (Berlin, volume II, pages 327-328), had devoted a page to Dr. Ticknor, though a page of no special insight or discrimination. Since 1896, however, Dr. Ticknor has begun to come into his own. "Little Giffen" is found in practically every recent representative anthology of American poetry, and Ticknor's name is now rarely omitted in up-to-date histories of American literature. "Dr. Ticknor," says Pancoast in his 'Introduction to American Literature' (1898), "lived the self-sacrificing life of a kindly, hard-worked physician, but in the scant leisure which the duties of his profession allowed him he wrote some poems—less known than they should be—which deserve to live. One of these, 'Little Giffen,' which commemorates one of the otherwise unknown heroes of the war, has a concentrated force and directness which make it not unworthy of comparison with some of Browning's shorter narrative poems." In Burton Egbert Stevenson's 'Poems of American History' (1908), Ticknor is repre-

sented by "The Virginians of the Valley," "A Battle Ballad," "Our Left," "Albert Sidney Johnston," and "Little Giffen."

Francis Orray Ticknor was born in Baldwin County, Georgia, November 13, 1822. His father, also a doctor, was a native of New Jersey who had come South and married into a distinguished family of Savannah, where he resided for several years. His early death left Mrs. Ticknor, the mother of the poet, with three small children to provide for. Moving at once to Columbus, Georgia, she sent Francis to school in Massachusetts. After a thorough training there, he studied medicine in New York and Philadelphia, returned to Georgia, and settled permanently at Torch Hill, a few miles from Columbus.

He had married Miss Rosalie Nelson, daughter of a soldier of the War of 1812 and a woman in every way fitted to quicken by appreciation his devotion to letters and to enter by her breadth of sympathy into the wider and more practical demands of his profession. Mrs. Ticknor still survives her gifted husband, and the author of this sketch would like to assure her that her loyalty to her husband's memory, her just appreciation of his real worth as a man and as a poet, and her unshaken confidence in the ultimate triumph of his name and fame have already been vindicated by the verdict of the years and have themselves become a part of the history of Southern literature.

The Ticknor home at Torch Hill is thus sketched by Paul Hamilton Hayne: "With the poet's love of all that is pure, sweet, and natural, he soon surrounded his home with flowers and fruits. In the spring and summer I have heard it described as a perfect Eden of roses; while towards autumn the crimson foliage and blushing tints of the great mellow apples, especially if touched by sunset lights, caused the 'Hill' to gleam and glitter as with the colors of fairyland. Here in this peaceful nest Ticknor lived for nearly a quarter of a century, exceptionally blessed in his domestic relations, though more than once that Dark Presence no mortal can shun entered his household, to leave it for a season desolate. He was a gifted musician, playing exquisitely upon the flute, and a draughtsman of the readiest skill and taste. Still I picture him always as preëminently the poet—the poet 'born,' yet with every natural endowment purified and strengthened by careful, scholarly culture."

Dr. Ticknor believed that he owed his first duty to his State, and when the great war came he espoused the cause of the Confederacy. His pen found its chief inspiration not in the constitutional questions at issue nor in the progress of the war as a whole, but rather in the individual prowess of Confederate soldiers. He was a man of rooted

convictions but without bitterness. The prayer of his heart was for peace. Thus in "Ora Pace":

Ora Pace! Ye that lift
The nation's weapons, keen and swift,
Ere ye loose the thunder, pray
That the wrath may pass away!
Ere the lightnings ye release,
Patient statesmen, pray for peace!

Ora Pace! Ye that stand
The shield and summer of the land;
Though the blood is hot and high,
Bounding for the battle-cry,
Remember, boys, whose kiss ye bear,
And pray for peace, ye sons of prayer!

Dr. Ticknor was already known in 1861 as a fluent versifier, but the drama that unrolled itself between 1861 and 1865 deepened and enriched his whole nature and changed what might have continued to be mere versification into poetry of abiding beauty and appeal. With his own home and the homes and churches of his neighborhood turned into Confederate hospitals, with the flower of his native State on the firing-line, with mingled tidings of victory and defeat coming daily from the front, with "the sudden making of splendid names," the latent poet in Dr. Ticknor was matured, and both theme and inspiration came unprompted to his hand.

His reputation as poet and physician grew steadily to the end. War brought its personal bereavements and its general desolation, but Dr. Ticknor found alleviation in the adequacy of his song and in the constant though frequently unpaid ministrations of his profession. "Far and wide," says Hayne, "among the 'sand-barrens' or in the farmhouses of the neighboring valley, the good and wise physician was known and welcomed. His gleeful smile, his spontaneous criticisms (for his mind actually bubbled over with innocent humors) cheered up many a despondent invalid and, it is possible, scared Despair, if not Death himself, away from the bedsides of patients just about finally to succumb. What wonder, therefore, that when—partly through fatigue, exposure, and the unremitting discharge of duty—their benefactor was, in his turn, stricken down, to die after a brief, painful illness, the community mourned him as only those are mourned who could truly say, like Abou ben Adhem in his vision of the angel and the book of gold, 'write me as one who loved his fellowmen.'" Dr. Ticknor died December 18, 1874.

The poem that first made Dr. Ticknor's name widely known in

the South was "The Virginians of the Valley," written evidently in the beginning of the war. The setting of the poem is taken from a once famous book, 'Knights of the Horseshoe' (1845), by William Alexander Carruthers of Virginia.* In this entertaining volume Carruthers describes the romantic ride of Governor Spottswood and his followers through the Valley of Virginia, which they explored and opened to permanent settlement. The Virginia House of Burgesses, in commemoration of their services, is said to have awarded golden horseshoes to the most deserving of Spottswood's men, thus establishing a sort of Virginia knighthood of which Dr. Ticknor makes felicitous use.

The poem entitled "Loyal," a universal favorite, is a rare example of skillful though hazardous structure. It consists of eight stanzas of introduction with a culminating stanza of application, in which the reference is to the Battle of Franklin, Tennessee (fought November 30, 1864), and more particularly to the heroic death of General Patrick R. Cleburne. In *The Confederate Veteran* of January, 1900 (Nashville, Tennessee), General John B. Gordon calls this "the bloodiest battle of modern times." Of the Confederate infantry engaged thirty-three per cent were killed, and Cleburne's Division (Cheatham's Corps) lost fifty-two per cent.

Dr. Ticknor's best-known poem, "Little Giffen," published first in *The Land We Love,* November, 1867 (Charlotte, North Carolina), narrates the true story of little Isaac Giffen, son of a Tennessee blacksmith. He was nursed back to health by Dr. and Mrs. Ticknor, only to fall in some unknown battle and to fill at last a nameless grave. In the simplicity of its pathos, the intensity of its appeal, and the dramatic compression of its thought, "Little Giffen" ranks among the best short poems of American literature.

The range of Dr. Ticknor's poetic interests may be seen in the divisions of his work. Miss Rowland, his editor, classifies his poems into martial and chivalrous lyrics, songs of home, poems of sentiment and humor, and memorial and religious poems. His songs of home are representatively Southern and Saxon in their loyalty to home life and in their delicate handling of home themes; his poems of sentiment and humor are easy and graceful; his memorial and religious poems show a deeper feeling and finer art; but his best work is in the martial and heroic vein. His incision of phrase, his artistic husbandry of details, his rare sense of structural unity and convergence, his quick responsiveness to the really heroic, his ballad-like vividness and simplicity—these qualities reach their finest fruition in the poems called forth by the events of 1861-1865.

*See 'The Library of Southern Literature,' volume II, pages 753-783.

Dr. Ticknor's feeling for form is his most notable characteristic. The influence of Poe is evident in "The Hills," but Tennyson was more probably his model. However short the poem—and Dr. Ticknor did not essay long poems or complicated verse forms—there is in all of his best work the unmistakable presence of form, the stamp of wholeness in thought, texture, and expression. He is thus eminently quotable. The following citations display a phrasal force and a power of suggestive condensation not easily paralleled:

"Utter Lazarus, heel to head"
("Little Giffen")

"Skeleton boy 'gainst skeleton death"
(*Ibid.*)

"Whose touch was the foe undone,
Whose name was a nation's cheer"
("Our Great Captain")

"From the victor-wreath to the shining Palm:
From the battle's core to the central calm."
("Albert Sidney Johnston")

"This man hath breathed all balms of light,
And quaffed all founts of grace,
Till Glory, on the mountain height,
Has met him face to face."
("Lee")

"And lo! the midnight of her shrouded mine
Garners the radiance of the years to shine"
("Georgia")

"And the great Alchemist shall teach the Sun
That Earth's great gloom and Life's great light are one."
(*Ibid.*)

"No truth is *lost* for which the true are weeping,
Nor *dead* for which they died"
("Under the Willows")

"Mansions of mist and silver, white and slender,
The shy wood-spider weaves;
Swingeth the swallow to his old home under
The unforgotten eaves"
("An April Morning")

"One chord in thy heart unbroken!
One key to that chord alone!
A touch—and thy thought hath spoken;
A sigh—and thy song hath flown!"
("The Old Harpsichord")

"*This* much, if nothing more:
That vainly o'er our lost delights
The pomp of marble towers,
Without the gentle care that writes
Its Martha-thought in flowers."
("The Cemetery")

C. Alphonso Smith

BIBLIOGRAPHY

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See, for further criticism, The Pioneers of Southern Literature, booklet No. 3, by Samuel Albert Link (Nashville, Tennessee, 1896); The South in History and Literature, by Miss Mildred Lewis Rutherford (Atlanta, Georgia, 1906); Representative Southern Poets, by Charles W. Hubner (Washington, D.C., 1906); and Reminiscences of Famous Georgians, by Lucian Lamar Knight (Atlanta, Georgia, 1907-1908).

For information kindly furnished I wish to record my indebtedness to Mrs. Leonora M. Ticknor, of Knoxville, Tennessee, and Miss Michelle Cutliff Ticknor, of Albany, Georgia.

LITTLE GIFFEN

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Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire;
Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene,
(Eighteenth battle, and *he* sixteen!)
Spectre! such as you seldom see,
Little Giffen, of Tennessee!

"Take him and welcome!" the surgeons said;
Little the doctor can help the dead!
So we took him; and brought him where
The balm was sweet in the summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed—
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with abated breath—
Skeleton boy against skeleton death.
Months of torture, how many such?
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch;
And still a glint of the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that *wouldn't* die.

And didn't. Nay more! in death's despite
The crippled skeleton "learned to write."
Dear mother, at first, of course; and then
Dear captain, inquiring about the men.
Captain's answer; of eighty-and-five,
Giffen and I are left alive.

Word of gloom from the war, one day;
Johnston pressed at the front, they say.
Little Giffen was up and away;
A tear—his first—as he bade good-by,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
"*I'll write,* if spared!" There was news of the fight
But none of Giffen.—He did not write.

I sometimes fancy that, were I king
Of the princely Knights of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I'd give the best on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For Little Giffen, of Tennessee.

THE VIRGINIANS OF THE VALLEY

(W. N. N.)

The knightliest of the knightly race
That, since the days of old,
Have kept the lamp of chivalry
Alight in hearts of gold;
The kindliest of the kindly band
That, rarely hating ease,
Yet rode with Spottswood round the land,
And Raleigh round the seas:

Who climbed the blue Virginian hills
Against embattled foes,
And planted there, in valleys fair,
The lily and the rose;
Whose fragrance lives in many lands,
Whose beauty stars the earth,
And lights the hearths of happy homes
With loveliness and worth.

We thought they slept!—the sons who kept
The names of noble sires,
And slumbered while the darkness crept
Around their vigil-fires;
But, aye, the "Golden Horseshoe" knights
Their old Dominion keep,
Whose foes have found enchanted ground,
But not a knight asleep!

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON

(SHILOH)

His soul to God! on a battle-psalm!
The soldier's plea to Heaven!
From the victor-wreath to the shining Palm:
From the battle's core to the central calm,
And peace of God in Heaven.

Oh, Land! in your midnight of mistrust
The golden gates flew wide,
And the kingly soul of your wise and just
Passed in light from the house of dust
To the Home of the Glorified.

THE SWORD IN THE SEA

The billows plunge like steeds that bear
The knights with snow-white crests;
The sea-winds blare like bugles where
The Alabama rests.

Old glories from their splendor-mists
Salute with trump and hail
The sword that held the ocean lists
Against the world in mail.

And down from England's storied hills,
From lyric slopes of France,
The old bright wine of valor fills
The chalice of Romance.

For here was Glory's tourney-field,
The tilt-yard of the sea;
The battle-path of kingly wrath,
And kinglier courtesy.

And down the deeps, in sumless heaps,
The gold, the gem, the pearl,
In one broad blaze of splendor, belt
Great England like an earl.

And there they rest, the princeliest
Of earth's regalia gems,
The starlight of our Southern Cross,
The sword of Raphael Semmes.

"UNKNOWN"

The prints of feet are worn away,
No more the mourners come;
The voice of wail is mute to-day
As his whose life is dumb.

The world is bright with other bloom;
Shall the sweet summer shed
Its living radiance o'er the tomb
That shrouds the doubly dead?

Unknown! Beneath our Father's face
The star-lit hillocks lie:
Another rosebud! lest His grace
Forget us when we die.

GEORGIA

Between her rivers and beside the sea,
My mother-land! What fairer land can be?

The lyric rapture in her leaping rills,
The crown-imperial on her purple hills.

Her lips are pure that never breathed a curse;
Her hands are white before the universe.

Behold the witness of the King of Peace
Clear, in the splendor of her dew-lit fleece.

And lo! the midnight of her shrouded *mine*
Garners the radiance of the years to shine.

Yea! the swart Gnome that bides his time below
Shall rise at last, in full regalia glow!

And the great Alchemist shall teach the Sun
That Earth's great gloom and Life's great light are one!

Oh, sweetest souls that ever rose by prayer
White from the furnace-dungeon of despair!

That wrought new grace from battle's chaos-mould,
And reared new shrines from ashes not yet cold.

Not cold!—from flames the strangest that have given
From all this world, an altar-smoke to Heaven!

Crowned on the cross, above high-fetter line,
They smile on hate with Love's own smile divine.

Prouder than hills that plume thy star-ward crest,
Sweeter than dales that dimple at thy breast.

Richer than Rome! when God's great chariot rolls,
Imperial Georgia! count thy children's souls.

UNDER THE WILLOWS

Brave "ends" may consecrate a cruel story,
And crown a dastard deed;
Brave hearts are laurelled with eternal glory
That held another creed.

Who knows the end? or in what record written
The crowned results abide?
The volume closed not with an Abel smitten
Or Christ the crucified.

How poor and pale from yonder heights of Heaven
Our Cæsar's pomp appears
To those who wear the purple robes of Stephen,
Or Mary's crown of tears!

So let us watch, a single pale star keeping
Its vigil o'er the tide.
No truth is *lost* for which the true are weeping,
Nor *dead* for which they died.

DIXIE

AIR—"ANNIE LAURIE."

Oh! Dixie's homes are bonnie,
And Dixie's hearts are true;
And 'twas down in dear old Dixie
Our life's first breath we drew; *(Repeat)*
And there our last we'd sigh,
And for Dixie, dear old Dixie,
We'll lay us down and die.

No fairer land than Dixie's
Has ever seen the light;
No braver boys than Dixie's
To stand for Dixie's right; *(Repeat)*
With hearts so true and high,
And for Dixie, dear old Dixie,
To lay them down and die.

Oh! Dixie's vales are sunny,
And Dixie's hills are blue;
And Dixie's skies are bonnie,
And Dixie's daughters, too, *(Repeat)*
As stars in Dixie's sky;
And for Dixie, dear old Dixie,
We'd lay us down and die.

* * * * * *

No more upon the mountain,
No longer by the shore—
The trumpet song of Dixie
Shall shake the world no more;
For Dixie's songs are o'er,
Her glory gone on high,
And the brave who bled for Dixie
Have laid them down to die.

LOYAL

(To General Cleburne)

The good Lord Douglas—dead of old—
  In his last journeying
Wore at his heart, encased in gold,
  The heart of Bruce, his king,

Through Paynim lands to Palestine—
  For so his troth was plight—
To lay that gold on Christ his shrine,
  Let fall what peril might.

By night and day, a weary way
  Of vigil and of fight,
Where never rescue came by day,
  Nor ever rest by night.

And one by one the valiant spears
  Were smitten from his side,
And one by one the bitter tears
  Fell from the brave that died;

Till fierce and black around his track
  He saw the combat close,
And counted but the single sword
  Against uncounted foes.

He drew the casket from his breast,
  He bared his solemn brow!
Oh, foremost of the kingliest!
  Go "first in battle" now!

Where leads my lord of Bruce, the sword
  Of Douglas shall not stay!
Forward! We meet at Christ his feet
  In Paradise, to-day!

The casket flashed; the battle clashed,
Thundered, and rolled away;
And dead above the heart of Bruce
The heart of Douglas lay!

Loyal! Methinks the antique mould
Is lost, or theirs alone
Who sheltered Freedom's heart of gold,
Like Douglas, with their own!

HOME

Forest-girded, cedar-scented,
Veiled like Vesper, sweet and dim;
Pure as burned the Temple's glory,
Shadowed by the Seraphim;
Islet from contending oceans,
Coral-cinctured, crowned with palm,
Where the wrestling world's commotions
Melt through music into calm;
Throats that sing and wings that flutter
Softly 'mid the balm and bloom;
Sweeter sounds than lip can utter
Hath my heart for thee,
My home.

Bless that dear old Anglo-Saxon
For the sounds he formed so well;
Little words, the nectar-waxen
Harvest of a honey-cell,
Sealing all a summer's sweetness
In a single syllable!
For, of all his quaint word-building,
The queen-cell of all the comb
Is that grand old Saxon mouthful,
Dear old Saxon *heartful,*
Home.

THE HALL

(Page Brook)

There is dust on the door-way, there is mould on the wall;
There's a chill at the hearth-stone, a hush through the hall;
And the stately old mansion stands darkened and cold
By the leal loving hearts that it sheltered of old.

No light at the lattice, no gleam from the door;
No feast on the table, no mirth on its floor,
But "Glory departed" and silence alone.
"Dust unto dust" upon pillar and stone.

No laughter of childhood, no shout on the lawn;
No footstep to echo the feet that are gone:
Feet of the beautiful, forms of the brave,
Falling in other lands, gone to the grave!

No carol at morning, no hymn rising clear;
No song at the bridal nor chant at the bier.
All the chords of its symphonies scattered and riven;
Its altar in ashes, its incense in Heaven!

Is there pæan for Glory, whose triumph shall stand
By the wreck of a home once the pride of the land?
Its chambers unfilled as its children depart,
The melody stilled in its desolate heart!

Yet the verdure shall creep to the mouldering wall,
And the sunshine shall sleep in the heart of "The Hall";
And the foot of the pilgrim shall find till the last
Some fragrance of Home at this shrine of the Past.

EASTER

Christ! *arisen?* Lift your eyes!
Lo! what glory fills the skies!
Winter's death is dead, and born
The summer's hope in springing corn.
White the lily cleaves the sod,
Who shall bind the Son of God?

Christ! *arise?* The sun to-day
Unseals a tomb, and rolls away
All mists of midnight like a stone;
All raiment save of light alone.
Shall the single shadow fall
On the Christ, the Lord of all?

Christ! *arisen?* Roman steel
Sentineled that stone and seal.
Rome, in her imperial power,
Watched until the dawning hour—
Watched and *witnessed!* bowed and said:
"Christ is risen from the dead!"

Oh, by all an Age's trust!
By our darlings laid in dust!
In our griefs the single stay;
Of our joys the central ray;
Cease, my Doubt, thy sentry tread!
"Christ is risen from the dead!"

FRANCES CHRISTINE TIERNAN

"CHRISTIAN REID"

[1846—1920]

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

NO more striking commentary exists, alike upon the modesty of Southern talent and its usual portion of local neglect, than is furnished by the career of the novelist known as Christian Reid. Though the author of about thirty novels and numerous short stories, she is so indifferent to "popular" success that only with difficulty is she ever induced to speak of her literary career: and her portrait was recently published for the first time.* No account of her life and career in the least degree trustworthy has ever been published. In this day of blatant self-puffery, the discovery in a writer of the strongest sense of the sanctity of personality and private life is a most refreshing rarity. Christian Reid's admirers in Salisbury, North Carolina, have paid her the tribute of founding the Christian Reid Book Club, which has been in existence for a decade. Had she produced only one work, and that the war-drama, "Under the Southern Cross," her name would still be enshrined in the hearts of thousands of Southerners who have witnessed this play in several cities in the South, and have rejoiced in its impassioned but logical presentation of the views of the South upon the Constitutional Right of Secession. To-day, Mrs. Frances Christine Tiernan—to give her the name by which she is known in social intercourse—lives with her aunt, Miss Christine Fisher, in a graceful and dignified seclusion, upon Salisbury's most beautiful street, Fulton, in a home bearing all the marks of a *régîme* of classic courtesy and culture. In appearance she is distinguished and aristocratic, with fine eyes and delicately chiseled features; and one may readily guess that the semi-seclusion in which she has lived has been less voluntary than enforced. The memorials of the Confederacy and of her gallant father, which adorn the walls of her home; the books and magazines which fill the study, and the Roman Catholic Chapel which stands at the northeast corner of the yard epitomize the profound and absorbing interests of her life. For she is a devout and zealous Roman Catholic, and her fidelity to the Lost Cause has led her to proclaim her faith in that cause even from a public platform.

**Putnam's Monthly* and *The Critic*, April, 1908.

Moreover her devotion to letters demonstrates that she has lived in two worlds, the past and the present South; and her literary interests have been wide enough to include poetry, drama, travel-notes, and fiction.

It has been said of her grandfather, the Honorable Charles Fisher, that "as a statesman and leader of men in his generation, no man in North Carolina ever surpassed him, and he enjoyed the confidence of the people of his own county (Rowan) as fully as any man who ever lived in it." Charles Frederick Fisher, father of Christian Reid, was born at Salisbury, Rowan County, North Carolina, December 26, 1816; was a student at Yale College, and later editor of the *Western Carolinian*. He served in the State Legislature (1854-'55); and it was through his influence that the first charter of the Western North Carolina Railroad was passed through the Legislature. He was the first man in North Carolina to begin to raise troops for the Confederacy, his private papers showing that his regiment, though named the Sixth, was in reality the First Regiment of the North Carolina Line. Colonel of his regiment, he died in the "forefront of the hottest battle" at Bull Run; and the historical evidence is conclusive that the capture of Rickett's double battery by the men under Colonel Fisher's immediate command, won the battle of First Manassas for the Confederate cause.

In July, 1845, Mr. Fisher was married to the eldest daughter of the Honorable David F. Caldwell, Elizabeth, by whom he had three children, Frances Christine, Annie, and Frederick. Frances Christine, the subject of this sketch, was born in Salisbury, North Carolina, on July 5, 1846. A child of unusual imaginative precocity, she showed in her earliest youth a determination, at once amusing and inspiring, to realize her fancies. As a child of three or four, before she had learned to form her letters, she would spin out long tales of fanciful invention which she persuaded her aunt to transcribe. Her inclination to express her fancies in written form continued to grow upon her, in spite of the discouragement she met with on every hand. From time to time, she wrote stories for the delectation of herself and the other members of the family; but it was not until the end of the war, when the family found itself without a head and practically without fortune, that she conceived the idea of putting her talents to profitable account. Her placid announcement, "I shall write a novel," was greeted with amused scepticism by the other members of the family. The publication of 'Valerie Aylmer' in 1870 was the beginning of her literary career.

Christian Reid's career as a woman of letters falls quite naturally into three distinct divisions, revealing not so much a progressive

evolution in talent as the influential impress upon her art of certain events in her life. Those works which have been most effectively successful, or which evince the greatest refinement of art, stand out, not so much as the flowering of any distinctive artistic purpose progressively evolutional, but rather as distinct achievements noteworthy in themselves, quite aside from their relation to her other work. In choosing Christian Reid for a pen name, she was actuated by a desire to find a name which would be simple, and applicable to either man or woman. "Christian" is one of the forms of Christine, and "Reid" suggested itself as at once brief, good, and unpretentious.

The first period of Christian Reid's literary activities comprises the decade from 1869 to 1879. Most notable of the works of this period are the novels 'Morton House' (1871); 'A Daughter of Bohemia' (1874); and 'A Question of Honor' (1875); and the short travel-sketch, superficially cast in narrative form, 'The Land of the Sky' (1876). Her first novel, 'Valerie Aylmer,' achieved immediate success and enjoyed considerable sale, judged by the standards of that day. Needless to say it was faulty and immature, yet it possessed the inalienable charm of interest and exhibited the "continual slight novelty" which is the sign-manual of romance. Together with most of the other stories of this early period, it is chiefly of interest for its portrayal of then-prevailing standards of life and conduct at the South, as reflected through the temperament of a very impressionable, romantic, not to say sentimental young lady of distinguished birth and breeding.

Perhaps the most solid and substantial novel of this period—a work of which the author once told me she felt no cause to feel ashamed—is 'Morton House.' For clarity in character-delineation, sustaining interest of story, and strength of workmanship, 'Morton House' is probably not excelled by any of Christian Reid's other works.

In 'The Land of the Sky,' a slight travel-sketch describing a journey through the mountains of Western North Carolina, Christian Reid accomplished the most notable commemoration of a great section of this country ever published in North Carolina; and I question whether any work of so slight a character has ever been so influential in introducing a noble creation of God's handiwork to an unconscious world. 'The Land of the Sky' made the wonderful mountains of western North Carolina, the highest on this continent east of the Rockies, known throughout the entire United States, gave this beautiful "sapphire" country its unforgettable, aerial, name, and may be said, without exaggeration, to have pointed the way to Biltmore and Toxaway.

During the 'seventies, Christian Reid wrote a great many stories, both long and short; at this period, her facility in production seems to have lured her into work less carefully considered than that of any other stage of her career. The result of this incessant work was felt at last in both mental and physical exhaustion. The second period of her career as a novelist begins in 1879 when she made a journey to Europe, there to rest and strengthen her eyes in the mirrors of European art, life and thought. 'Heart of Steel,' the principal literary residuum of her studies in Paris and Rome, albeit absorbingly interesting, is conventional in plot, portraying individuals readily recognizable as stock characters of fiction; the one truly unconventional figure, the heroine, is rendered individual, less through temperament and natural endowment, than through the somewhat hysterical obsession by an *idée fixe*. 'Armine' is deserving of notice on account of a most interesting character, the bedridden physician, whose heroically endured death-in-life was so masterful an inspiration to all who knew him. A Dr. Goode, whom Mrs. Tiernan knew in Paris, was the model for this character; first in the Papal Zouaves and afterward, in 1870, joining the French Army, he was stricken with locomotor ataxia as the result of his wounds. As he lay on his couch overlooking the Bois de Boulogne, this beautiful character who was a master in medicine as well, was visited and consulted by the greatest medical specialists of Paris. With incredible fortitude, he triumphed over his disastrous bodily infirmities and with rare ability practised his profession from his couch of pain. 'Miss Churchill: a Study,' with an opening as arresting as James Lane Allen's 'The Mettle of the Pasture,' gave promise of a remarkable development; but, like Allen's book, its development and *dénouement* failed to satisfy the anticipations confidently aroused by the earlier chapters. From the standpoint of art, there is something of the unjustifiable in the "providential" intervention which robs the book of its essential significance and coherence. As a fictive study of temperament, the first two-thirds of the book merits sincere respect and admiration.

The third and last period of Christian Reid's activity, according to the division adopted, begins in 1887 with her marriage to Mr. James Marquis Tiernan and her sojourn in Mexico, where her husband had extensive mining interests. She lived in Mexico for something like a decade; and her later work evinces the remarkable fascination exercised over her by this land of sunshine and flowers. 'The Picture of Las Cruces,' the most notable story of this period, appeared originally as the leading feature of an issue of *Lippincott's Magazine* (53:147) and achieved the notable distinction of being translated into French and appearing in one of the most noted

Parisian journals, *L'Illustration*. After reading this beautiful story, the distinguished French critic, M. C. de Varigny, wrote to Christian Reid: "You have talent, imagination, a clever pen, and the gift of observation. You write soberly, clearly, and your personages move life-like in the mirror of your imagination. I do not doubt that you may conquer fame . . ." A second part, included in the book published in 1896, appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine* in 1895 under the title "The Lady of Las Cruces" (55:579); but this is less a natural sequel than a hazardous effort to crown the story with the usual "popular" ending. 'The Land of the Sun,' really the most careful and sustained work of this period, is an interesting and entrancing description of wonderful Mexico and is entitled to take its place alongside the best of modern works of similar scope descriptive of travel. Christian Reid's travels in beautiful, world-forgotten Santo Domingo furnished tangible results in 'The Man of the Family,' dealing with the French end, and 'The Chase of An Heiress,' dealing with the Spanish end of the island. The descriptions of Vaudoux worship, incredible though they appear, have ample attestation from eminent authorities as well as from recorded testimony in courts of law.*

After the death of her husband in 1898, Christian Reid wrote and published little, seeking solace and consolation in the religion she so devoutly professes. For a decade her sole literary work is represented by one novel, 'Weighed in the Balance,' and some short stories, among which may be mentioned, "A Woman of Fortune," "A Daughter of the Sierra," "Vera's Charge" and "Carmela," all distinctly religious in tone and appearing in Roman Catholic magazines.

The beginning of perhaps a fourth period is announced in 'Princess Nadine,' written originally as a play. The picture of the princess of some nameless European principality courted by an untitled but masterful American (South American!), calls to mind the long line of romances from 'The Prisoner of Zenda' and 'Princess Aline,' to 'Graustark' and 'The Puppet Crown;' but 'Princess Nadine' enjoys the advantage of priority, for it was completed before 'The Prisoner of Zenda' appeared. The story is fascinating in interest, the situations are constructed with faultless nicety, and the characters play at cross-purposes with a madness akin to method.

Christian Reid enjoys the distinction of being the most notable novelist North Carolina has ever produced, alike in the quality of her art and the extent of her achievement. Her most signal achievements in fiction have enjoyed the rare distinction of translation into French and Italian. It is no banal truism to say of her fiction

*Cf. 'Hayti, the Black Republic,' by Sir Spencer St. John. Also "Vandoux-Worship in Hayti," by Christian Reid, in the *Ave Maria* for September, 1896, pp. 389-393.

that it is preëminently lofty in tone and elevating in sentiment. Indeed, one may say without exaggeration that the characteristic notes of her fictive art are purity of purpose and a delicacy of sentiment which is the genuine flower of Southern civilization. If one concerned solely for art should find cause to cavil, it would doubtless be at a fictive contribution largely unrelieved by humor, in which religious propagandism often dominates the story to the detriment of its artistic integrity. Her art, at times, approximates rather nearer to French than to English models, in respect to form and style; and yet her models, for the most part, have been the master novelists of classic English fiction.

The author herself says: "I have never for a moment lost the sense of the responsibility of the written word, which has persisted in me from the outset of my career as a novelist. My purpose has always been to inculcate high standards of living, to influence none to do wrongly. I have tried never to write

'One line that dying
I would wish to blot.'"

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ON THE SUMMIT OF THE BLACK MOUNTAIN

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THEN the full glory of all that we have come to see bursts upon us. How can one write of it?—how give the faintest idea of the beauty that lies below us on this September day?—how describe the sublimated fairness of the day itself in the rarefied air of this high peak?

The view is so immense that one is forced to regard it in sections. Far to the north-east lies Virginia, from which the long waving line of the Blue Ridge comes, and passes directly under the Black, making a point of junction, near which it towers into the steep Pinnacle and stately Graybeard—so called from the white beard which it wears when a frozen cloud has iced its rhododendrons. From our greater eminence we overlook the Blue Ridge entirely, and see the country below spreading into azure distance, with white spots which resolve themselves through the glass into villages, and with mountains clearly defined. The Linville range—through which the Linville River forces its way in a gorge of wonderful grandeur—is in full view, with a misty cloud lying on the surface of Table Rock, while the peculiar form of the Hawk's Bill stands forth in marked relief. Beyond, blue and limitless as the ocean, the undulating plain of the more level country extends eastward until it melts into the sky.

As the glance leaves this view, and sweeping back over the Blue Ridge, follows the main ledge of the Black, one begins to appreciate the magnitude of this great mountain. For miles along its dark crest appear a succession of cone-like peaks, and as it sweeps around westwardly it divides into two great branches—one of which terminates in the dominating height on which we stand, while numerous spurs lead off from its base; the other stretches southward, forming the splendid chain of Craggy. At our feet lie the elevated counties of Yancey and Mitchell, their surface so uniformly mountainous that one wonders how men could have been daring enough to think of making their homes amid such wild scenes.

"The richest lands in the mountains are to be found in those counties," says Eric, when we remark something like this. "Look at the farms—they scarcely seem more than gardens from our point of view—dotted over the valleys and rolling table-lands, and even on the mountain-sides. Yet Burnsville, the county seat, is six hundred feet higher than Asheville."

Beyond these counties stretches the Unaka, running along the line of Tennessee, with the Roan Mountain, famous for its view over seven States, immediately in our front. Through the passes and rugged chasms of this range we look across the entire valley of East Tennessee to where the blue outlines of the Cumberland Mountains trend toward Kentucky, and we see the marked depression which Eric says is Cumberland Gap. Turning our gaze due westward, the view is, if possible, still more grand. There the colossal masses of the Great Smoky stand, draped in a mantle of clouds, while through Haywood and Transylvania, to the borders of South Carolina, rise the peaks of the Balsam Mountains, behind which are the Cullowhee and the Nantahala, with the Blue Ridge making a majestic curve toward the point where Georgia touches the Carolinas.

"To understand how much you see," says Eric, "for such a view is bewildering in its immensity, you must remember that this elevated country called Western North Carolina is two hundred and fifty miles long, with a breadth varying from thirty to sixty miles, and that you overlook all this—with much more besides."

"You are right—it is bewildering," says Sylvia, "and it is

folly to think of seeing such a view in one day or two days. We should remain here a week at least."

Then Eric rouses with a start to the consciousness that while the sun is sloping westward and the shadows are lengthening over all the marvelous scene, a supply of wood for the night has not been cut. "Come, Rupert," he says, "a little exercise will do you no harm. Charley, if we need recruits, I'll call you."

"Very good," says Charley, with resignation.

Deserted thus by our instructor, we cease to ask the names of the mountain ranges or towering peaks. It is enough to sit and watch the inexpressible beauty of the vast prospect as afternoon slowly wanes into evening. There is a sense of isolation, of solemnity and majesty in the scene which none of us are likely to forget. So high are we elevated above the world, that the pure vault of ether over our heads seems nearer to us than the blue rolling earth, with its wooded hills and smiling valleys below. No sound comes up to us, no voice of water or note of bird breaks the stillness. We are in the region of that eternal silence which wraps the summits of the "everlasting hills." A repose that is full of awe broods over this lofty peak, which still retains the last rays of the sinking sun, while over the lower world twilight has fallen.

Twilight is brief on the summit of the Black. A hundred miles or more away—behind the far peaks and passes of the Tennessee Mountains—the sun sinks in a bed of unimaginable glory and the last rim of his disk has scarcely disappeared before a soft mantle of darkness falls over us. Then we remember that there is a full moon, and we turn toward the east. Yes, she is coming! There is a glow along the horizon out of which a yellow shoulder presently appears, and before the crimson light has faded out of the distant west, the "silver sister world" has mounted into the blue depths of the eastern sky, and her light streams on the deep chasms and lofty peaks of the great mountain, with its plumage of firs.

We sit and watch this beauty deepen as dusk gives place to night. Over the immense expanse spread below—from Virginia to Georgia, from Tennessee to South Carolina—a white glamour lies, showing the dim outlines of countless mountains, the dark shadows of unnumbered valleys, and

deepening to silver mist where the remote landscape meets the arching sky. Around us this radiance has almost the brightness of day, so rarefied is the air, while the mica, which enters largely into the composition of all the rocks and even of the soil on the surface of the peak, sparkles in the light like precious stones. So brilliantly white is all around, so dark the firs sweeping downward below, so far-stretching and mysterious the immeasurably distant view, that words are hushed on our lips. We are thrilled by the greatness of the silent scene, by the solemnity of the glorious night. To be on this lonely mountain-top, uplifted so high above the world, fills us with a sense of exaltation and awe.

A GLIMPSE OF ZACATECAS

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The valley in which the city lies is a ravine between steeply ascending heights, up the sides of which the buildings have climbed in successive terraces, with a result very delightful to the eye, though probably not so admirable from a sanitary point of view. But notwithstanding the difficulties of the situation, the place has all the air of cleanliness that distinguishes Mexican cities. The prevailing tone of colour is a soft terra-cotta, derived from the reddish-brown stone of which it is chiefly built, that harmonises well with the deeper brown of the enclosing hills, the dazzling sapphire of the overarching sky, the richness of abounding sculpture, the jewel-like flash of highly-glazed tiles, and the brilliant touches of colour in the garb of the people who fill the streets that run up and down between houses built with Old World solidity, on that ancient model brought by the Moors into the Iberian peninsula so long ago, and thence borne across the western seas to the land of New Spain.

The tramway carried the strangers rapidly into the heart of this quaint and charming city. After a brief visit to a hotel, where rooms were engaged, and where the cloistral arches surrounding its court seemed full of the memory of the banished nuns whose home was here for long years of peace

and usefulness, they set forth to wander at will through the streets and market-places, where every new vista opened a new combination of novel forms and glowing tints. All the sights and sounds they encountered were familiar to Russell, but it seemed to intensify his pleasure in returning to the land that had long ago fascinated him, to witness the pleasure of these friends of his in its abounding picturesqueness. The whole effect was to them novel, brilliant, semi-Oriental in the extreme—thick-walled, flat-roofed houses, with their grated windows, their portals giving glimpses of sunny courts within, gay with flowers and green with trees, the narrow streets, where on raised pavements, before small, dark shops, cobblers and tailors sat at work and gossipped the while with their friends, who lounged around in attitudes of unstudied grace, suggestive of unlimited leisure; the richly-carved façades of great churches, standing on platforms cut from the mountain-side, with noble towers rising against the sky, and sunlight shining on the tiled surface of their domes. Amid all these scenes, recalling a hundred memories of other lands, yet possessing a distinct and peculiar character of their own, the party passed with fresh delight at every step. Everywhere was the stately architecture in which the grace of the Orient mingles with the massive strength of the Gothic, as if the Crusader had clasped hands with the Arabian; everywhere the bright, delicate frescoes which Mexican painters produce with their pure, indestructible pigments, and everywhere the graceful forms and gentle faces of the people, filling streets, shops and markets.

It was in the central plaza, where radiates and to which converges all the life of a Spanish city, that the most striking aspects of this life met and mingled. Throngs of people were here passing to and fro, the dashes of scarlet, dusky purples and soft blues, that formed parts of their attire, brightened by the flash of silver as some gentlemen in full Mexican costume strode by, or cavaliers on small fiery horses, their bridles and saddles lavishly decorated with the precious metal, rode through the crowd. Ladies shrouded in black, with prayer-books and pearly rosaries in their hands, passed on their way to or from church; while around a fountain with a low, encircling wall numbers of women were filling great red earthen water-jars, coming and going in frieze-like procession, their

rebozos draped in perfect folds about their heads and shoulders while one bare, uplifted arm held the urn-like vessel in its place with the poise of a Greek statue. Strings of patient donkeys went by laden with sacks of ore or charcoal, displaying a nonchalant disregard for everything and everybody in their way, and venders of fruit sat on squares of matting upon the sidewalk, surrounded by all the products of the tropics.

The whole scene formed a picture full of animated movement and human interest, with rich architectural vistas opening on every side, massive buildings with great stone pillars and cool arcades, a glimpse of the spacious, brightly frescoed court of the governor's palace, and the superb mass of the cathedral towers thrust against a heaven that burned with the blue intensity of a jewel.

"You are right, Mr. Russell," said Dorothea. "It does seem incredible that we are on the same side of the ocean as our pasteboard houses, our cities with so little trace or monument of the past, our country where everything looks as if it had come yesterday, and would be gone to-morrow. Compare those scenes with these buildings formed to endure for centuries, this wealth of sculpture, this artistic grace of form and colour! Why has nobody ever told us that while we were crossing sea and land and compassing the earth in search of the picturesque, it lay here in such perfection at our doors?"

"A few persons have told us so, I think," remarked Travers, "and it is our own fault, no doubt, if we have paid no attention to them."

"The immense predominance of the native type surprises me," said the general. "From the books that I have read on Mexico I have been led to believe that although the natives of the country remained, it was entirely in a subject position—as peons or virtual serfs—but I see little difference between the upper and lower classes, as far as type goes. They evidently belong to the same race."

"They do, with comparatively few exceptions," said Russell. "The proportion of pure Spanish blood in Mexico is very small. Spain civilised and ruled the countries she discovered—she did not repopulate them. Hence when the rulers withdrew, the natives remained in possession. There would not be one of these dark faces to be seen had the conquerors of Mexico

belonged to the same race as the settlers of North America. Yet the descendants of those who robbed utterly and exterminated entirely our native races, hold up their hands in pious horror at the conduct of the Spaniards, who have left Mexico possessed by Mexicans."

"I also find," said the general, "that I had very little idea of the work which Spain did here. If she filled her treasury with the riches of Mexico, she certainly spent a vast amount of those riches in the country. And her work is so well done —so splendid and so enduring—that it shames the work of other civilisers and settlers."

"The material side of the work is indeed magnificent," said Russell. "The public buildings, churches, aqueducts, roads and bridges—all of these, as you remark, shame our work of the present day, but that is trifling compared to the greater work of civilising and Christianising this people. Think of it for a moment! Here is one part of America possessed by a native race, lifted to a higher plane of civilisation than was ever before attained by any race of men in the same length of time. Putting aside the romantic fictions of Aztec civilisation, we know that in reality Spain found these people savages, practising the very worst and most cruel idolatry; and she has left them civilised, intelligent and Christian to the core, let their calumniators and detractors say what they will to the contrary."

Here Miss Graham yawned in a manner expressive of a mental weariness calculated to touch the hardest heart. Standing a tall, graceful figure in her perfectly-fitting tailor-made gown, she had beguiled the interval of the above conversation in observing with a critical eye the black-clad, mantilla-draped ladies passing by, and she now communicated the result of her observations to Dorothea. "One thing at least is certain," she said; "style has not yet penetrated into Mexico."

Russell hearing the remark, laughed. "Suspend judgment on that point, Miss Graham, until we reach the city of Mexico," he said. "You will fancy yourself among the modes of Paris then."

"Let us thank Heaven," said Dorothea impatiently, "that there are a few corners of the earth left where the modes of Paris and the cult of Redfern have not penetrated. My dear Violet, I know that I am blaspheming all your gods—but really

to talk style in the face of such scenes as these is too much!"

Miss Graham, looking slightly offended, replied that she had not been aware that style was a subject which could be out of place in any sense. "I shall get one or two of these mantillas of Spanish lace before I leave the country," she added meditatively. "They will come in well for drapery, or for fancy balls."

"You have not yet seen the west front of the cathedral," said Russell, addressing the party a little hastily—for he feared that the smile on Travers' lip would irritate Dorothea into retort; and for the same reason, probably, he went on talking as they turned away in the direction indicated. "These great Mexican churches," he said, "all belong architecturally to the order of the Spanish Renaissance, which, with its noble harmony of outline and florid magnificence of detail, has always seemed to me specially appropriate to this wonderful land of New Spain in the days of its fabulous wealth."

"That is certainly a magnificent façade!" said the general, as they paused before the vast front of the cathedral, the entire central portion of which is a mass of elaborate sculpture, with life-size statues of our Lord and the Apostles set in niches between richly decorated columns, and the ornate yet harmonious splendour of the whole, broken by cornices into three stately stories. The sides of the façade are plain, admirably cut stone, crowned by the noble towers, one (apparently unfinished but most effective) consisting of a single story, a square mass of the richest imaginable carving, the other rising with exquisite proportions into a second story, and equally rich in decoration, while at the farther end of the edifice the great tile-encrusted Byzantine dome lifts itself, with an incomparable effect of lightness and grace, above the massive walls and flat roof.

As they passed from the dazzling sunshine of the outer world into the soft gloom of the church, they were met by a fragrance of incense lingering still in the peaceful interior. The spacious open nave spread before them in fine perspective, its floor inlaid in Moorish pattern with the beautiful hard woods of Mexico, and polished by the knees of many generations of worshippers, the richly decorated roof sprang upward in splendid arch, and the frescoed dome soared above the high

altar throned on its steps of coloured marble. Altars rich with gold lined the walls on each side; through the high windows rays of misty sunlight fell on statues in robes stiff with ancient embroidery, on dim old paintings, and candlesticks which looked as if they might have been brought from the temple of Jerusalem, as they stood holding tapers of wax as thick as a man's arm. It was all, in its faded sumptuousness, its noble space and solemn calm, like a poem full of pathos, yet of triumph too. For, though despoiled of its magnificence, with the princely gifts that once adorned it taken away by the robbers in high places with whom Mexico has been so abundantly cursed, the charm of the old sanctuary still remains, and must ever remain, as long as its sculptured façade uplifts the symbol of redemption over the spot where the holy Franciscans planted it three hundred and fifty years ago.

Perhaps only in Spain can any other churches be found so absolutely delightful to the artistic sense as those of Mexico. Constructed with the massive solidity, the enduring strength of ages when men built not pretentious shams to last for a day, but temples in which generations might worship God for centuries, they are in every detail marvels of picturesqueness. Great gates of ancient metal-work guard chapels where the glance can scarcely pierce the twilight obscurity to distinguish the details of time-touched splendors within, pictures with the rich tones of the old Spanish painters look down from dusky corners; delicate arabesque carving delights the eye; wrought silver and carved onyx abound. And the people—ah, the people! Through the great open doorways they come and go, as little children to their mother's side to offer a caress or whisper a petition. At no hour can one enter the humblest chapel or the stateliest cathedral without witnessing a piety so unobstrusive, so unconscious, and so sincere, that it cannot fail to touch and edify any one capable of receiving edification. Female figures, with their drapery drawn in graceful folds over their heads and around their shoulders, kneel before the different shrines absorbed in silent prayer; or a group may be seen together reciting the rosary or a litany in audible tones; children clasp their slender brown hands in devotional entreaty, or sit on the floor beside their mothers and gaze with dark, solemn eyes at scenes familiar as those of their own home.

Men of all ages and classes, come in, kneel on the pavement, pray with fervour, sometimes with arms extended in the attitude of crucifixion, then cross themselves in the devout Spanish fashion, and pass out again to the world of business or pleasure. From the stately hidalgo to the sandalled peasant who puts his basket down beside him as he kneels, all show the same devotion, the same reverence for the sacred place and the sacred presence it enshrines.

All of this the strangers found in the old cathedral of Zacatecas. Its Rembrandt-like shadows, its lofty domes and incense-laden atmosphere, seemed fit surroundings for the dark, gentle people who came and went, gliding noiselessly over the parquetry floor or kneeling motionless as statues around some carved confessional, within which sat a priest, tonsured head bent, and delicate ascetic face outlined, like a pictured saint of the Spanish or Italian school. They found a courteous sacristan who led them into the spacious sacristies, the chapter-room, and other parts of that mass of buildings, of vast vaulted chambers, long stone passages, courts and corridors, which are comprised within the walls of a Mexican cathedral. In the dusky spaces of the great rooms were objects to set an antiquarian wild with covetous desire. Dark old chests revealed treasures of ecclesiastical embroidery, pictures of dead and gone prelates looked down from the walls, crucifixes gleamed with ivory whiteness out of dim recesses; in the baptistery they saw where the splendid font of silver valued at a hundred thousand dollars had once stood, and everywhere the picturesque delighted their eyes. It was like a dream when emerging from these precincts, as full of the spell of the Middle Ages as if their massive walls, their cloisters and archways had stood for ten instead of three centuries, they found themselves again in the midst of the vivid life of the plaza, its shifting colours and moving throngs.

IN THE GARDEN OF SANTA SILVIA

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By the first of March there is an atmosphere of spring in Rome. The air may still be sharp in the high, narrow streets, and cold, with a chill which strikes to the heart, in the great galleries and marble churches, but in the gardens of the villas violets are blooming everywhere, and the sunshine lies warm and bright over the wide expanse of the Campagna, where wild flowers are springing in profusion, and the long undulations like giant billows, are growing green. The beautiful outlines of the Alban and the Sabine Hills wear the softest tints of azure, and away beyond Soracte the snow-clad peaks of the higher Apennines rise against a sky of tender blue. Even over the time-worn face of the city which has witnessed such myriads of springs, a smile seems to break. The characteristic Roman life flows out rejoicing into the piazzas, women group around the fountains, children laugh in the sunshine, people lean from balconies or gossip in door-ways, soft-eyed girls are offering fragrant bunches of violets at every corner—spring has come with a tide of joyous movement, a great thrill of awakening life.

There are some people to whom the changes of season are fraught with influences almost as deep as those to which Nature responds with bud and leaf. The breath of spring stirs the current of their being, as it stirs the sap of trees, the dormant roots of flowers and grass. There is a poem in the sunshine, a something too subtle and sweet for utterance in the delicate clouds of blossom, the sparkling mist of distant hills. And if there is scarcely a spot of earth where this influence may not be felt, what is it in Rome, where all influences meet and centre?

Irene could hardly have told perhaps, but she felt all that it meant. With the opening season she began for the first time to rally from the long depression of poignant grief. The weight of sadness seemed in a measure lifted from her. It does not follow that people forget because they cease to mourn "as one refusing to be comforted." Remembrance may live

under smiles as well as under tears. Indeed, the truest, the sweetest, the deepest hearts are those which remember in this way—which with a cheerful spirit go to meet all fair and pleasant gifts of God, yet carry in sunshine or in shadow the tender memory of some buried past. So it was that after long and passionate sorrow, a realization of better wisdom was borne to Irene in the sweetness of the Roman spring. Would it have been so elsewhere? It is doubtful. In this Eternal City all things speak of eternity to the thinking mind, the feeling soul; the solemn glory of the churches, with their tombs and shrines of imperishable memories, the earth which has been soaked with the blood of martyrs, the stones which have known the footsteps of unnumbered saints, the tranquil spaces of convent gardens, the beauty of cloisters where holiness and learning have made their home for centuries, all the mighty past which in Rome cannot be put aside, that confronts one at every turn—these things told slowly but surely upon her, as Mrs. Falconer had hoped that they might.

It was certainly a different-looking girl from the one who left Paris, who stood on a sunny afternoon in the garden of Santa Silvia on the Cœlian Hill, and gazed over the scene before her. She had just emerged with her companion from the church of San Gregorio, and uttered a soft cry of surprise and pleasure, when the Cistercian monk opened a side-door, and the view burst on her, together with the soft glowing outer air. She had hardly realized before how closely grouped around the spot are the most famous monuments of ancient Rome. In front rose the Palatine, crowned with those sombre masses of ruin, shaded by dark groups of cypress, which are all that remains of the palace of the Cæsars—a picture which no familiarity can ever make less impressive. Desolate beyond all expression, solemn and deserted, like a spot accursed, it stands—this hill round which Romulus traced the mystic circle of his city with the yoked heifer and bull, from which went forth the force to subdue and rule the world, and where the long line of emperors rivalled each other in crime and cruelty, and unimaginable excesses. Yonder are the broken arches of the great amphitheatre where, for their pleasure, the Martyrs of Christ died by fire, and sword, and wild beasts. There are the cyclopean walls of the Baths of Caracalla, with their

testimony to the luxury of the imperial and pagan city—the luxury which sapped the foundations of Roman strength and valour. And here—O contrast only possible in Rome!—in the church of St. Gregory, is the cell of the monk who, called forth from that cell to rule the Church of God, "gave the last blow to the power of the Cæsars, and first set his foot as sovereign on the cradle and capital of their greatness"—the majestic Pontiff whose figure seems near to us as we look across at the Palatine Hill, yet who on this spot gave his parting blessing to St. Augustine and the monks who went with him as missionaries to carry the light of faith to England, and of whom Montalembert has well written, "*C'est lui qui inaugure le moyen âge, la société moderne et la civilisation chrétienne.*"

"Truly Rome is an awful place—the weight of its memories is enough to crush one!" thought the girl, as she stood with clasped hands, trying to picture all the innumerable scenes of history that had been enacted on the space of earth that lay beneath her gaze. That quiet road, coming from the Via Appia and leading toward the Forum, what is it but the Via Triumphalis, along which the victorious generals passed with their legions and captives and the conquered wealth of tribute nations, in the gorgeous spectacle of a Roman triumph to the temple of Jupiter on the Capitoline Hill? Along that way St. Paul was led, "having appealed to Cæsar," to the quarters of the prætorian guard and the judgment-seat of Nero. Along there St. Peter fled, to meet on the Appian way the well-known figure of his Lord, to cry, "*Domine, quo vadis?*" and to be sent back by the answer to suffer, head downward, on the height of Janiculum. And that defaced arch, is it not the Arch of Constantine, erected in memory of the victory, won under the sign of the Cross, which ended the long persecution of three hundred years, and brought the Church forth from the Catacombs to conquer the world?

There was a dazzled expression in the girl's eyes when she slowly turned at last. It was caused less by the sunshine than by the visions that had risen before her. How tranquil this small space, partially enclosed by soft-toned church and convent-walls, looked! Violets were blooming in profusion along all the borders; the monk in his picturesque habit was stooping

to gather some, while Mrs. Vance stood by, talking to him in broken Italian. "Si, signora," he was saying. Irene was touched by his gentle, worn face, his dark, kind eyes. When he divided the flowers and offered her half, she thanked him with a smile.

"One feels as if they ought to be sweeter here than elsewhere," she said. "Thirteen hundred years ago St. Gregory must often have walked where we are walking now. Has he regretted the peace that he left here! It seems to be here yet," said she, looking around.

REGRET

If I had known, O loyal heart,
When hand to hand, we said farewell,
How for all time our paths would part,
What shadow o'er our friendship fell,
I should have clasped your hand so close
In the warm pressure of my own,
That memory still would keep its grasp,
If I had known.

If I had known, when far and wide,
We loitered through the summer land,
What Presence wandered by our side,
And o'er you stretched its awful hand,
I should have hushed my careless speech,
To listen well to every tone
That from your lips fell low and sweet,
If I had known.

If I had known, when your kind eyes
Met mine in parting, true and sad—
Eyes gravely tender, gently wise,
And earnest rather more than glad—
How soon the lids would lie above,
As cold and white as sculptured stone,
I should have treasured every glance,
If I had known.

If I had known how from the strife
Of fears, hopes, passions here below,
Unto a purer, higher life,
That you were called, O friend, to go,
I should have stayed all foolish tears,
And hushed each idle sigh and moan,
To bid you a last, long God-speed,
If I had known.

If I had known to what strange place,
What mystic, distant, silent shore,
You calmly turned your steadfast face
What time your footsteps left my door,
I should have forged a golden link
To bind the heart so constant grown,
And kept it constant even there,
If I had known.

If I had known that until Death
Shall with his fingers touch my brow,
And still the quickening of the breath
That stirs with life's full meaning now,
So long my feet must tread the way
Of our accustomed paths alone,
I should have prized your presence more,
If I had known

If I had known how soon for you
Drew near the ending of the fight,
And on your vision, fair and new,
Eternal peace dawned into sight,
I should have begged, as love's last gift,
That you before God's great white throne
Would pray for your poor friend on earth,
If I had known.

HENRY TIMROD

[1829--1867]

R. E. BLACKWELL

HENRY TIMROD was born in Charleston, South Carolina, December 8, 1829, and died of consumption in Columbia, South Carolina, October 6, 1867, the last of his name in America. When told that he could not recover, he exclaimed: "And this is to be the end of all—so soon, so soon!—and I have achieved so little. I thought to have done so much." "Timrod," says Hamilton W. Mabie, "is one of the most attractive figures and most pathetic in the brief history of our literature—one of the truest lyric poets that has yet appeared in this country, the most characteristic Southern poet." He left a small volume of verses, of between four thousand and five thousand lines, chiefly lyrics of love, nature, and war. Timrod's grandfather, Henry Timrod, the founder of the family in America, was of German birth. Before the American Revolution, he had established himself in Charleston, as one of its prominent citizens. He volunteered for the war, and his name stands first on the roll of the German Fusiliers. He married a Miss Graham, an accomplished woman from the north of Ireland. Their son, William Henry Timrod, served in the Seminole War, as captain of the German Fusiliers, and died from the effects of disease contracted in that war. He left his family in straitened circumstances. Thus the poet was early made acquainted with the effects of war—poverty, disease, and death.

Henry Timrod had a rich spiritual inheritance from his parents. His father possessed a strong character and a vigorous and versatile intellect; he was the editor of a literary periodical in Charleston and the author of a volume of verse. His mother, a Miss Prince, of Charleston, whose mother was of Swiss origin, was a woman of remarkable beauty and of great goodness and purity of character, with a poet's sensitiveness to all the beauties of nature.

Timrod had among his school-fellows in Charleston the great Greek scholar, Basil L. Gildersleeve, and the poet, Paul H. Hayne, who was to be his lifelong friend and the guardian of his name and reputation. "I well remember," says Hayne, "the exultation with which he showed me one morning his earliest consecutive attempt at

verse-making. . . .Our 'down East' schoolmaster, however . . . could boast of no turn for sentiment, and having remarked us hob-nobbing meanly assaulted us in the rear, effectually quenching, for the time, all æsthetic enthusiasm." It was to Hayne that Timrod sent from his deathbed his last poem, "Tell me what you think of it, be sure."

As a boy, Timrod is described as "modest and diffident, with a nervous utterance"; "full of quick impulse, and with an eager ambition, insatiable in his thirst for books, yet mingling freely in all sports, and rejoicing unspeakably in the weekly holiday and its long rambles through wood and field." "He delighted in every sort of rough outdoor sport, in leaping, running, wrestling, swimming, and even in fighting."

His college education was received at the University of Georgia, but owing to illness and to the lack of means he was not graduated. But he carried away from college a wide experience in reading. Of the classics, his favorites were Vergil, Horace, and Catullus. Of Catullus he made a poetic translation, and, as his own verses show, he certainly caught some of the charm of that author. But it was with English song that he chiefly fed his muse—with Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Burns, Wordsworth, and Tennyson. To Wordsworth, we are told, he looked up as his poetical guide and exemplar; he caught Wordsworth's spirit of simplicity and truth and shows his influence both in his style and in his attitude toward nature. Some of his early poems are marred by a too evident suggestion of Tennyson's influence; but he wrought out a style peculiarly his own, and in his treatment of nature he is often truly original, and is nowhere a mere imitator.

While at college he spent a large part of his leisure time in composing love-songs, some of which were published in the Charleston *Evening News,* and one of which, to his great gratification, was set to music.

On leaving college, he returned to Charleston, and, like so many other Southerners with literary aspirations, entered upon the study of law. He was taken into the office of the distinguished jurist, the Honorable J. L. Petigru. But to a man of Timrod's unworldly, poetic temperament, "slow of speech and effeminate in his gentleness," who "shrank from noisy debate and the wordy clash of argument as from a blow," success in the law was an impossibility. After some failure to execute a commission, Mr. Petigru said to him, frankly, "Why, Harry, you are a fool!" "I would have been a fool," said Timrod, "to Mr. Petigru to the end of my days, even had I revealed in after-life the genius of a Milton or a Shakespeare."

Failing at the law, he sought a professorship in some college, but

as no situation was available he became a private tutor in several Carolina families, and continued in this work for ten years. Whenever opportunity offered, he returned to Charleston, where he was one of a literary coterie, over which William Gilmore Simms presided. Among his friends were Judge George S. Bryan, Dr. J. Dickson Bruns and Paul H. Hayne. These literary friends started *Russell's Magazine,* with Hayne as editor, and to it Timrod contributed some of his best pieces, as "Præceptor Amat," a charming poem; "The Arctic Voyager," and "A Rhapsody of a Southern Winter's Night." From 1848 to 1853 he was a contributor to the *Southern Literary Messenger,* under the pen-name of Agläus. "The Past," a poem which received the hearty admiration of the poet Longfellow, was contributed to the *Messenger.*

In 1859-60 a volume of his poetry was published by Ticknor and Fields, of Boston. It contained, besides thirteen sonnets, thirty poems, many of them his most characteristic love and nature poems. Twelve out of his fifteen "well-nigh perfect sonnets," as Henry Austin calls them, appear in this early volume. Here, too, is "A Vision of Poesy," his longest and most ambitious poem, tracing the growth and development of a poetic soul, and giving his conception of the mission of genius on earth as being "to uplift, purify, and confirm, by his own gracious gift, the world." His passionate love of nature and his interpretative treatment of it is shown in such poems as "The Sonnet," "At Last, Beloved, I Have Met," and in "The Summer Bower." And could there be any more charmingly sweet and delicate love poem, with its dainty playfulness, than "The Lily Confidante"? Hayne is amply justified in saying, "A fitter first volume of the kind has seldom appeared anywhere." But 1860 was not an auspicious time for a volume of poetry on love and nature, though Hayne tells us that it was welcomed by a few Southern editors. The New York *Tribune,* too, spoke favorably of the work, with moderation, but with real discernment:

"These poems are worthy of a wide audience. They form a welcome offering to the common literature of our country. The author, whose name promises to be better known from this specimen of his powers, betrays a genuine poetic instinct in the selection of his themes, and has treated them with a lively, delicate fancy and graceful beauty of expression."

This is surely high and well-merited praise. But these qualities, and even more and greater ones than might have been truthfully attributed to Timrod's poetry, would not have been sufficient to make the poet's voice heard above the coming tempest of war.

When the storm finally broke, Timrod helped to arouse the war spirit among his fellow countrymen by his martial poems. "Ethno-

genesis" was written during the meeting of the first Southern Congress at Montgomery, and part of it was read before that body. It expresses the high hopes of the Southerners at the time, and on that account will live as a part of the history of the times. It is, to use Hamilton W. Mabie's phrase, "the prelude, as Lowell's 'Commemoration Ode' is the epilogue, to the Civil War." Henry Austin speaks of it as perhaps the greatest of Timrod's poems, and predicts that it will rank in English literature next to Dryden's "Alexander's Feast." "A Cry to Arms," "Charleston," "Carmen Triumphale," "Christmas," "Ripley," "Carolina," and "The Cotton-Boll," all belong to this time. In these he spoke for his people, and reached their hearts. To give him a wider audience, it was proposed by some of his friends to have an edition of his poems issued in England, and illustrations by an English artist had been promised for the work. But this plan failed, as might have been expected. "An unspeakable disappointment," Timrod writes, "but I try to bear my lot—the lot of every impecunious poet." After the war the plan was again revived, and he was editing his poems when death came to dash his hopes.

But Timrod did not confine himself to writing war poems. He went to the front, and when the physicians sent him back he tried being a war correspondent. But this also was too much for his constitution, which had already been undermined by the disease which was finally fatal. He then returned home, and on January 12, 1864, he became the associate editor of the Columbia *South Carolinian*. On February sixteenth of that year he married the "Katie" of his love-poems, Miss Kate Goodwin, an English lady, whose brother had married Timrod's sister. A short year of happiness was vouchsafed to him. A son, the subject of "A Mother's Wail," and "Our Willie," was born Christmas Eve, 1864. On February 17, 1865, a year and a day after his marriage Sherman destroyed Columbia. Then all the waters of affliction swept over him and his people. Thenceforth he was to see nothing but sorrow and disappointment. In October of that year his son died. "Beggary, starvation, death, bitter grief, utter want of hope," is his summing up of the story of his life for that year. Is it surprising that though he lived more than two years after the war he wrote only three or four poems? "A great poet," he had written in *Russell's Magazine* the year before, "has defined poetry to be 'emotion recollected in tranquillity.' No man with grief in his heart could sit straightway down to strain that grief through iambics." There was no tranquillity for Timrod in his last years, and grief was always in his heart. In March, 1866, he writes to Hayne: "Both my sister and myself are completely impoverished. We have lived for a long period, and are still living, on the proceeds of the gradual sale of furniture and plate. We have—let me see—

Yes, we have eaten two silver pitchers, one or two dozen silver forks, several sofas, innumerable chairs, and a huge bedstead.

"Until December I had no employment. Mr. ——— passed through Columbia in November . . . informed me that he was going to reëstablish his paper in Charleston, and promised that I should have my old interest in it . . . offering a salary of fifteen dollars a week for daily editorials. I have now hacked on for four months, and have as yet failed to receive a single month's pay. The plain truth is, Mr. ——— can't pay. . . .

"As for supporting myself and a large family—wife, mother, sister and nieces—by literary work, 'tis utterly preposterous. . . . I forwarded some poems in my best style to certain Northern periodicals, and in every instance they were coldly declined. . . . To confess the truth, my dear P., I not only feel that I can write no more verses, but I am perfectly indifferent to the fate of what I have already composed. I would consign every line of it to eternal oblivion for one hundred dollars in hand!"

In October of the same year William Gilmore Simms writes to Hayne: "Poor Timrod is swallowed up in disaster. He now contemplates separation from his wife, that she may go forth as a governess, and he as a tutor, in private famlies." The pity of it all was that his friends were almost as much impoverished by the war as he, and could not come to his assistance. About this time, Mr. Richardson, a Northern publisher, invited him to be his guest in New York, and had he been able to accept it he would have doubtless made friends among literary men who could have helped him; but poverty prevented his accepting the invitation. But all that his friend Hayne could do was to invite him to visit him in his "crazy wooden shanty" in the Georgia pines near Augusta, where he himself was struggling against misfortune and barely eking out a subsistence. Urged by his physician, Timrod paid Hayne a visit in April, where, in the delightful companionship of his friend, and in sweet communion with nature, his health seemed improved, and his spirits were somewhat revived. He paid a second visit in August. On his return home, he had in September a severe hemorrhage of the lungs. From this time, the disease moved swiftly in its destructive course. In a few short weeks he was on his deathbed, but to the last he was the poet and the painstaking artist, correcting his poems for the press; and when he died he left his manuscript stained with his life's blood. Often during his sickness, he would fold his arms and quote lines from his favorite hymn: "Jesus, lover of my soul." The last Sunday morning before his death, the sacrament was administered to him. As his last moments drew near he said: "And this is death. The struggle has come at last. It appears like two

tides—two tides advancing and retreating. . . . Now the power of death recedes, but wait, it will advance again, triumphant." He quoted Milton's "Death Rides Triumphant." "Do you remember," he asked, "that little poem of mine:

> " 'Somewhere on this earthly planet,
> In the dust of flowers to be,
> In the dew-drop and the sunshine,
> Sleeps a solemn hour for me?' "

In one of his last agonizing struggles his sister said to him: "You will soon be at rest now." "Yes, my sister, but love is sweeter than rest."

An unquenchable thirst consumed him, and he recalled a passage in Shakespeare's "King John":

> "And none of you will let the winter come
> To thrust his icy fingers in my maw?"

The last spoonful of water his wife gave him he could not swallow. "Never mind," he said, "I shall soon drink at the river of eternal life." In a few minutes, as the day was "purpling in the zenith," at the hour he had predicted, the watchers whispered, "He is gone."

On October 7, 1867, he was buried in the cemetery of Trinity Church, Columbia. Years afterward a small shaft was erected over his grave, and on October 7, 1901, a boulder of gray granite was placed on it by the Timrod Memorial Association which has done so much for his memory.

For years after Timrod's death, he was little known, even among Southern people. The edition of 1859-'60 had fallen, still-born, from the press, and only a few of his songs could be found in the books of war poetry. In 1872-'73, his friend, Paul H. Hayne, even before he issued an edition of his own poems, edited an edition of Timrod's, which was published by E. J. Hale and Son, of New York. This, to the surprise of the publishers, was quickly sold, and a new and revised edition was issued in 1873, which, in its turn, was soon exhausted. The Hayne edition contained the thirty-four poems and the twelve sonnets of the edition of 1859-'60, besides the ten war poems: "Spring," "The Cotton-Boll," "Serenade," "Dedication," "Katie," "Why Silent?" "Two Portraits," "La Belle Juive," "An Exotic," "The Rosebuds," "A Mother's Wail," "Our Willie," "Address at the Opening of the Richmond Theatre," "A Summer Shower," "1866—Address to the Old Year," "Hymn sung at a Sacred Concert," "Lines to R. L.," "Storm and Calm," and Sonnets III and IX. We learn from Hayne's introduction to the second edition that he rejected fourteen poems of those we have, when preparing his works for the press in 1862.

Hayne wrote for this edition a very full and sympathetic Memoir of sixty-two pages, in which he gives specimens of Timrod's criticism on poetry, especially the sonnet, and several of his editorials.

In 1864 "Katie" was brought out in an illustrated edition by Hale and Son, New York. When all these editions were exhausted the Timrod Memorial Association undertook to issue the Memorial Edition to Timrod, which appeared in 1899. It is now published by B. F. Johnson Company, Richmond, Virginia. This has an unsigned introduction of thirty-two pages, with a portrait of Timrod "reproduced from the oil portrait in the Honorable William A. Courtney's library, Innisfallen, South Carolina." This edition claims to contain the poems of all the former editions, and also some earlier poems not hitherto published. There are, however, three pieces in the edition of 1860 that are not found in it: "Song, When I Bade Thee Adieu" (six stanzas), "Florabell, I Know Thee Well" (five double stanzas), and a sonnet, "Fate, Seek Me Out Some Lake Far Off and Lone"; and two of the poems given as "Now first collected," "Dedication to Fairy," and the sonnet, "If I Have Graced No Single Song of Mine," were also in the edition of 1860. On the appearance of the Memorial Edition, a Timrod revival followed, which helped to give the poet an assured place with the lovers of poetry in our country.

Timrod is not one of the greater gods of song. Neither his range nor the body of his work would justify us in classing him among the great poets; but, by the verdict of his fellow poets and of the critics, he takes rank among the genuine lyrical poets of America. "I was," says Whittier, "one of the very first to recognize the rare gift of the Carolina poet, Timrod"; and he wrote to Hayne, warmly praising Timrod's poems. Longfellow made the prediction: "The day will surely come when his poems will have a place in every home of culture in our country." L. Frank Tooker says of him: "He was a true poet, and worthy to stand in the narrow space that belongs to our best." Hamilton W. Mabie speaks of him as "one of the truest lyric poets that have yet appeared in this country." "America," says Professor Stockton Axson, of Princeton, "has produced no poet with a truer feeling for the outward beauty and inner mystery of the natural world", and again: "His love poetry was never on stilts, but is simple, sincere, and grandly spontaneous. This spontaneity is under the restraint of a well considered art." In the estimation of Henry Austin: "He is the most masterly Southern poet our civilization has produced. . . . In his war poetry there is a fervor and fire lacking in Tennyson. . . . Read it," he says, in speaking of "Carolina," "and say whether anything in English or Greek battle-poetry surpasses this in fervor and in form."

These are but a few of many equally favorable criticisms. If,

therefore, a poet's position in literature is defined by authority, it seems that Timrod has an assured place in the roll of our American singers. A reading of his poems by any lover of poetry will confirm this verdict.

Timrod's style is a reflection of the man. It is simple, refined, elevated, yet restrained. It adapts itself with perfect naturalness to his highest themes. There is never the feeling of straining to produce an effect. He was a master of the phrase and the line. His sonnets—a form of verse that most severely tests the skill of a poet—are among the very finest in our American literature, and at least one of his poems, the "Ode for Decoration Day in Magnolia Cemetery," is, by common consent of critics, well-nigh faultless. He possessed an archness and gay sportiveness of fancy and humor, and a genuine imagination, though not of wide range. His philosophy of life was thoroughly wholesome and sound. In spite of his sorrows and afflictions, there is no morbid note in all his poetry. In the pathetic wail over his dead son, there is no cursing of God.

But the reader should not judge Timrod by a few poems, especially by his war songs, but by the whole body of his work. For, though such poems as "Carolina" and "Charleston" deserve the high praise that has been bestowed upon them, Timrod's genius was for love and nature. Even in most of his martial poems, his heart pants for peace; and in "Spring," which is one of his most characteristic pieces, and in "The Cotton-Boll"—in which, as Hamilton Mabie says, "in depth of thought, in comprehensiveness of imagination, and in beauty of style, Timrod touched his high-water mark"—even in these poems the war-notes are the least pleasing, and do not add to their imaginative beauty and charm.

When contemplating his rich endowments, his artistic skill, and his acknowledged successes, who does not echo his cry at the approach of death, "So soon, so soon!" If fate had only been less cruel to him, and he could have lived to sing out his song, or if he could only have had some of the wine of praises and triumph, what might he not have accomplished for American letters?

In personal appearance, Timrod, as described by his friend, Dr. Bruns, was below medium height, slightly built, but with unusual breadth of shoulders, rather stooping in gait, quick and nervous in his movements. The jaw was square, almost stern, the mouth large, the lips exquisitely sensitive, the eyes gray and "deeply set under massive brows, and full of a pleading tenderness and melancholy, which attracted attention to his face at once as the face of one who had thought and suffered much."

R. C. Blackwell

SPRING

All selections are from 'Poems of Henry Timrod,' published by B. F. Johnson Publishing Company and used here by permission.

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all aglee,
And there's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand
Of Winter in the land,
Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn;

Or where, like those strange semblances we find
That age to childhood bind,
The elm puts on, as if in Nature's scorn,
The brown of Autumn corn.

As yet the turf is dark, although you know
That, not a span below,
A thousand germs are groping through the gloom,
And soon will burst their tomb.

Already, here and there, on frailest stems
Appear some azure gems,
Small as might deck, upon a gala day,
The forehead of a fay.

In gardens you may note amid the dearth
The crocus breaking earth;
And near the snowdrop's tender white and green,
The violet in its screen.

But many gleams and shadows need must pass
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by, before the enamored South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn;
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start,
If from a beech's heart,
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say,
"Behold me! I am May!"

Ah! who would couple thoughts of war and crime
With such a blessëd time!
Who in the west wind's aromatic breath
Could hear the call of Death!

Yet not more surely shall the Spring awake
The voice of wood and brake,
Than she shall rouse, for all her tranquil charms,
A million men to arms.

There shall be deeper hues upon her plains
Than all her sunlit rains,
And every gladdening influence around,
Can summon from the ground.

Oh! standing on this desecrated mould,
Methinks that I behold,
Lifting her bloody daisies up to God,
Spring kneeling on the sod,

And calling, with the voice of all her rills,
Upon the ancient hills
To fall and crush the tyrants and the slaves
Who turn her meads to graves.

THE COTTON-BOLL

While I recline
At ease beneath
This immemorial pine,
Small sphere!
(By dusky fingers brought this morning here
And shown with boastful smiles),
I turn thy cloven sheath,
Through which the soft white fibres peer,
That, with their gossamer bands,
Unite, like love, the sea-divided lands,
And slowly, thread by thread,
Draw forth the folded strands,
Than which the trembling line,
By whose frail help yon startled spider fled
Down the tall spear-grass from his swinging bed,
Is scarce more fine;
And as the tangled skein
Unravels in my hands,
Betwixt me and the noonday light,
A veil seems lifted, and for miles and miles
The landscape broadens on my sight,
As, in the little boll, there lurked a spell
Like that which, in the ocean shell,
With mystic sound,
Breaks down the narrow walls that hem us round,
And turns some city lane
Into the restless main,
With all his capes and isles!

Yonder bird,
Which floats, as if at rest,
In those blue tracts above the thunder, where
No vapors cloud the stainless air,
And never sound is heard,
Unless at such rare time
When, from the City of the Blest,
Rings down some golden chime,

Sees not from his high place
So vast a cirque of summer space
As widens round me in one mighty field,
Which, rimmed by seas and sands,
Doth hail its earliest daylight in the beams
Of gray Atlantic dawns;
And, broad as realms made up of many lands,
Is lost afar
Behind the crimson hills and purple lawns
Of sunset, among plains which roll their streams
Against the Evening Star!
And lo!
To the remotest point of sight,
Although I gaze upon no waste of snow,
The endless field is white;
And the whole landscape glows,
For many a shining league away,
With such accumulated light
As Polar lands would flash beneath a tropic day!
Nor lack there (for the vision grows,
And the small charm within my hands—
More potent even than the fabled one,
Which oped whatever golden mystery
Lay hid in fairy wood or magic vale,
The curious ointment of the Arabian tale—
Beyond all mortal sense
Doth stretch my sight's horizon, and I see,
Beneath its simple influence,
As if with Uriel's crown,
I stood in some great temple of the Sun,
And looked, as Uriel, down!)
Nor lack there pastures rich and fields all green
With all the common gifts of God,
For temperate airs and torrid sheen
Weave Edens of the sod;
Through lands which look one sea of billowy gold
Broad rivers wind their devious ways;
A hundred isles in their embraces fold
A hundred luminous bays;
And through yon purple haze

Vast mountains lift their plumed peaks cloud-crowned;
And, save where up their sides the ploughman creeps,
An unhewn forest girds them grandly round,
In whose dark shades a future navy sleeps!
Ye Stars, which, though unseen, yet with me gaze
Upon this loveliest fragment of the earth!
Thou Sun, that kindlest all thy gentlest rays
Above it, as to light a favorite hearth!
Ye Clouds, that in your temples in the West
See nothing brighter than its humblest flowers!
And you, ye Winds, that on the ocean's breast
Are kissed to coolness ere ye reach its bowers!
Bear witness with me in my song of praise,
And tell the world that, since the world began,
No fairer land hath fired a poet's lays,
Or given a home to man!

But these are charms already widely blown!
His be the meed whose pencil's trace
Hath touched our very swamps with grace,
And round whose tuneful way
All Southern laurels bloom;
The Poet of "The Woodlands," unto whom
Alike are known
The flute's low breathing and the trumpet's tone,
And the soft west wind's sighs;
But who shall utter all the debt,
O Land wherein all powers are met
That bind a people's heart,
The world doth owe thee at this day,
And which it never can repay,
Yet scarcely deigns to own!
Where sleeps the poet who shall fitly sing
The source wherefrom doth spring
That mighty commerce which, confined
To the mean channels of no selfish mart,
Goes out to every shore
Of this broad earth, and throngs the sea with ships
That bear no thunders; hushes hungry lips
In alien lands;

Joins with a delicate web remotest strands;
And gladdening rich and poor,
Doth gild Parisian domes,
Or feed the cottage-smoke of English homes,
And only bounds its blessings by mankind!
In offices likes these, thy mission lies,
My Country! and it shall not end
As long as rain shall fall and Heaven bend
In blue above thee; though thy foes be hard
And cruel as their weapons, it shall guard
Thy hearth-stones as a bulwark; make thee great
In white and bloodless state;
And haply, as the years increase—
Still working through its humbler reach
With that large wisdom which the ages teach—
Revive the half-dead dream of universal peace!
As men who labor in that mine
Of Cornwall, hollowed out beneath the bed
Of ocean, when a storm rolls overhead,
Hear the dull booming of the world of brine
Above them, and a mighty muffled roar
Of winds and waters, yet toil calmly on,
And split the rock, and pile the massive ore,
Or carve a niche, or shape the archëd roof;
So I, as calmly, weave my woof
Of song, chanting the days to come,
Unsilenced, though the quiet summer air
Stirs with the bruit of battles, and each dawn
Wakes from its starry silence to the hum
Of many gathering armies. Still,
In that we sometimes hear,
Upon the Northern winds, the voice of woe
Not wholly drowned in triumph, though I know
The end must crown us, and a few brief years
Dry all our tears,
I may not sing too gladly. To Thy will
Resigned, O Lord! we cannot all forget
That there is much even Victory must regret.
And, therefore, not too long
From the great burthen of our country's wrong

Delay our just release!
And, if it may be, save
These sacred fields of peace
From stain of patriot or of hostile blood!
Oh, help us, Lord! to roll the crimson flood
Back on its course, and, while our banners wing
Northward, strike with us! till the Goth shall cling
To his own blasted altar-stones, and crave
Mercy; and we shall grant it, and dictate
The lenient future of his fate
There, where some rotting ships and crumbling quays
Shall one day mark the Port which ruled the Western seas.

TOO LONG, O SPIRIT OF STORM

Too long, O Spirit of Storm,
  Thy lightning sleeps in its sheath!
I am sick to the soul of yon pallid sky,
  And the moveless sea beneath.

Come down in thy strength on the deep!
  Worse dangers there are in life,
When the waves are still, and the skies look fair,
  Than in their wildest strife.

A friend I knew, whose days
  Were as calm as this sky overhead;
But one blue morn that was fairest of all,
  The heart in his bosom fell dead.

And they thought him alive while he walked
  The streets that he walked in youth—
Ah! little they guessed the seeming man
  Was a soulless corpse in sooth.

Come down in thy strength, O Storm!
  And lash the deep till it raves!
I am sick to the soul of that quiet sea,
  Which hides ten thousand graves.

THE LILY CONFIDANTE

Lily! lady of the garden!
Let me press my lip to thine!
Love must tell its story, Lily!
Listen thou to mine.

Two I choose to know the secret—
Thee, and yonder wordless flute;
Dragons watch me, tender Lily,
And thou must be mute.

There 's a maiden, and her name is .
Hist! was that a rose-leaf fell?
See, the rose is listening, Lily,
And the rose may tell.

Lily-browed and lily-hearted,
She is very dear to me;
Lovely? yes, if being lovely
Is—resembling thee.

Six to half a score of summers
Make the sweetest of the "teens"—
Not too young to guess, dear Lily,
What a lover means.

Laughing girl, and thoughtful woman,
I am puzzled how to woo—
Shall I praise, or pique her, Lily?
Tell me what to do.

"Silly lover, if thy Lily
Like her sister lilies be,
Thou must woo, if thou wouldest wear her,
With a simple plea.

"Love 's the lover's only magic,
Truth the very subtlest art;
Love that feigns, and lips that flatter,
Win no modest heart.

"Like the dewdrop in my bosom,
Be thy guileless language, youth;
Falsehood buyeth falsehood only,
Truth must purchase truth.

"As thou talkest at the fireside,
With the little children by—
As thou prayest in the darkness,
When thy God is nigh—

"With a speech as chaste and gentle,
And such meanings as become
Ear of child, or ear of angel,
Speak, or be thou dumb.

"Woo her thus, and she shall give thee,
Of her heart the sinless whole,
All the girl within her bosom,
And her woman's soul."

KATIE

It may be through some foreign grace,
And unfamiliar charm of face;
It may be that across the foam
Which bore her from her childhood's home,
By some strange spell, my Katie brought,
Along with English creeds and thought—
Entangled in her golden hair—
Some English sunshine, warmth, and air!
I cannot tell—but here to-day,
A thousand billowy leagues away
From that green isle whose twilight skies
No darker are than Katie's eyes,
She seems to me, go where she will,
An English girl in England still!

I meet her on the dusty street,
And daisies spring about her feet;
Or, touched to life beneath her tread,
An English cowslip lifts its head;

And, as to do her grace, rise up
The primrose and the buttercup!
I roam with her through fields of cane,
And seem to stroll an English lane,
Which, white with blossoms of the May,
Spreads its green carpet in her way!
As fancy wills, the path beneath
Is golden gorse, or purple heath:
And now we hear in woodlands dim
Their unarticulated hymn,
Now walk through rippling waves of wheat,
Now sink in mats of clover sweet,
Or see before us from the lawn
The lark go up to greet the dawn!
All birds that love the English sky
Throng round my path when she is by:
The blackbird from a neighboring thorn
With music brims the cup of morn,
And in a thick, melodious rain,
The mavis pours her mellow strain!
But only when my Katie's voice
Makes all the listening woods rejoice
I hear—with cheeks that flush and pale—
The passion of the nightingale!

AN EXOTIC

Not in a climate near the sun
  Did the cloud with its trailing fringes float,
Whence, white as the down of an angel's plume,
  Fell the snow of her brow and throat.

And the ground had been rich for a thousand years
  With the blood of heroes, and sages, and kings,
Where the rose that blooms in her exquisite cheek
  Unfolded the flush of its wings.

On a land where the faces are fair, though pale
  As a moonlit mist when the winds are still,
She breaks like a morning in Paradise
  Through the palms of an orient hill.

Her beauty, perhaps, were all too bright,
But about her there broods some delicate spell,
Whence the wondrous charm of the girl grows soft
As the light in an English dell.

There is not a story of faith and truth
On the starry scroll of her country's fame,
But has helped to shape her stately mien,
And to touch her soul with flame.

I sometimes forget, as she sweeps me a bow,
That I gaze on a simple English maid,
And I bend my head, as if to a queen
Who is courting my lance and blade.

Once, as we read, in a curtained niche,
A poet who sang of her sea-throned isle,
There was something of Albion's mighty Bess
In the flash of her haughty smile.

She seemed to gather from every age
All the greatness of England about her there,
And my fancy wove a royal crown
Of the dusky gold of her hair.

But it was no queen to whom that day,
In the dim green shade of a trellised vine,
I whispered a hope that had somewhat to do
With a small white hand in mine.

The Tudor had vanished, and, as I spoke,
'T was herself looked out of her frank brown eye,
And an answer was burning upon her face,
Ere I caught the low reply.

What was it! Nothing the world need know—
The stars saw our parting! Enough, that then
I walked from the porch with the tread of a king,
And she was a queen again!

A COMMON THOUGHT

Somewhere on this earthly planet
In the dust of flowers to be,
In the dewdrop, in the sunshine,
Sleeps a solemn day for me.

At this wakeful hour of midnight
I behold it dawn in mist,
And I hear a sound of sobbing
Through the darkness—hist! oh, hist!

In a dim and murky chamber,
I am breathing life away;
Some one draws a curtain softly,
And I watch the broadening day.

As it purples in the zenith,
As it brightens on the lawn,
There's a hush of death about me,
And a whisper, "He is gone!"

CAROLINA

I

The despot treads thy sacred sands,
Thy pines give shelter to his bands,
Thy sons stand by with idle hands,
Carolina!
He breathes at ease thy airs of balm,
He scorns the lances of thy palm;
Oh! who shall break thy craven calm,
Carolina!
Thy ancient fame is growing dim,
A spot is on thy garment's rim;
Give to the winds thy battle hymn,
Carolina!

II

Call on thy children of the hill,
Wake swamp and river, coast and rill,
Rouse all thy strength and all thy skill,
Carolina!
Cite wealth and science, trade and art,
Touch with thy fire the cautious mart,
And pour thee through the people's heart,
Carolina!
Till even the coward spurns his fears,
And all thy fields and fens and meres
Shall bristle like thy palm with spears,
Carolina!

III

Hold up the glories of thy dead;
Say how thy elder children bled,
And point to Eutaw's battle-bed,
Carolina!
Tell how the patriot's soul was tried,
And what his dauntless breast defied;
How Rutledge ruled and Laurens died,
Carolina!
Cry! till thy summons, heard at last,
Shall fall like Marion's bugle-blast
Re-echoed from the haunted Past,
Carolina!

IV

I hear a murmur as of waves
That grope their way through sunless caves,
Like bodies struggling in their graves,
Carolina!
And now it deepens; slow and grand
It swells, as, rolling to the land,
An ocean broke upon thy strand,
Carolina!
Shout! let it reach the startled Huns!
And roar with all thy festal guns!
It is the answer of thy sons,
Carolina!

V

They will not wait to hear thee call;
From Sachem's Head to Sumter's wall
Resounds the voice of hut and hall,
Carolina!
No! thou hast not a stain, they say,
Or none save what the battle-day
Shall wash in seas of blood away,
Carolina!
Thy skirts indeed the foe may part,
Thy robe be pierced with sword and dart,
They shall not touch thy noble heart,
Carolina!

VI

Ere thou shalt own the tyrant's thrall
Ten times ten thousand men must fall;
Thy corpse may hearken to his call,
Carolina!
When, by thy bier, in mournful throngs
The women chant thy mortal wrongs,
'T will be their own funereal songs,
Carolina!
From thy dead breast by ruffians trod
No helpless child shall look to God;
All shall be safe beneath thy sod,
Carolina!

VII

Girt with such wills to do and bear,
Assured in right, and mailed in prayer,
Thou wilt not bow thee to despair,
Carolina!
Throw thy bold banner to the breeze!
Front with thy ranks the threatening seas
Like thine own proud armorial trees,
Carolina!
Fling down thy gauntlet to the Huns,
And roar the challenge from thy guns;
Then leave the future to thy sons,
Carolina!

CHARLESTON

Calm as that second summer which precedes
The first fall of the snow,
In the broad sunlight of heroic deeds,
The City bides the foe.

As yet, behind their ramparts stern and proud,
Her bolted thunders sleep—
Dark Sumter, like a battlemented cloud,
Looms o'er the solemn deep.

No Calpe frowns from lofty cliff or scar
To guard the holy strand;
But Moultrie holds in leash her dogs of war
Above the level sand.

And down the dunes a thousand guns lie couched,
Unseen, beside the flood—
Like tigers in some Orient jungle crouched
That wait and watch for blood.

Meanwhile, through streets still echoing with trade,
Walk grave and thoughtful men,
Whose hands may one day wield the patriot's blade
As lightly as the pen.

And maidens, with such eyes as would grow dim
Over a bleeding hound,
Seem each one to have caught the strength of him
Whose sword she sadly bound.

Thus girt without and garrisoned at home,
Day patient following day,
Old Charleston looks from roof, and spire, and dome,
Across her tranquil bay.

Ships, through a hundred foes, from Saxon lands
And spicy Indian ports,
Bring Saxon steel and iron to her hands,
And Summer to her courts.

But still, along yon dim Atlantic line,
The only hostile smoke
Creeps like a harmless mist above the brine,
From some frail, floating oak.

Shall the Spring dawn, and she still clad in smiles,
And with an unscathed brow,
Rest in the strong arms of her palm-crowned isles,
As fair and free as now?

We know not; in the temple of the Fates
God has inscribed her doom;
And, all untroubled in her faith, she waits
The triumph or the tomb.

ODE

Sung on the occasion of decorating the graves of the Confederate Dead, at Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, South Carolina, 1867.

I

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

II

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!

III

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms.

IV

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths to-day,
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

V

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned!

SONNETS

I

Poet! if on a lasting fame be bent
Thy unperturbing hopes, thou will not roam
Too far from thine own happy heart and home;
Cling to the lowly earth, and be content!
So shall thy name be dear to many a heart;
So shall the noblest truths by thee be taught;
The flower and fruit of wholesome human thought
Bless the sweet labors of thy gentle art.
The brightest stars are nearest to the earth,
And we may track the mighty sun above,
Even by the shadow of a slender flower.
Always, O bard, humility is power!
And thou mayst draw from matters of the hearth
Truths wide as nations, and as deep as love.

II

Most men know love but as a part of life;
They hide it in some corner of the breast,
Even from themselves; and only when they rest
In the brief pauses of that daily strife,
Wherewith the world might else be not so rife,
They draw it forth (as one draws forth a toy
To soothe some ardent, kiss-exacting boy)
And hold it up to sister, child, or wife.
Ah me! why may not love and life be one?
Why walk we thus alone, when by our side,
Love, like a visible God, might be our guide?
How would the marts grow noble! and the street,
Worn like a dungeon-floor by weary feet,
Seem then a golden court-way of the Sun!

ROBERT TOOMBS

[1810—1885]

PLEASANT A. STOVALL

ROBERT TOOMBS said that his ancestors "fought for their estates like feudal barons." His grandfather, Gabriel Toombs, was one of Braddock's soldiers in the unfortunate expedition which was sent against Fort Duquesne. His father was Major Robert Toombs, a Virginia veteran, who came to Georgia and received a rich tract of three thousand acres, his share in the award to distinguished Revolutionary soldiers of the "Virginia line." Robert Toombs was fond of declaring, after the Civil War, that he came from a "generation of rebels" and that "no vote of Congress, no amnesty proclamation could rob him of the glory of outlawry." His mother was Catherine Huling, a most excellent woman of Welsh ancestry.

The younger Toombs did not give evidence of great promise in his youth. He was fond of riding and was a close reader of history. He attended the University of Georgia at Athens and was finally graduated from Union College, Schenectady, New York. He was admitted to the Bar in Elbert County, Georgia, before William H. Crawford, who had been twice United States Senator from Georgia, Secretary of War, Secretary of the United States Treasury, and United States Minister to Paris. Toombs's earlier work at the Bar was said to have been spasmodic, disconnected, and vehement, but he soon developed a talent for close study and a love for laborious work. He had a passion for the strife of the courthouse, and in the early forties made fame and fortune at the Bar. He had a thorough knowledge of the principles of law and would frequently spend a whole night in the preparation of a case. Sometimes he was a rash talker, but always he was a safe counselor. He had a genius for finance, and never appeared to better advantage than when unraveling the intricate financial details of a lawsuit. He built up a fine estate, and, although all his life a free spender, he was a close collector.

There were many anomalies in the life of Robert Toombs which surprise the casual reader and yet are perfectly well understood by a student of his life. His main effort in the Legislature was to

pass a law to abolish suretyship in Georgia; and yet, at his death, his fine estate was found to be impaired on account of his own endorsement for a hotel company in Atlanta. He was looked upon as a "fire-eater," but as a member of the Constitutional Union party of 1850 he boasted of having saved the Union; and, in debating the Kansas-Nebraska Bill in the Senate, he sided with the conservative element, rebuking the extremists at home and in Congress. In the Georgia Legislature he preferred to remain in the House or in the more popular branch of lawmakers. Yet he spent two terms in the United States Senate after his election to Congress.

Rated as an extremist always, his entry into Congress was marked by a speech on the Oregon question, where he differed sharply with the " jingoes" who had sounded the war cry of " 54-40 or fight." He had been handed down as an irreconcilable—this man who had declared that "the blood which mingled at Cowpens and at Eutaw cannot be kept at enmity forever."

He was elected to Congress in 1844, supporting Henry Clay and the Whig platform. In early life he was a protectionist, and on this issue he met the great George McDuffie of South Carolina, once in the latter's home, and the second time in the city of Augusta.

When the compromise measures of 1850 were passed Mr. Toombs accepted them as final, and coming back to Georgia threw himself into the political canvass with great power. The influence of Webster and Clay upon General Toombs's career at this time was marked. Always a great admirer of the Massachusetts statesman, Mr. Toombs was his near neighbor in Washington. He was instrumental in having a ticket put out in Georgia in 1852 of Daniel Webster for President and Charles J. Jenkins of Georgia for Vice-president. After his celebrated speech in the Senate on the seventh of March, Mr. Webster had been a great favorite in the South. The leaders, Toombs and Stephens, never gave greater evidence of power than when they held Georgia in the Constitutional Union party in 1850.

The spirit of disunion was even then rife in the State of Georgia, but this influence defeated the ultra States' Rights party and aided even in the retirement of John McPherson Berrien, so long United States Senator from Georgia. The passage of the compromise measures of 1850 had a great effect upon Mr. Toombs, and not even the name and prestige of George M. Troup could keep the party of Union Whigs from prevailing in Georgia. Throughout the Kansas-Nebraska debate Mr. Toombs maintained a consistent attitude. He stood with Douglas upon his plea of popular sovereignty. He conceded that Kansas would probably be a free State and asserted that the people of a commonwealth had the right to

establish their own institutions, coming into the Union with whatever republican constitution they might prefer and adopt for themselves; that in the exercise of their rights they should be protected from insurrection within and invasion without. For these four years Robert Toombs really checked the secession spirit in Georgia and the South. He championed the sovereignty of the people, he pleaded for the actual *bona fide* settlers of Kansas. It was not until the John Brown raid in 1859, and the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law by several states, that Mr. Toombs came around and advised that the South should take measures for its own protection. In discussing the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, Senator Hale warned Senator Toombs that the North would fight. The Georgian answered, "I believe nobody ever doubted that any portion of the United States would fight on a proper occasion. . . . There are courageous and honest men enough in both sections to fight. There is no question of courage involved. The people of both sections of the Union have illustrated their courage on too many battlefields to be questioned. They have shown their fighting qualities shoulder to shoulder whenever their country has called upon them; but that they may never come in contact with each other in fratricidal war should be the ardent wish and earnest desire of every true man and honest patriot."

It was true that the times needed no Mirabeau. The people took charge of the destiny of the country. Toombs was a tower of strength, but he did not move fast enough for the people of Georgia. After the John Brown raid in Virginia they believed that they were in constant danger from invasion, and the result was inevitable. Robert Toombs had come home from Congress in 1850 and had established the fortunes of the great party that upheld the Constitution and declared for the Union. Throughout the fiery contest over Kansas and Nebraska he defended Douglas and extolled the loyalty of Northern Democrats, who were fast passing into disfavor in the South. He fought the Know-nothing party in 1855 and met upon the stump the brilliant and eloquent Benjamin H. Hill of Georgia, just rising into prominence. The latter charged that the Kansas Bill, voted for by Mr. Toombs, was "a cheat, swindle, and a surrender of our dearest rights." Toombs retorted, "I have been protecting your rights and your children's rights in spite of yourselves." His style was one of intense and dramatic indignation, and the American party was overthrown in Georgia. Mr. Toombs did not go to the extent of asking new guaranties for the protection of slavery in the territories. He expressed his willingness that the territories should continue to govern themselves

in their own way as long as they respected the rights of other people. He would not insult them, he said, by supposing them capable of disregarding the Constitution.

After the adjournment of the Charleston convention, which failed to agree upon a candidate or a platform, Senator Toombs advised the State of Georgia to safeguard its own interests. Once decided upon this principle, he advocated it with all the energy and impetuosity of his nature. The new departure of Douglas—"Squatter Sovereignty"—which Mr. Lincoln forced from him in his Illinois debate, estranged from his support Mr. Toombs with other friends in Georgia. He declared that the Northern States had refused to keep the bargain adopted in the compromise measures, and he feared that the policy of Mr. Lincoln was to drive slavery out of the territory and to abrogate the Fugitive Slave Laws. The only way to remedy these evils was by "constitutional amendment which could neither be resisted nor evaded." Strong and unmistakable as was his position, the great body of the people did not think it sufficiently aggressive. When the Senate refused to adopt the guaranties, he sent his famous telegram to the people of Georgia "that the South could no longer look to the North for security of its constitutional rights."

On January 7, 1861, Robert Toombs delivered his farewell speech to the United States Senate. It was the strongest summary of the demands of the South. Mr. Blaine said it was the only speech made by a Congressman from the seceding States that named the conditions upon which they would stay in the Union. The speech attracted wide attention, and it closed the career of Robert Toombs as a member of the national council.

For sixteen years he had served in the two houses in Washington, holding his rank among the first men of the country. He had been very active and attentive to his public duties. He had impressed himself upon every phase of legislation. He opposed the system of internal improvements. He sustained President Polk's veto of the River and Harbor Bill of 1847. "Instead of leaving the taxes in the pockets of the people," he said, "you have spent nine months in endeavoring to squander and arranging to have more to squander in the next Congress. I think it is corruption." He claimed that the power given to Congress to regulate commerce meant simply to prescribe the rules by which commerce could be carried on, and nothing else. He opposed the pension system as "dishonorable to the memory of the men who fought our battles." He favored the purchase of Cuba, or even the admission of Canada, if it could be honestly and fairly done. The question of the slave population of Cuba did not enter into the question, he insisted. He would not

trammel the President in his power to deal with foreign nations by internal questions, saying: "I will not manacle the energies of this great republic by tying up our foreign diplomacy with internal dissensions." He spurned the idea that he wanted Cuba in order to strengthen the slave power in America. He criticized Simon Cameron for asking that the Government give employment to fifty thousand men out of work. He declared that there never was a government that did not ruin the people they attempted to benefit by such a course.

After he had decided that the Southern States should secede, he was not half-hearted in the measures he advocated. He said that if they must go out, the quicker they did so the better. There was no melancholy in his make-up. He directed the movement in Georgia, was elected to the provisional Congress, and was regarded as the logical man for President of the young Confederacy. He was finally prevailed upon to take the place of Secretary of State, but had occupied this post only a short time when he accepted the appointment of brigadier-general in the field. He served gallantly on the Virginia peninsula; was commended for gallantry in the battles around Richmond, and served with conspicuous valor at Antietam and the second Manassas. Disagreements with President Davis, however, and with some of his officers, led to his retirement from the army of Virginia. He returned to Georgia and, refusing an election to the Confederate States Senate and the succession to the position of Governor, he remained with the militia. He was the soul of energy and had no patience with delay. This led him frequently into conflict with superior officers and with the civil authorities.

After the war he escaped from the country in a very dramatic way, riding six months on horseback and vacillating between the mountains of Georgia and the port of New Orleans, where he subsequently took ship for Cuba and finally sailed for Paris.

When he returned to Georgia he resumed the practice of law and was soon again at the head of the Bar with a large and lucrative practice. Between 1836 and 1843 he made one fortune at the Bar, and in the ten years between 1867 and 1877 he made another. He was fifty-seven years of age when he returned to this country, but was in the full vigor of physical and mental qualities. He denounced the Republican administration of Georgia on the hustings and in the courts. He accused the Supreme Court of making laws as well as of construing the laws. He aroused the people to action in his famous Bush Arbor Speech in Atlanta in 1868, and never temporized or compromised with what he regarded as an "alien administration." He prepared and delivered before the

people his celebrated lecture on the principles of the Magna Charta. With the exception of his address on slavery, delivered at the Tremont Temple, Boston, it was the only carefully prepared effort of his life. His object was to summon the people back to the principles of good government. In his opinion, these principles were drifting away and old landmarks were being destroyed.

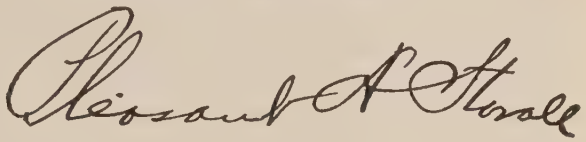
His last public service was in the constitutional convention of 1877. He had never tired of declaring that the organic law of 1868 was "the product of aliens and usurpers." Georgia proceeded with her own sons in council to make a new Constitution for her people. That famous body, the ablest which has assembled in Georgia since the secession convention of 1861, was presided over by his lifelong friend, Charles J. Jenkins. This office of delegate was the only public station General Toombs held after the war. He was grizzled and bent and his eyesight was seriously impaired, but he was the life and soul of that body. As chairman of the committee on final revision, he had the virtual shaping of the work of the convention. He attended closely all the sessions, which opened at half-past eight o'clock in the morning, closed at one o'clock in the afternoon, and was seldom absent from exacting committee work in the afternoons. He was then in his sixty-eighth year, but stood the ordeal well. He led the movement to outlaw certain classes of bonds and declared with energy that "no power of hell or heaven could force the people to pay them. The contract was one of bayonet usurpation."

But it was in asserting the power of the State to control the railroads that he made his greatest fight. The time was ripe for the movement. The Granger legislation in the West had planted this policy of government control in the organic law of Illinois, Ohio, and Missouri. The State was in an uproar. The Georgia lawyers cried out: "Toombs is attempting a new revolution." He was charged with leading the majority in a crusade upon the rights of corporations.

" It is a sacred thing to shake the pillars upon which the property of the country rest," exclaimed a member of the convention. " Better shake the pillars of property than the pillars of liberty," Toombs retorted, " the right to control these railroads belongs to the State, to the people, and as long as I represent the people I will not consent to surrender it, so help me God." The spirit of Toombs dominated the convention. Men moved up the aisle to take their seats at his feet, as he announced the new doctrine and poured out his strong appeals. The power of the Legislature to regulate railroads was a new principle in Georgia. "The great question is," he said, "shall Georgia govern the corporations or the corporations

govern Georgia. Choose ye this day whom ye shall serve." The house rang with cheers; the majority was with him. The principle is now in the organic law of this State.

His last appearance was in the State Capitol in Atlanta, in 1883, bowed and weeping, to deliver a funeral oration over the body of his lifelong friend, Alexander H. Stevens. Two years later he himself followed his contemporary to the grave.



SLAVERY: ITS CONSTITUTIONAL STATUS AND ITS INFLUENCE

Extract from a Lecture delivered in Tremont Temple, Boston, January 24, 1856.

. . . I HAVE already stated that African slavery existed in all of the colonies at the commencement of the American Revolution. The paramount authority of the Crown, with or without the consent of the colonies, had introduced it, and it was inextricably interwoven with the frame-work of society, especially in the Southern States. The question was not presented for our decision whether it was just or beneficial to the African, to tear him away by force or fraud from bondage in his own country and place him in a like condition in ours. England and the Christian world had long before settled that question for us. At the final overthrow of British authority in these States our ancestors found seven hundred thousand Africans among them, already in bondage, and concentrated, from our climate and productions, chiefly in the present slaveholding States. It became their duty to establish governments for themselves and these people; and they brought wisdom, experience, learning and patriotism to the great work. They sought that system of government which would secure the greatest and most enduring happiness to the whole society. They incorporated no Utopian theories into their system. They did not so much concern themselves about what rights man might possibly have in a state of nature, as what rights

he ought to have in a state of society; they dealt with political rights as things of compact, not of birthright; in the concrete and not in the abstract. They held, and maintained, and incorporated into their system as fundamental truths, that it was the right and duty of the State to define and fix, as well as to protect and defend the individual rights of each member of the social compact, and to treat all individual rights as subordinate to the great interests of the whole society. Therefore, they denied "natural equality," repudiated mere governments of men necessarily resulting therefrom, and established governments of laws—thirteen free, sovereign and independent Republics. A very slight examination of our State Constitutions will show how little they regarded vague notions of abstract liberty, or natural equality in fixing the rights of the white race as well as the black. The elective franchise, the cardinal feature of our system, I have already shown, was granted, withheld, or limited, according to their ideas of public policy and the interest of the State. Numerous restraints upon the supposed abstract right of a mere numerical majority to govern society in all cases, are to be found planted in all of our Constitutions, State and Federal, thus affirming this subordination of individual rights to the interest and safety of the State.

The slaveholding States, acting upon these principles, finding the African race among them in slavery, unfit to be trusted with political power, incapable as freemen of securing their own happiness, or promoting the public prosperity, recognized their condition as slaves, and subjected it to legal control. There are abundant means of obtaining evidence of the effects of this policy on the slave and society, accessible to all who seek the truth. We say its wisdom is vindicated by its results, and that, under it, the African in the slaveholding States is found in a better position than he has ever attained in any other age or country, whether in bondage or freedom. In support of this point, I propose to trace him rapidly from his earliest history to the present time: The monuments of the ancient Egyptians carry him back to the morning of time—older than the pyramids—they furnish the evidence, both of his national identity and his social degradation before history began. We first behold him a slave in foreign lands; we then

find the great body of his race slaves in their native land; and after thirty centuries, illuminated by both ancient and modern civilization, have passed over him, we still find him a slave of savage masters, as incapable as himself of even attempting a single step in civilization—we find him there still, without government or laws of protection, without letters or arts of industry, without religion, or even the aspirations which would raise him to the rank of an idolater, and in his lowest type, his almost only mark of humanity is, that he walks erect in the image of the Creator. Annihilate his race to-day, and you will find no trace of his existence within half a score of years; and he would not leave behind him a single discovery, invention, or thought worthy of remembrance by the human family. . . .

But it is objected that religious instruction is denied the slave. While it is true that religious instruction and privileges are not enjoined by law in all of the States, the number of slaves who are in connection with the different churches abundantly proves the universality of their enjoyment of those privileges. And a much larger number of the race in slavery enjoy the consolation of religion than the efforts of the combined Christian world have been able to convert to Christianity out of all the millions of their countrymen who remained in their native land.

The immoralities of the slaves, and of those connected with slavery, are constant themes of abolition denunciation. They are lamentably great; but it remains to be shown that they are greater than with the laboring poor of England, or any other country. And it is shown that our slaves are without the additional stimulant of want to drive them to crime, we have at least removed from them the temptation and excuse of hunger. Poor human nature is here at least spared the wretched fate of the utter prostration of its moral nature at the feet of its physical wants. Lord Ashley's report to the British Parliament shows that in the capital of that empire, perhaps within hearing of Stafford House and Exeter Hall, hunger alone daily drives thousands of men and women into the abyss of crime.

It is also objected that our slaves are debarred the benefits of education. This objection is also well taken, and is not

without force. And for this evil the slaves are greatly indebted to the abolitionists—formerly, in none of the slaveholding States, was it forbidden to teach slaves to read and write, but the character of the literature sought to be furnished them by the abolitionists caused these States to take counsel rather of their passions than their reason, and to lay the axe at the root of the evil; better counsels will in time prevail, and this will be remedied. It is true that the slave, from his protected position, has less need of education than the free laborer who has to struggle for himself in the welfare of society; yet, it is both useful to him, his master, and society.

The want of legal protection to the marriage relation is also a fruitful source of agitation among the opponents of slavery. The complaint is not without foundation; this is an evil not yet removed by law, but marriage is not inconsistent with the institution of slavery as it exists among us, and the objection, therefore, lies rather to an incident than the essence of the system. But, in the truth and fact, marriage does exist to a very great extent among slaves, and is encouraged and protected by their owners; and it will be found, upon careful investigation, that fewer children are born out of wedlock among slaves, than in the capitals of two of the most civilized countries of Europe—Austria and France; in the former, one half of the children are thus born—in the latter, more than one fourth. But even in this we have deprived the slave of no pre-existing right. We found the race without any knowledge of or regard for the institution of marriage, and we are reproached with not having as yet secured to it that, with all other blessings of civilization. To protect that and other domestic ties by laws forbidding, under proper regulations, the separation of families, would be wise, proper, and humane, and some of the slaveholding States have already adopted partial legislation for the removal of these evils. But the objection is far more formidable in theory than in practice. The accidents and necessities of life, the desire to better one's condition, produce infinitely a greater amount of separation in families of the white than ever happen to the colored race. This is true, even in the United States, where the general condition of the people is prosperous. But it is still more marked in Europe. The injustice and despotism of

England towards Ireland has produced more separation of Irish families, and sundered more domestic ties within the last ten years than African slavery has effected since its introduction into the United States. The twenty millions of freemen in the United States are witnesses of the dispersive injustice of the old world.

The general happiness, cheerfulness, and contentment of slaves, attest both the mildness and humanity of the system and their natural adaptation to their condition. They require no standing armies to enforce their obedience; while the evidence of discontent and the appliance of force to repress it, are everywhere visible among the toiling millions of the earth; even in the northern States of this Union, strikes and mobs, unions and combinations against employers, attest at once the misery and discontent of labor among them. England keeps one hundred thousand soldiers in time of peace, a large navy, and an innumerable police, to secure obedience to her social institutions; and physical force is the sole guarantee of her social order, the only cement of her gigantic empire. . . .

The opponents of slavery, passing by the question of material interests, insist that its effect on the society where it exists is to demoralize and enervate it, and render it incapable of advancement and a high civilization; and upon the citizen to debase him morally and intellectually. Such is not the lesson taught by history, either sacred or profane, nor the experience of the past or present.

To the Hebrew race were committed the oracles of the Most High; slaveholding priests administered at His altar the slaveholding prophets and patriarchs received His revelations, and taught them to their own, and transmitted them to all future generations of men. The highest forms of ancient civilization, and the noblest development of the individual man, are to be found in the ancient slaveholding commonwealths of Greece and Rome. In eloquence, in rhetoric, in poetry and painting, in architecture and sculpture, you must still go and search amid the wreck and ruins of their genius for the "pride of every model and the perfection of every master," and the language and literature of both, stamped with immortality, passes on to mingle itself with the thought and the speech of all lands and all centuries. Time will not allow me

to multiply illustrations. That domestic slavery neither enfeebles nor deteriorates our race; that it is not inconsistent with the highest advancement of man and society, is the lesson taught by all ancient and confirmed by all modern history. Its effects in strengthening the attachment of the dominant race to liberty, was eloquently expressed by Mr. Burke, the most accomplished and philosophical statesman England ever produced. In his speech on conciliation with America, he uses the following strong language: "Where this is the case those who are free are by far the most proud and jealous of their freedom. I cannot alter the nature of man. The fact is so, and these people of the southern colonies are much more strongly, and with a higher and more stubborn spirit attached to liberty than those to the northward. Such were all the ancient commonwealths, such were our Gothic ancestors, and such in our day were the Poles; such will be all masters of slaves who are not slaves themselves. In such a people the haughtiness of domination combines itself with the spirit of freedom, fortifies it, and renders it invincible."

No stronger evidence of what progress society may make with domestic slavery can be desired than that which the present condition of the slaveholding States presents. For near twenty years, foreign and domestic enemies of their institutions have labored by pen and speech to excite discontent among the white race, and insurrections among the black; these efforts have shaken the National Government to its foundations, and burst the bonds of Christian unity among the churches of the land; yet the objects of their attacks—these States—have scarcely felt the shock. In surveying the whole civilized world, the eye rests not on a single spot where all classes of society are so well content with their social system, or have greater reason to be so, than in the slaveholding States of this Union. Stability, progress, order, peace, content, prosperity, reign throughout our borders. Not a single soldier is to be found in our widely-extended domain to overawe or protect society. The desire for organic change nowhere manifests itself. Within less than seventy years, out of five feeble colonies, with less than one and a half millions of inhabitants have emerged fourteen Republican States, containing nearly ten millions of inhabitants, rich, powerful, edu-

cated, moral, refined, prosperous, and happy; each with Republican Governments adequate to the protection of public liberty and private rights, which are cheerfully obeyed, supported, and upheld by all classes of society. With a noble system of internal improvements penetrating almost every neighborhood, stimulating and rewarding the industry of our people; with moral and intellectual surpassing physical improvements; with churches, schoolhouses, and colleges daily multiplying throughout the land, bringing education and religious instruction to the homes of all the people, they may safely challenge the admiration of the civilized world. None of this great improvement and progress have been even aided by the Federal Government; we have neither sought from it protection for our private pursuits, nor appropriations for our public improvements. They have been effected by the unaided individual efforts of an enlightened, moral, energetic, and religious people. Such is our social system, and such our condition under it. Its political wisdom is vindicated in its effects on society; its morality by the practices of the patriarchs and the teachings of the apostles; we submit it to the judgment of mankind, with the firm conviction that the adoption of no other system under our circumstances would have exhibited the individual man, bond or free, in a higher development, or society in a happier civilization.

THE SOUTH'S DEMANDS

Last Address in the United States Senate, January 1, 1861.

The success of the Abolitionists and their allies, under the name of the Republican party, has produced its logical results already. They have for long years been sowing dragons' teeth, and have finally got a crop of armed men. The Union, sir, is dissolved. That is an accomplished fact in the path of this discussion that men may as well heed. One of your confederates has already, wisely, bravely, boldly, confronted public danger, and she is only ahead of many of her sisters because of her greater facility for speedy action. The greater majority of those sister states, under like circumstances, consider her cause as their cause; and I charge you in their name

to-day, "Touch not Saguntum." It is not only their cause, but it is a cause which receives the sympathy and will receive the support of tens and hundreds of thousands of honest patriotic men in the non-slaveholding states, who have hitherto maintained constitutional rights, and who respect their oaths, abide by compacts, and love justice. And while this Congress, this Senate, and this House of Representatives, are debating the constitutionality and the expediency of seceding from the Union, and while the perfidious authors of this mischief are showering down denunciations upon a large portion of the patriotic men of this country, those brave men are coolly and calmly voting what you call revolution—aye, sir, doing better than that: arming to defend it. They appealed to the Constitution, they appealed to justice, they appealed to fraternity, until the Constitution, justice, and fraternity were no longer listened to in the legislative halls of their country, and then, sir, they prepared for the arbitrament of the sword; and now you see the glittering bayonet, and you hear the tramp of armed men from your capital to the Rio Grande. It is a sight that gladdens the eyes and cheers the heart of other millions ready to second them. Inasmuch, sir, as I have labored earnestly, honestly, sincerely, with these men to avert this necessity so long as I deemed it possible, and inasmuch as I heartily approve their present conduct of resistance, I deem it my duty to state their case to the Senate, to the country, and to the civilized world.

Senators, my countrymen have demanded no new government; they have demanded no new constitution. Look to their records at home and here from the beginning of this national strife until its consummation in the disruption of the empire, and they have not demanded a single thing except that you shall abide by the Constitution of the United States; that constitutional rights shall be respected, and that justice shall be done. Sirs, they have stood by your Constitution; they have stood by all its requirements; they have performed all its duties unselfishly, uncalculatingly, disinterestedly, until a party sprang up in this country which endangered their social system—a party which they arraign, and which they charge before the American people and all mankind with having made proclamation of outlawry against four thousand millions of

their property in the territories of the United States; with having put them under the ban of the empire in all the states in which their institutions exist, outside the protection of federal laws; with having aided and abetted insurrection from within and invasion from without, with the view of subverting those institutions, and desolating their homes and their firesides. For these causes they have taken up arms. I shall proceed to vindicate the justice of their demands, the patriotism of their conduct. I will show the injustice which they suffer and the rightfulness of their resistance.

I shall not spend much time on the question that seems to give my honorable friend [Mr. Crittenden] so much concern—the constitutional right of a state to secede from this Union. Perhaps he will find out after a while that it is a fact accomplished. You have got it in the South pretty much both ways. South Carolina has given it to you regularly, according to the approved plan. You are getting it just below there [in Georgia], I believe, irregularly, outside of the law, without regular action. You can take it either way. You will find armed men to defend both. I have stated that the discontented states of this Union have demanded nothing but clear, distinct, unequivocal, well-acknowledged constitutional rights; rights affirmed by the highest judicial tribunals of their country; rights older than the Constitution; rights which are planted upon the immutable principles of natural justice; rights which have been affirmed by the good and the wise of all countries, and of all centuries. We demand no power to injure any man. We demand no right to injure our confederate states. We demand no right to interfere with their institutions, either by word or deed. We have no right to disturb their peace, their tranquillity, their security. We have demanded of them simply, solely—nothing else—to give us equality, security, and tranquillity. Give us these, and peace restores itself. Refuse them, and take what you can get.

I will now read my own demands, acting under my own convictions, and the universal judgment of my countrymen. They are considered the demands of an extremist. To hold to a constitutional right now makes one considered as an extremist—I believe that is the appellation these traitors and villains, North and South, employ. I accept their reproach

rather than their principles. Accepting their designation of treason and rebellion, there stands before them as good a traitor, and as good a rebel as ever descended from revolutionary loins.

What do the rebels demand? First, "that the people of the United States shall have an equal right to emigrate and settle in the present or any future acquired territories, with whatever property they may possess (including slaves), and be securely protected in its peaceable enjoyment until such territory may be admitted as a state into the Union, with or without slavery, as she may determine, on an equality with all existing states." That is our territorial demand. We have fought for this territory when blood was its price. We have paid for it when gold was its price. We have not proposed to exclude you, though you have contributed very little of blood or money. I refer especially to New England. We demand only to go into those territories upon terms of equality with you, as equals in this great confederacy, to enjoy the common property of the whole Union, and receive the protection of the common government, until the territory is capable of coming into the Union as a sovereign state, when it may fix its own institutions to suit itself.

The second proposition is, "that property in slaves shall be entitled to the same protection from the government of the United States, in all of its departments, everywhere, which the Constitution confers the power upon it to extend to any other property, provided nothing herein contained shall be construed to limit or restrain the right now belonging to every state to prohibit, abolish, or establish and protect slavery within its limits." We demand of the common government to use its granted powers to protect our property as well as yours. For this protection we pay as much as you do. This very property is subject to taxation. It has been taxed by you and sold by you for taxes. The title to thousands and tens of thousands of slaves is derived from the United States. We claim that the government, while the Constitution recognizes our property for the purposes of taxation, shall give it the same protection that it gives yours. Ought it not to be so? You say no. Every one of you upon the committee said no. Your senators say no. Your House of Representatives says

no. Throughout the length and breadth of your conspiracy against the Constitution, there is but one shout of no! This recognition of this right is the price of my allegiance. Withhold it, and you do not get my obedience. This is the philosophy of the armed men who have sprung up in this country. Do you ask me to support a government that will tax my property; that will plunder me; that will demand my blood, and will not protect me? I would rather see the population of my native state laid six feet beneath her sod than they should support for one hour such a government. Protection is the price of obedience everywhere, in all countries. It is the only thing that makes government respectable. Deny it and you cannot have free subjects or citizens; you may have slaves.

We demand, in the next place, "that persons committing crimes against slave property in one state, and fleeing to another, shall be delivered up in the same manner as persons committing crimes against other property, and that the laws of the state from which such persons flee shall be the test of criminality." That is another one of the demands of an extremist and rebel. The Constitution of the United States, article four, section two, says:

"A person charged in any state with treason, felony, or other crime, who shall flee from justice and be found in another state, shall, on demand of the executive authority of the state from which he fled, be delivered up to be removed to the state having jurisdiction of the crime." But the non-slaveholding states, treacherous to their oaths and compacts, have steadily refused, if the criminal only stole a negro, and that negro was a slave, to deliver him up. It was refused twice on the requisition of my own state as long as twenty-two years ago. It was refused by Kent and by Fairfield, governors of Maine, and representing, I believe, each of the then Federal parties. We appealed then to fraternity, but we submitted; and this constitutional right has been practically a dead letter from that day to this. The next case came up between us and the State of New York, when the present senior senator [Mr. Seward] was the governor of that state; and he refused it. Why? He said it was not against the laws of New York to steal a negro, and therefore he would not comply with the demand. He made a similar refusal to Virginia. Yet these

are our confederates; these are our sister states! There is the bargain; there is the compact. You have sworn to it. Both these governors swore to it. The Senator from New York swore to it. The governor of Ohio swore to it when he was inaugurated. You cannot bind them by oaths. Yet they talk to us of treason; and I suppose they expect to whip freemen into loving such brethren! They will have a good time in doing it.

It is natural we should want this provision of the Constitution carried out. The Constitution says slaves are property; the Supreme Court says so; the Constitution says so. The theft of slaves is a crime; they are a subject-matter of felonious asportation. By the text and letter of the Constitution you agreed to give them up. You have sworn to do it and you have broken your oaths. Of course, those who have done so look out for pretexts. Nobody expected them to do otherwise. I do not think I ever saw a perjurer, however bald and naked, who could not invent some pretext to palliate his crime, or who could not, for fifteen shillings, hire an Old Bailey lawyer to invent some for him. Yet this requirement of the Constitution is another one of the extreme demands of an extremist and a rebel.

The next stipulation is that fugitive slaves shall be surrendered under the provisions of the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850, without being entitled either to a writ of habeas corpus, or trial by jury, or other similar obstructions of legislation, in the state to which he may flee. Here is the Constitution:

"No person held to service or labor in one state, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

This language is plain, and everybody understood it the same way for the first forty years of your government. In 1793, in Washington's time, an Act was passed to carry out this provision. It was adopted unanimously in the Senate of the United States, and nearly so in the House of Representatives. Nobody then had invented pretexts to show that the Constitution did not mean a negro slave. It was clear; it was plain. Not only the Federal courts, but all the local courts

in all the states, decided that this was a constitutional obligation. How is it now? The North sought to evade it; following the instincts of their natural character, they commenced with the fraudulent fiction that fugitives were entitled to habeas corpus, entitled to trial by jury in the state to which they fled. They pretended to believe that our fugitive slaves were entitled to more rights than their white citizens; perhaps they were right, they know one another better than I do. You may charge a white man with treason, or felony, or other crime, and you do not require any trial by jury before he is given up; there is nothing to determine but that he is legally charged with a crime and that he fled, and then he is to be delivered up upon demand. White people are delivered up every day in this way; but not slaves. Slaves, black people, you say, are entitled to trial by jury; and in this way schemes have been invented to defeat your plain constitutional obligations.

The next demand made on behalf of the South is, "that Congress shall pass effective laws for the punishment of all persons in any of the states who shall in any manner aid and abet invasion or insurrection in any other state, or commit any other act against the laws of nations, tending to disturb the tranquillity of the people or government of any other state." That is a very plain principle. The Constitution of the United States now requires, and gives Congress express power, to define and punish piracies and felonies committed on the high seas, and offenses against the laws of nations. When the honorable and distinguished Senator from Illinois [Mr. Douglas] last year introduced a bill for the purpose of punishing people thus offending under that clause of the Constitution, Mr. Lincoln, in his speech at New York, which I have before me, declared that it was a "sedition bill"; his press and party hooted at it. So far from recognizing the bill as intended to carry out the Constitution of the United States, it received their jeers and jibes. The Black Republicans of Massachusetts elected the admirer and eulogist of John Brown's courage as their governor, and we may suppose he will throw no impediments in the way of John Brown's successors. The epithet applied to the bill of the Senator from Illinois is quoted from a deliberate speech delivered by Lincoln in New York,

for which, it was stated in the journals, according to some resolution passed by an association of his own party, he was paid a couple of hundred dollars. The speech should therefore have been deliberate. Lincoln denounced that bill. He places the stamp of his condemnation upon a measure intended to promote the peace and security of Confederate States. He is, therefore, the enemy of the human race, and deserves the execration of all mankind.

We demand these five propositions. Are they not right? Are they not just? Take them in detail, and show that they are not warranted by the Constitution, by the safety of our people, by the principles of eternal justice. We will pause and consider them; but mark me, we will not let you decide the question for us.

Senators, the Constitution is a compact. It contains all our obligations and the duties of the Federal Government. I am content and have ever been content to sustain it. While I doubt its perfection, while I do not believe it was a good compact, and while I never saw the day that I would have voted for it as a proposition *de novo,* yet I am bound to it by oath and by that common prudence which would induce men to abide by established forms rather than to rush into unknown dangers. I have given to it, and intend to give to it, unfaltering support and allegiance, but I choose to put that allegiance on the true ground, not on the false idea that anybody's blood was shed for it. I say that the Constitution is the whole compact. All the obligations, all the chains that fetter the limbs of my people, are nominated in the bond, and they wisely excluded any conclusion against them, by declaring that "the powers not granted by the Constitution to the United States, or forbidden by it to the states, belonged to the states respectively or the people." Now I will try it by that standard; I will subject it to that test. The law of nature, the law of justice, would say—and it is so expounded by the publicists—that equal rights in the common property shall be enjoyed. Even in a monarchy the king cannot prevent the subjects from enjoying equality in the disposition of the public property. Even in a despotic government this principle is recognized. It was the blood and the money of the whole people (says the learned Grotius, and say all the publicists)

which acquired the public property, and therefore it is not the property of the sovereign. This right of equality being, then, according to justice and natural equity, a right belonging to all states, when did we give it up? You say Congress has a right to pass rules and regulation concerning the territory and other property of the United States. Very well. Does that exclude those whose blood and money paid for it? Does "dispose of" mean to rob the rightful owners? You must show a better title than that, or a better sword than we have.

But, you say, try the right. I agree to it. But how? By our judgment? No, not until the last resort. What then; by yours? No, not until the same time. How then try it? The South has already said, by the Supreme Court. But that is in our favor, and Lincoln says he will not stand that judgment. Then each must judge for himself of the mode and manner of redress. But you deny us that privilege, and finally reduce us to accepting your judgment. The Senator from Kentucky comes to your aid, and says he can find no constitutional right of secession. Perhaps not; but the Constitution is not the place to look for state rights. If that right belongs to independent states, and they did not cede it to the Federal Government, it is reserved to the states, or to the people. Ask your new commentator where he gets the right to judge for us. Is it in the bond?

The Northern doctrine was, many years ago, that the Supreme Court was the judge. That was their doctrine in 1800. They denounced Madison for the report of 1799, on the Virginia resolutions; they denounced Jefferson for framing the Kentucky resolutions, because they were presumed to impugn the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States; and they declared that that court was made, by the Constitution, the ultimate and supreme arbiter. That was the universal judgment—the declaration of every free state in this Union, in answer to the Virginia resolutions of 1798, or of all who did answer, even including the State of Delaware, then under federal control.

The Supreme Court has decided that, by the Constitution, we have a right to go to the territories and be protected there with our property. You say, we cannot decide the compact for ourselves. Well, can the Supreme Court decide it for us?

Mr. Lincoln says he does not care what the Supreme Court decides, he will turn us out anyhow. He says this in his debate with the honorable member from Illinois [Mr. Douglas]. I have it before me. He said he would vote against the decision of the Supreme Court. Then you did not accept that arbiter. You will not take my construction; you will not take the Supreme Court as an arbiter; you will not take the practise of the government; you will not take the treaties under Jefferson and Madison; you will not take the opinion of Madison upon the very question of prohibition in 1820. What, then, will you take? You will take nothing but your own judgment; that is, you will not only judge for yourselves, not only discard the court, discard our construction, discard the practise of the government, but you will drive us out, simply because you will it. Come and do it! You have sapped the foundations of society; you have destroyed almost all hope of peace. In a compact where there is no common arbiter, where the parties finally decide for themselves, the sword alone at last becomes the real, if not the constitutional, arbiter. Your party says that you will not take the decision of the Supreme Court. You said so at Chicago; you said so in committee; every man of you in both houses says so. What are you going to do? You say we shall submit to your construction. We shall do it, if you can make us; but not otherwise, or in any other manner. That is settled. You may call it secession, or you may call it revolution; but there is a big fact standing before you, ready to oppose you—that fact is freemen with arms in their hands. The cry of the Union will not disperse them; we have passed that point; they demand equal rights; you had better heed the demand.

FAREWELL ADDRESS TO HIS TROOPS

Richmond, Va., March 5, 1863.

To the Officers and Men of Toombs's Brigade:

SOLDIERS: To-day I cease to command you. I have resigned my commission as Brigadier General in the Provisional Army of the Confederate States. The separation from you is deeply painful to me. I do not deem it proper on this occasion to enter into a detail of the causes which impose this duty upon me. It is only necessary now for me to say, that, under existing circumstances, in my judgment, I could no longer hold my commission under President Davis with advantage to my country, or to you, or with honor to myself. I cannot separate from you without the expression of my warmest attachment to you, and admiration of your noble and heroic conduct from the beginning of this great struggle to the present time. You left your wives and children, kindred, friends, homes, property and pursuits at the very first call of your country, and entered her military service as soon as she was ready to accept you—from that day to this you have stood, with but a few brief intervals, in sight of the public enemy, or within hearing of his guns.

Upon your arrival in Virginia, in the summer of 1861, you were incorporated into the Army of the Potomac; you have shared with that army all its toils, its sufferings, its hardships, and perils, and contributed at least your full share to its glorious career. You have been in the front, the post of danger, and of honor, on all the great battlefields of Northern Virginia, and Maryland, from Yorktown to Sharpsburg; neither disheartened by the death of comrades, or friends, or disease, or toil, or privations, or sufferings, or neglect; nor intimidated by the greatly superior numbers of the enemy, whom you have been called upon to meet and vanquish; you have, upon all occasions, displayed that heroic courage which has shed undying lustre upon yourselves, your State, your country, and her just and holy cause.

Nearly one thousand of the brave men, who originally composed your four regiments, have fallen, killed or wounded, in battle; your dead you have buried on the battlefield, shed

a manly tear over them, left "glory to keep eternal watch" over their graves, and passed on to new fields of duty and danger.

Though it may seem to be the language of extravagant eulogy, it is the truth, and fit, on this occasion, to be spoken. You have fairly won the right to inscribe upon your tattered war flags, the proud boast of Napoleon's Old Guard, "This brigade knows how to die, but not to yield to the foe." Courage in the field is not your only claim to proud distinction. Since I took command over you, I have not preferred a single charge against, or arraigned one of you before a court martial.—Your conduct never demanded of me such a duty. You can well appreciate the feelings with which I part from such a command. Nothing less potent than the requirements of a soldier's honor could, with my consent, wrench us asunder, while a single banner of the enemy floated over one foot of our country. Soldiers! comrades! friends! farewell!

R. Toombs.

MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND

[1832—1901]

ELLA RIGHTOR

THE name of Mary Ashley Townsend—"Xariffa"—is one of the most revered and loved in the Southern world of letters. Not only is an unusually warm and tender personality expressed in unusually fervid and gracious poetry, but the woman gave of herself so generously to the South, and to every Southern cause, that the mere fact of her birth having occurred in a distant state makes Louisiana the more grateful for her complete devotion to, and absorption in, the city which in girlhood became her home, and remained home for the rest of her long and fruitful life.

Mary Ashley Townsend, *née* Voorhis, was born in Lyons, New York, 1832, of an old and distinguished Knickerbocker family, noted for its charm and culture, and partly to this fact she owed the fine education that supplemented her natural ability. She was married in 1856 to Gideon Townsend, a wealthy merchant and banker of New Orleans. The life that followed was one of fulness and beauty, the fruition of all a woman's hopes. As wife and mother she was ideally happy, and her three charming daughters became central figures in New Orleans society. Mrs. Townsend herself was not only a well-known and greatly admired person in her private social world, but took part in many public events, despite a certain timidity and shrinking from the world which was characteristic of her. She was one of the organizers of the Quarante Club, which has numbered so many gifted women in its ranks, and was its president for many years. At the opening of the Cotton Exposition (1884), at the laying of the cornerstone of Tulane University, at the opening of the Howard Memorial Library, at the Press Association Convention, and at the first Confederate reunion, her fine verses formed an interesting feature. Her last poem and last public appearance were in honor of the birthday of Robert E. Lee. During her latter years she joined forces with Mrs. M. E. M. Davis in editing the brief-lived but delightful *Art and Letters* of New Orleans. Her life in the Southern city was diversified by much travel in beautiful, mysterious Mexico, to which, like so many New Orleans people, she was devoted, and where her splendid abilities as an equestrienne had abundant opportunities. Toward the end of life the clouds came. The death, first, of her

husband, and then of her beautiful daughter, Cora, made that fate which came to her not unwelcome. She had sustained certain injuries in a railway accident the year before her death, and these gradually undermined her excellent health. She died in Galveston in 1901, at the home of her daughter and of her son-in-law, Dr. Lee, with whom she had just been visiting her beloved Mexico. Mrs. Lee and her sister, Mrs. Stanton, of New Orleans, were in devoted attendance through the last days of their mother. The poet was buried in New Orleans, with every honor and token of respect from the wisest and best of the city.

So much in general is known of Mary Townsend, the womanhood even of an author being sacred within the portals of her home. Mrs. Townsend's literary life, except for the ambitious efforts of girlhood, began with fugitive but delightful papers contributed to the New Orleans *Delta,* "Crossbone Papers," "Quillotypes," and "My Penny Dip." Though essentially a poet in nature and expression, Mrs. Townsend could write excellent prose. "The Brother Clerks," a tale of New Orleans, was published in 1859, and obtained instant recognition. In 1870 were produced the popular "Georgia Volunteer," and the first collection of poems by "Xariffa." About this time, also, appeared in the *Picayune* those verses to which the beginning of her fame is generally ascribed. Like most of the works by which authors have leaped into sudden prominence, "The Creed" is chiefly valuable because it led the way to other things, more delicate and unique; or rather because it directed attention to the woman who, in the fulness of her prime, was to write 'Distaff and Spindle.' Not that "The Creed" is without decided merit, but its theme is one which appeals to so many woman writers, and has been so often the subject of sentimentality that even when justly and nobly treated, it does not waken the highest poetic emotions. In like manner, "A Woman's Wish," and "Woman's Work," while beautifully expressed, and true to life, deal with that inner side of feminine nature, that domestic side which is either beyond or beneath poetry. One cannot say why the home life, the intimate life, of woman, with its beauty and pathos, should refuse expression, even in poetry, but that it does so cannot be denied. "A Woman's Wish," and "Woman's Work" are beautiful verse; "The Creed" is poetry, but not one of the three gives full justice to the author's genius. 'Down the Bayou, and Other Poems' appeared in 1882, and 'Distaff and Spindle' followed. This, with the exception of occasional poems, was the last considerable work of "Xariffa." While everything Mrs. Townsend wrote has some poetical excellence, none being trivial and none careless, it is safe to say that by far the best of her work may be found in these last two volumes. The sonnets are the supreme flowering of her life; and no American

woman has handled more skilfully the "key" with which "Shakespeare unlocked his heart." But much of 'Down the Bayou' is of an excellence that comes very near to that of the sonnets. A brief examination of the modest book is well worth while.

The poem which gives its title to the whole is a rambling, descriptive, delightful length of verse, which should be treasured for its "atmosphere" if nothing else. In it moves the very soul of New Orleans in the early eighties a charming time, when the old city was waking to outer influences, new ideas in art and education, without losing one whit of its quaint and ancient guise, its dreamy, mystic sweetness, from the brooding past. Now it is so fast becoming a great metropolis that its atmosphere is slowly lifting, a veil of purple and crimson, of gold and silver, that will gradually dissipate and let in the light of common day. The dreamer's time is nearly over in New Orleans. In the future, those of us who still must dream will find the truest and sweetest wishing-cup of memory in Mrs. Townsend's poem. Only readers who know and love her home city will feel its perfect charm; but others will understand its lazy sweetness, its warm beauty. The second stanza wraps the whole in a dream-mantle, when the poet takes the reader into her own realization of life's unreality, its passing quality; and yet, the loveliness caught from its ever-changing, ever-shifting, moments—if one can but drift and dream.

"We drifted on, my love and I,
Beneath the semi-tropic sky,
While from the clock tower in the town,
Spake the meridian bells that said
'Twas morn—'tis noon—
Time flies, and soon
Night follows noon.
Prepare, beware!
Take care, take care!
For soon—so soon—
Night follows noon—
Dark night the noon—
Noon! Noon! Noon! Noon!"

"Le Roi est Mort" celebrates the coming of a new year, and is not unfit to rank with others inspired by the same theme. The calling upon various stars and constellations to honor the dead king's bier, is a fine thought. "St. Julienne," "My Lady," "Olga," and "Eleanor" are portraits of women, and so, in a less obvious way, are "Ashes of Roses," "From Year to Year," and "The Bird-Cage."

"Olga" and "What I Saw in my Sleep" are pictures of women

from the underworld, fair but sinful, and are drawn with the repulsion felt by the pure woman for those not like herself. But in "Flora McDonald" the poet's broad and noble sympathy is awakened, and she tells, with all tender forgiveness, "The deed of the women there—they of the town;" of their pity for one like themselves, the suicide whom none would touch.

> "So did they bury her—they, the unholy,
> So they wept for her, the lost and the lowly,
> Won the deed no recognition Up There?"

"Ashmed, the Rhymer," and "Dame Ailsie" are poems in which an incident gives rise to philosophic reflection. The poet, whose fame was empty because it came too late, and the woman who, in her desolate old age, recalled the pity she had long ago bestowed upon a young friend in an untimely grave, closing with the bitter cry "O God! that I had died at seventeen!" seem to point a sad philosophy, and this is borne out by the melancholy "Old Age to Time."

"The Captain's Story" is a long narrative poem of some dramatic force. It was this piece that won the highest encomiums of Oliver Wendell Holmes, who pronounced its theme worthy the pen of a Shakespeare. The theme had not been "done to death" when the poem was written, and is always one more likely to give artistic pleasure in portions of this country where it is less of a burning reality. Still, the "Story" is of sustained power, and has elements of real tragedy. "Angèle" and "A Spectre's Bridal" are rather mystical in character, while "In Dubio" and "My Soul" may be called psychological.

'Distaff and Spindle' needs little comment. The sonnet is more difficult to criticize than is any other form of expression. It is either a living and breathing thing or a purely mechanical effect. And this result can hardly be defined or put into words; since two sonnets, absolutely correct in form and beautiful in wording, may give opposite impressions of pure nature and refined artificiality. A sonnet must have a soul. Its bodily covering is too slight and formal to count for much in itself, as is the case in more elaborate forms of poetry. Mrs. Townsend's sonnets have souls. Each one embodies an idea, complete, earnest. The themes are varied; nature, life, death, love, pictures of the Southland, all full of mature and ripened poetic emotion, held together in a golden bond by the dedication to "My Three Daughters," by the beautiful maternity, the motherhood that animates the whole. The examples given will serve much better than criticism for an impression of the book, its author's finest work.

Mrs. Townsend's style has been described as "luxuriant, even tropical." Besides, it is the visible sign of the woman's adaptability

and her sincere nature. Mrs. Townsend's fluent and appreciative mind was forced to receive and register the impressions it received. Thus, her Northern birth in no way prevented her becoming the most Southern of writers. It was simply the meeting of poetic nature and poetic surroundings. Mrs. Townsend is sometimes very daring in her metaphors. That which compares the sunset to a daily execution is almost repulsive, yet as fascinating as it is startling.

> "The crime
> Spilled its red splendor on the blue sublime,
> And splashed the white stars with its crimson grime,
> Until Night sponged it from the walls of time."

Mrs. Townsend, as far as her writing shows, took no part in the problems of her day. Her philosophy was that of a loving woman, brave yet tremulous, with the gift of poetic expression, amid surroundings at once congenial and picturesque. Without a trace of morbidness, she can hardly be called an optimist, more than any loving woman can, since love brings fear. But she was no pessimist, and had the rare faculty of seizing the best in life for enjoyment, and imparting to others her own wisdom. The women of the South offer to "Xariffa" the tribute of affection.

Ella Righter

SONNETS

From 'Distaff and Spindle.'

Thy spindle and thy distaff ready make,
And I will send the flax. The promise read
So fair, so beautiful to me I said
"Ah, straightway forth my spindle I will take,
My distaff shall its idleness forsake,
My wheel shall sing responsive to my tread,
And I will spin so fine, so strong a thread,
Fate shall not cut it, nor Time's forces break."
Long, long I waited, sitting in the light,
Looked east, looked west, where day with darkness blends

Nor did I once my patient watch relax
Till cried a voice, "Thou hast not read aright,
The written promise, for God only sends
To him who toiling bravely seeks the flax."

'Twas but a bamboo hut with thatch of palm,
Yet well we knew it sheltered its full share
Of human life, and courage, and despair.
Through all that night of tropic dew and balm
Whilst sang the eternal stars their infinite psalm,
Above the lowly roof we saw the flare
Of one frail candle in the doorway there,
Where watched the watchers, humbly reverent, calm,
None sobbed or spoke, but watched as if to hear
A coming silence stop beside the bed
And touch its pillow with a sign devout.
At last, as drew the moonless morning near,
By wails of women, we knew all, and said,
"They watch no more, and lo, the light is out."

I walked among the by-ways of my thought,
And lo, three ghosts went ever on before,
With trailing robes that swept their footsteps o'er,
And windy hair with mingled odors fraught,
While each of my own self some semblance wore,
And one, with pitiless lips, named Nevermore
In blown, black mantle folds my heartstrings caught.
This trinity abideth with us all
Ourselves that haunt ourselves, whate'er betide,
With what we were, and are, and hope to be,
Where'er we work, their noiseless fingers fall,
Whene'er we rest they halt them us beside,
Three regnant forces of our destiny.

The cypress swamp around me hangs its spell,
With hushing sounds, in moss-hung branches there,
Like congregations rustling down to prayer,
While Solitude, like some unsounded bell,
Hangs, full of secrets that it cannot tell.
And leafy litanies on the humid air,

Intone themselves, and on the tree trunks bare,
The scarlet lichen writes her rubrics well,
The cypress knees take on them marvelous shapes,
Of pygmy nuns, gnomes, goblins, witches, fays,
The vigorous vine the withered gumtree drapes,
Across the oozy ground the rabbit plays,
The moccasin to jungle depths escapes,
And through the gloom the wild deer slowly gaze.

THE CREED

From 'Down the Bayou, and Other Poems.'

I believe if I should die,
And you should kiss my eyelids when I lie
Cold, dead, and dumb to all the world contains,
The folded orbs would open at thy breath,
And from its exile in the isles of death,
Life would come gladly back along my veins.

I believe, if I were dead,
And you upon my lifeless heart should tread,
Not knowing what the poor clod chanced to be,
It would find sudden pulse beneath the touch
Of him it ever loved in life so much,
And throb again, warm, tender, true to thee.

I believe, if on my grave,
Hidden in woody deeps or by the maze,
Your eyes should drop some warm tears of regret,
From every salty seed of your dear grief,
Some fair, sweet blossom would leap into leaf,
To prove death could not make my love forget.

I believe, if I should fade
Into those mystic realms where light is made,
And you should long once more my face to see,
I would come forth upon the hill of night,
And gather stars like fagots, till thy sight,
Led by their beacon blaze, fell full on me.

I believe my faith in thee
Strong as my life, so nobly placed to be,
I would as soon expect to see the sun
Fall like a dead king from his height sublime,
His glory stricken from the throne of time,
As thee unworthy the worship thou hast won.

I believe who hath not loved,
Hath half the sweetness of his life unproved;
Like one who, with the grape within his grasp,
Drops it with all its crimson juice unpressed,
And all its luscious sweetness left unguessed,
Out from his careless and unheeding clasp.

I believe love, pure and true,
Is to the soul a sweet, immortal dew,
That gems life's petals in its hours of dusk,
The waiting angels see and recognize
The rich crown jewel, Love, of Paradise,
When life falls from us like a withered husk.

ST. JULIENNE

A rare and radiant girlish face,
Touched with a tender saintly grace;

A brow of meekly proud reserve,
Sign of a cross on its patient curve.

Her locks the hue of rich, dead gold,
About an innocent forehead scrolled.

Eyes whose opaline luster beams,
Pure as a poet's holiest dreams;

Cheek as a polished seashell fair,
Sweet lips, half laughter and half prayer.

A smile exceeding sweet, and yet
Pained with the pang of some past regret.

A soul that loftily soars and sighs,
Yet leading Self to the sacrifice.

A heart as noble as ever rung
Its truthfulness out on a truthful tongue.

Silently suffering, brave to endure,
Patiently prayerful, prayerfully pure.

Gifted, glorious, half-divine,
A heavenly soul in an earthly shrine.

By women praised, and adored by men,
Radiant, rare St. Julienne!

OLGA

From 'Down the Bayou, and Other Poems.'

Planted stem deep in her red-gold hair,
A rose trails over her shoulder white,
As, softly robed, and in gems bedight,
She sits, the fairest where all are fair.
With wondrous eyes that seem everywhere
Save turned to the stage and the players there.

Those eyes to me are the strangest things!
Night blue; no, amber; no, they are green
As cool sea-deeps in a sun-flash seen.
And what a subtile, sweet perfume clings
To her garments when she stirs and flings
About her invisible curtainings.

There, in the box with the gilded door,
The first proscenium box at the right
The prettiest woman by far in sight!
Her great calm eyes roam the boxes o'er,
Roam, and return, and wander once more,
While forty musicians are playing "the score."

One arm on the velvet rail she leans
And that slow smile to her lip, which comes
Could make a halo for martyrdoms,
Who can say what the mystery means?
Ah, well, at the play there are scenes and scenes;
And a curtain which nothing tangible screens.

Her perfect face, not a face salutes,
Of all the multitude turned unto her;
And men admire, and women demur,
And this the homage of that refutes,
While grumble the drums and whistle the flutes,
In the "Hunter's Chorus" of *Der Freischütz.*

Over her shoulders the red rose trails,
Rises and falls in the opaline light
Of lamps that seem only burnt to-night
For that red rose, and the perfume veils,
And the cheek that neither reddens nor pales,
Though a thousand eyes its beauty assails.

There's that about her to make one weep,
All perfect and peerless though she seems
As some one seen in those sweet strange dreams
That come to a shining summer night's deep
Unbroken, and yet unconscious, sleep.

The players play, and the great house cheers;
That rose, it is red on its altar white,
Like blood on the wing of an angel bright;
And why does it seem, as the dimness clears,
That the necklace of pearls her young throat wears
Is only a necklace of frozen tears?

MYSTERY

From 'Down the Bayou, and Other Poems.'

Yea; all is mystery. Not the skies alone,
With their unfathomed secrecy of stars;
Nor science and religion with their wars,
Not yet earth's lonely lands, 'twixt zone and zone,
With hidden histories carved in voiceless stone;
But, too, sweet friendship that has left its scar
In passing, and the precious love that's gone
Out like a tide, and left us on the bar
Of bitterness, where bright waves come no more;
Ourselves, which to ourselves are mysteries;
The potent spark which speaks from shore to shore;
Creeds, which such hosts of cruel doubts involve,
Unbounded thought which through the boundless flies;
And life, that problem we must die to solve.

RECUERDO

From 'Down the Bayou, and Other Poems.'

Recuerdo! si, amigo!
Sweet remembrance bears me far,
Where the Toltec temples crumble,
Where the Aztec ruins are,
Where the broad banana's banner
Droops above the bamboo hut,
Where the plumy palm tree presses
To its heart the milky nut.

Recuerdo! at the magic
Music of your Mexic word,
How my pulses beat within me,
How my heart is thrilled and stirred!
At its soft, syllabic murmur,
Strange enchantment round me falls;
And again I see the moonlight
Gleam on Montezuma's walls.

And I see the Indian children
Play beneath the mango trees,
While the breath of orange orchards
Scents the palpitating breeze;
And I hear the clank of sabers,
And the mustang's eager neigh,
As the mounted guard dash briskly
Down the desolate highway.

Icy-bearded Orizaba,
Clothed in snow and crowned with cloud;
White and mute Iztaccihuatl,
Slumbering in her frozen shroud;
Cordova's fair coffee forests,
Cerro del Becerro's height,
Many meadowed Metlar, lying
In her valley of delight.

Skies that arch in matchless splendor
Matchless plains that lie below;
Marble hills that grandly girdle
Marble mansioned Mexico;
White cathedralled Guadalupe,
Cortez's Triste Noche camp,
Rise, as rose Aladdin's palace
By the rubbing of his lamp;

And I see beside the fountains,
Dusky maidens smile and nod,
While I tread the ancient courtways
Which the Aztec emperor trod,
And the caballeros gayly
Laugh, and, laughing, gayly ride
Down the path where Guatimazin
Turned upon his foes and died.

All adown the Rio Chalco,
From the islanded lagoon,
Indian barges wander slowly
In the amethystine noon;

Brown canoes with scarlet poppies
From the floating gardens float,
While some native minstrel lightly
Strikes the Bandalone's note.

Yonder, by the ruined arches,
And along the convent walls,
Picturesque, where all is picture,
An unfriended beggar crawls.
Where Chapultepec's grim castle
Its defiant shadow flings,
Halts the wretch, whose veins inherit
Blood, mayhap, that warmed its kings.

"Recuerdo! si, amigo!"
Sweet remembrance bears me far,
Where the Toltec temples crumble,
Where the Aztec idols are,
"Recuerdo!" at that whisper
What glad echoes are re-caught,
What mnemonic worlds are moulded,
From the nebulæ of thought.

SONG

My little one, my little one,
  The blossom is not faded yet
You gave me at the set of sun,
  And whispered "I will ne'er forget,
    Will ne'er forget!"

Its petals still their hues retain;
  I touch it and it crumbles not;
I lay it on my heart again,
  But, little one, thou hast forgot,
    Thou hast forgot!

HIC JACET

And this is life, to live, to love, to lose!
To feel a joy stir, like an unsung song,
The deep unwrit emotions of our souls;
Then, when we fain would utter it, to find
Our glad lips stricken dumb.

To watch a hope
Climb like a rising star, till from the heights
Of fair existence, it sends luster down,
Whose radiance makes earth's very shadows shine;
Then suddenly to see it disappear,
Leaving a bleak, appalling emptiness
In all the sky it did illuminate.

To build up, stone by stone, a temple fair,
On whose white altars we do burn our days;
To form its arches of our dearest dreams,
To shape its pillars of our strongest strength,
Then suddenly to see that temple fall
A broken and irreparable wreck,
Its shape all shapeless, and its formless form,
In worthless Ruin's unrelenting grasp.
To veil our shrinking eyes lest they should see
Life's grim appraisers, Death and Burial,
Come down the path that leads across our hearts,
And write us paupers in the Book of Love.

To dream, in all life's happy arrogance,
Life's proud proportions limitless, to find
Life's limit narrowed down to one fresh grave;
To stand beside the new-made mound, and feel
Within that cell is locked forever up
The precious honey, gathered drop by drop,
From out the fairest flower-fields of our souls;
Lonely and desolate, to cast ourselves
In some White City of the Silent, down
Beside some cold, forbidding marble door,
And feel ourselves forever shut away
From that which was our dearest and our own;

To know, however earnestly we knock,
That door will ne'er be opened unto us;
To know the dweller there will ne'er step
Beyond the boundary of that cruel gate;
To know, howe'er we plead, no lip therein
Will break into its old accustomed smile.
The folded hands stretch out no welcomings,
The fastened eyelids never lift themselves
Again in answering anguish or glad love,
From out the frozen bondage of their sleep,
'Tis this to love, and bury out of sight
Some precious darling of our dearest years—
Some far outstretching root of our own hearts,
Some flowery branch that we had hoped to train
Along the loftiest trellises of Hope.

Life, Love and Loss! Three little words that make
The compass of that road which lies
Stretched out between our swaddles and our shroud!

Life, Love and Loss. Three ripples on one brook;
Three widening branches of one mighty stream;
Three stemless currents emptying themselves
Into one vast and vague Eternity!

WILLIAM PETERFIELD TRENT

[1862—]

JOHN BELL HENNEMAN

WILLIAM PETERFIELD TRENT was born in Richmond, Virginia, November 10, 1862, the son of Dr. Peterfield Trent, a physician, and his wife, Lucy Carter Burwell. Both parents belonged to historic Virginia families. Born during war time in the capital of the Confederacy, the lad gained his first impressions in the period of reconstruction, reorganization, and revival after war, and it is to this spirit that our author's life throughout adheres. The father died while the boy was yet young, and he was brought up an only and at first a rather delicate child.

After a period of schooling in Richmond, which possessed good educational traditions, he proceeded to the University of Virginia in the autumn of 1880, in his eighteenth year. Here he remained four years, taking the regular courses in Latin, Greek, mathematics, modern languages, philosophy, and the sciences, prescribed for the Master of Arts degree. This prized academic honor of the University he received in 1884. He was also efficient as a member of the Jefferson Literary Society (then the more active of the two "literary" bodies) and as a contributor to and editor of the *University Magazine*.

The *Magazine* was the usual field for the display of literary talent, as the Society was the forum for oratory and debate. As it was not customary to sign the productions, it is difficult at times to identify his contributions. However, more than the usual number of articles during his first two years are signed by his name or his initials, showing a certain confidence in his powers even at that early date.

He left the University in 1884 and for the next two or three years taught school and studied law, chiefly in his native city. The decisive step was taken at last when in 1887 he went to the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore as a graduate student in history. The late Professor Herbert B. Adams was the head of this department, and Dr. I. Franklin Jamieson was his associate. Trent's university course in Baltimore, coming at the mature and critical twenty-fifth year of his life, was helpful to him in many ways; but it came to a sudden end at the expiration of one year, because the University of the South at Sewanee needed a man in history, and a particular sort of man. Doctors Gildersleeve and Adams unhesitatingly recom-

mended Trent for the place, and thus, in 1888, in his twenty-sixth year, he became professor of history at Sewanee. With his literary proclivities, and in a smaller college, with relatively few chairs, it could be foreseen that Trent would gradually take the lead in the literary work of the institution; and though for a time he combined instruction in both history and English, he gradually gave up the history classes to his colleagues, and limited himself exclusively to his literary and English work. It was thus at Sewanee that the really formative and important period of Trent's literary life began: the period of independent authorship and productivity. This is what Trent owes to Sewanee and Sewanee to Trent. While yet at Johns Hopkins he had written for Professor Adams a monograph on "English Culture in Virginia," and a chapter in the latter's volume 'Thomas Jefferson and the University of Virginia,' which appeared in 1889 in the National Bureau of Education Series at Washington. But this was assigned work, even though congenial. From that time his work struck out lines for itself.

In 1890 Charles Dudley Warner visited Sewanee, met Trent, and the next year commissioned him to write (for the 'American Men of Letters Series,' of which he was the general editor) the volume on William Gilmore Simms. This 'Life,' finished in the autumn of 1891, appeared early in 1892. It is a brilliant effort for a young man of twenty-nine. The literary judgments as to the merits of Simms's work, both in general and in particular cases, are singularly acute and just, but the asides, and the general attitude as to the South and South Carolina, raised loud protest. The Charleston and South Carolina influence had long been potent at Sewanee, and Trent's resignation was peremptorily called for by many, particularly in the editorial columns of the Charleston *News and Courier* and other papers. With somewhat less reason, the condemnation of the Virginia papers and other publications throughout the Southern States was equally strong. The Board of Trustees of the University of the South, however, refused to take any such action. However much it might disapprove of sentiments and opinions, the University had been avowedly founded upon the principle of academic freedom, and that great principle must not be allowed to suffer. Thus early and notably did Sewanee emphasize and apply this principle.

No sooner was the Simms volume off his hands than Trent, backed by the Vice-chancellor and faculty of the University, designed a quarterly publication of high character, somewhat upon the pattern of the English reviews. In November, 1892, appeared the first number of the *Sewanee Review*. The opening article—"The Novels of Thomas Hardy"—was fittingly by the editor, giving a fixed literary tone and flavor to the publication from the first. Of his numerous

other articles and reviews probably the more notable are "The Reverend Charles Wolfe," a study of the author of "The Burial of Sir John Moore"; "The Teaching of English Literature"; "Mr. Brander Matthews as a Critic"; "John Milton"; "The Nature of Literature"; "Some Phases of the Situation" (the inception of our colonial policy); "Cosmopolitanism and Partisanship"; "The Poetry of the American Plantations," and two papers on the Greek and the Roman elegy. Trent's editorship continued for nearly eight years (lacking one number), until he left Sewanee in August, 1900, to accept a professorship in Columbia University. Since then he has contributed certain notable articles: "War and Civilization," "A Study of Reconstruction in the South," "An Academic Sermon," and "A Talk to Librarians."

Meanwhile, in 1897, appeared his 'Southern Statesmen of the Old Regime'—studies of Washington, Jefferson, Randolph, Calhoun, Toombs, Stephens, and Jefferson Davis. These papers had been delivered originally as lectures at the University of Wisconsin. The storm of protest that had arisen over the Simms volume was repeated. There was not the same excuse as a literary study, but here the statesmanship of the Old South was assailed, even though the personal motives were not. The studies of the Virginians, as might be expected, are the happiest; the Georgians are less so; that on Calhoun is utterly unsympathetic; the one on Mr. Davis is discriminating and tactful, considering the audience for which it was originally intended.

If Southern sensibilities were hurt, certainly the *amende honorable* was offered in 1899 in the 'Beacon Biography of Robert E. Lee' a beautiful tribute to a noble character and itself a notable example of literary workmanship.

In this same year, 1899, appeared his volume of 'Verses,' in a small, little-circulated edition. Trent's poetic enthusiasm and interests were always intense; his poetic and critical judgments unusually sound. In his 'Verses' he expressed himself to himself and for himself. Classic themes, the result of wide reading and frequent brooding, Leonardo's "Gioconda," a Sewanee landscape or sunset, an experience in his travels abroad—each contributed its part. The influence and example of Arnold are perhaps strongest, as is the case with his criticism.

'John Milton: A Short Study of his Life and Works' belongs also to 1899. In his study and love of poetry the critic found more of the perfection of pure poetry in Milton than anywhere else in English literature. Homer and Milton have always been his two great poetic enthusiasms for prolonged power and flight. Trent had already edited Milton's 'Minor Poems' for use in colleges and schools, and

this seems to have led him to his larger work. In a day when Milton was generally being discredited—Mr. Saintsbury's Elizabethan volume actually treats Milton, as a whole, under "prose writers"—Trent's little volume, with its fine enthusiasm and ringing eloquence, was exceedingly timely. It further accentuated the catholicity of the critic: enthusiasms for Milton, Byron, and Balzac, all of whom he had edited and written upon, were equally pronounced and genuine.

The collection of the best of the author's literary essays—many of which had appeared in the *Sewanee Review,* the *Bookman,* the *Forum,* the *Atlantic Monthly,* and elsewhere—in a volume entitled 'The Authority of Criticism' marks an epoch in his literary career. It is almost the dividing point in that career. It shows the author at his best and his profoundest.

A booklet, 'War and Civilization' (1901) was an address delivered before leaving Sewanee at the commencement of 1900, and was first printed in the *Sewanee Review.* The work on an edition of Balzac, with critical and appreciative introductions to each volume was finished in 1900, as was a long monograph on the "Progress of the United States in the Century" for a Canadian series. Besides, he had published from time to time editions of certain texts—selections from Poe, Macaulay, etc.

All this was his work at Sewanee in the decade from 1890 through 1900—a notable work for ten years in any man's life. The congeniality of Sewanee had proved his training school. Doubtless, too, the winter vacations had helped in putting him in touch with publishers, scholars, and men of letters generally. Meantime, in December, 1896, he had married Miss Alice Lyman, of East Orange, New Jersey, whom he had met at Sewanee.

His call to Columbia University came as a natural recognition of the character of his work. He had declined other inducements to leave, and had remained at Sewanee. This he felt was an advance justified and recognized. He was already among the foremost critics of literature in America: this gave him a national position. His first important work in his new position was the 'History of American Literature, 1607-1865' (1903), written for the 'Literatures of the World' series, edited by Edmund Gosse. It is the most philosophical, sane work that has yet appeared on the subject, written from first-hand knowledge and investigation of sources and with sympathy for all portions of the American nation. A small school history of 'American Literature' was a secondary offshoot of the work on the greater volume. Also a school 'History of the United States' was written in 1903, in conjunction with President C. K. Adams of the University of Wisconsin. A second collection of essays, contributed chiefly to the *Forum,* the *Sewanee*

Review, etc., appeared in 1905 under the title 'Greatness in Literature, and Other Papers.' In this year he edited Thackeray in fifteen volumes jointly with J. B. Henneman; and about this time, with the same assistance, a new edition of Richard Grant White's Shakespeare was undertaken. Previously he had edited (1901) three small volumes on 'Colonial Prose and Poetry,' with his brother-in-law and former Sewanee colleague, B. W. Wells.

In the winter of 1905 he delivered for Columbia University a series of lectures before the People's Institute of the Cooper Union on certain Eighteenth Century prose writers. Attracted to the singular modernness in DeFoe's character and career, and the many problems and inaccuracies incident thereto and current, he has been at work ever since investigating all DeFoe material in libraries in this country and also in Europe. He has made many "finds," some announced in letters to the New York *Nation;* and the DeFoe volumes when they appear, should prove to be a genuine contribution to the subject and clear up many vexed points. In painstaking investigation the work promises to be his most scholarly performance.

Though living in New York City, he works quietly in his study on Seventy-first Street and seldom goes out. His time is chiefly given over to his writing and to the work with his classes in Barnard and Columbia, where he is steadily gaining a large circle of friends and admirers. To these friends and students his helpful sympathies and the hospitality of his home are always open.

He loves the literature of the classics—in poetry and in clear-formed prose. In prose his favorites seem to be among the Eighteenth Century English writers and in modern French masters. Apart from the French, he does not care much for the mass of contemporary productions. Trained in the classics, he has always retained an overwhelming enthusiasm for Homer as one of the great of earth; and he reads French constantly. This bias in two very different directions has kept him catholic-minded and explains his enthusiasm for such widely different authors as Milton and Balzac. He thus cares more for the stirring and large qualities of Byron than for the subtler shades of Shelley.

He possesses the natural gift of style. He is incisive, intellectual, clear; obscurities and tortuousness offend him—as conforming neither to the Greek masters nor to French stylists. He thus cares for Hardy but fails to be interested in Meredith. Pungent and even caustic at times, those who know him best recognize his broad human sympathies and genuine sentiment. In Northern surroundings his inherited Southern traits of refined gentlemanliness, courtesy, dignity, sympathy and consideration have had even better chance to develop

with growing years. No genuinely aspiring student of letters who has claim upon him but has found him attentive and helpful.

His criticism is as keen and direct as his style, and in literary matters is admittedly sound and good. On political and historical points he thinks differently from others, but fearlessly, and has not been so acceptable. He is an independent by nature, and any political time-server or machine organization is temperamentally utterly abhorrent to him; hence what to many seem extreme utterances. He takes stand against those Southern leaders that worked under the Union for separation and secession, because secession to him was suicidal and wrong. Contrariwise in the period of Reconstruction, his sympathies are all with the South as the wronged and offended party; and the Northern leaders of the time in their selfish partisanship are treated with even more bitter and caustic condemnation.

Fortunately, in literature, where his chief work and all his later interests lie, there is wider ground for acceptance. Wherever prose is lucid and strong, and poetry eloquent and mighty, he responds.

His volume of 'Selections from Southern Writers in Prose and Verse' (1905) met a demand and a growing interest in things Southern. It constitutes the best single volume on this subject; its selections are varied and characteristic, and its introductions to each author treated form virtually an effective history of literary activity in the Southern States. With John Smith, Byrd, Washington, Jefferson, Marshall, Madison, Lee, Poe, Simms, Lanier, and others, the body of productive effort is very well worthy of note, and the revival of song in the younger school must have struck many with surprise and a feeling of hopefulness. In this new, naturalized South among its honest workers none is more important than William P. Trent: he is distinctively a contribution of the New South to the New Nation.

John Bell Henneman.

CONFESSIONS OF A POETRY LOVER

From "The Love of Poetry," in 'Greatness in Literature.'

While I have remained true to my love of poetry ever since when, as a boy of ten or twelve, I used to declaim Byron's "Napoleon's Farewell" to a group of admiring relatives—the relatives, I may say, admired me, but I admired Byron, and that admiration has withstood the stress and strain of thirty years—while I have felt as though I should like to adapt the words of Coleridge and call upon the powers of nature to bear witness for me

> With what deep worship I have still adored
> The spirit of divinest Poetry—

I have had love affairs with quite as many different kinds of poetry as Cowley had with imaginary sweethearts. If I may trust the evidence of old books—pathetically cheap editions, for modern poets were not to be found in some Southern libraries at least, and a boy born in war times saw a dollar in the 'seventies about as often as your modern youth sees ten—if I may trust the dates written in execrable copies of ecstatically prized volumes, it was Keats and his favorite Spenser that succeeded Byron in my catalogue of poet-masters; but it was Horace who first made me flatter myself that I might become a rational lover of poetry. This means that whatever critical capacity I have was first awakened by Horace—to whom I owe a debt and for whom I cherish a love which when I cease to acknowledge, deterred by modern under-valuation of his admirable poetic gifts, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth! Shelley, Tennyson, and Pope followed almost immediately, and I was delighted by all three, and have no word of apology to offer for the combination. Then came Coleridge; then Longfellow, the only American poet I remember to have enjoyed in early years; for about my first acquaintance with Poe, to whom for one reason or another I have since devoted many pages, I have absolutely no recollection. I recollect well, however, that no alienation of South from North, no inherited belief that America had made but a poor showing in creative literature, kept me from

perceiving, what I still in the face of over-subtle recent criticism perceive, the essential worth and homely charm of Longfellow's simple poetry. If I had known Emerson and Poe then, I should have thought, I am sure, as now, that it is the great merit of the latter that he rarely or never appeared in public without his singing robes about him, and that it is the great error or misfortune of the former that he too often knocked about in a rhyming jacket.

How should I have thought otherwise then, when from Coleridge I passed to Shakespere and to Milton, and a little later to Sophocles? In other words, could a youth of few books—but those the best in English, Greek, and Latin, French and German—fail to perceive that true poetry is as much a matter of style as of substance? How could I from the start yield my full allegiance to any poet who does not marry wisdom to immortal verse? As the years have gone by, I hope that I have learned to give to that line of Wordsworth's a flexible interpretation—wisdom of a sort is married to immortal verse of a sort as well in Byron's "Don Juan" as in his "Childe Harold," most Anglo-Saxon critics in their native cant to the contrary notwithstanding—but I trust that I have never for a moment ceased to believe that the Muse must be lovely as well as wise and good. This may be a digression, but I said that I would be garrulous, and I confess I am moved to as much wrath as is good for me, when I hear well-meaning people counsel other people to overlook a poet's technical defects and get at his message, in total oblivion of the fact that their favorite prophet or preacher is entitled to only a very low place on Parnassus. Many Browningites, Emersonians, Whitmanites, even Shakespereans, make me wonder whether, because sending messages with or without wires and with or without rapping-tables has become common, the chief end of existence is to receive them. Poor benighted Southerner that I was, I grew up in comparative ignorance of the latter-day cults of poet-prophets; the only message my poets brought me was that the gardens of the Hesperides need be counted no myth, that I had but to open any of my well-loved volumes to be transported thither, where I could wander at will and pluck the golden fruit. As I think of those unsophisticated days, when I fondly deemed that poetry meant

joy—not messages and ideas and problems—I can truly exclaim with Wordsworth—

> Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
> But to be young was very heaven.

And yet, poor heathen, there was no Emerson or Whitman, or Walter Pater or Ibsen or George Bernard Shaw or "R. L. S." or Rudyard Kipling for me. I had only the poets I have named—and some novelists like Thackeray, who was dead, and George Eliot and dear old Trollope and excellent Charles Reade, who were living—and I added Moore and Campbell and one or two other old-fashioned writers, for my acquaintance with whom, I suppose, if I were not past forty, it would be my duty to blush.

Some of the things I read were not designed, I apprehend, for the perusal of a youngster. For example, I took a rather thorough course in Restoration comedy, and although the volumes bore on their fly-leaves the name of my grandmother, I do not care to shelter myself under that respectable ægis. I am sure I should have enjoyed Congreve, even if I had not known that ladies read him a hundred years before. I am equally sure that if I had had a father alive who could have kept those and certain other books out of my way until I was older I should have been no worse off. They did not prevent me, however, from having as bad a case of Wordsworth fever as any one ever had on attaining his majority; nor did Wordsworth keep me from seeing in Homer, not merely the Father but the King of Poets, to whom I still maintain that Dante, Chaucer, Shakespere, and Milton should make obeisance as to their rightful lord. Yet Homer, Sophocles, and Euripides, the writers I was reading when people around me were praising the men who were removing the reproach of literary sterility from the South—Sidney Lanier, Cable, Harris, and the rest—even the great Greeks, could not wean me from a love that has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength—a love for those wits of Queen Anne's day to whom Thackeray, who, by the way, was never much attracted to great poetry, so completely lost that capacious heart of his. It was in the days following graduation that I picked up at book auctions little copies of Prior

and Gay that I would not exchange for their weight in gold. Cowper declared that poor, ill-fated Robert Lloyd was

> Sole heir and single
> Of dear Mat Prior's easy jingle.

but Prior was far more than a jingler, and he left no heirs, only some very respected collateral relations. He and Gay can scarcely be described as rapture producers, but the man they do not charm has had some very humane elements omitted from his composition. I felt this nearly twenty years ago, and at a time when, strange as it may appear, I was enjoying the work of Matthew Arnold and the treasures of Ward's "English Poets." Nor could the glorious rhythms of Swinburne or the deep, passionate poems of Browning, the next objects of my adoration, make me swerve in my affection for the eighteenth-century masters. I am certain—as certain as I am of my existence—that a love of poetry is an unceasing source of joy; I am almost equally certain that a catholic, as opposed to a narrow, appreciation, is indispensable to any form of healthy love.

I have now given you "The Confessions of a Lover of Poetry down to his Twenty-fifth Year," which I hope are at least a little less naïve than some of the autobiographies more distinguished persons are persuaded to contribute to our magazines. I cut my recital short, not only because I do not wish to bore you, but also because I have carried it to the point where in addition to being a lover, I became a teacher of poetry. From being irresponsible I became responsible. Henceforth there was to be less flitting from flower to flower and more storing up of honey in a hive. I was soon to learn that the teaching and the study of poetry, as opposed to browsing in it, are attended by drawbacks that often try one's soul. It is not easy to talk about what one would rather worship silently; it is not easy to teach the delights of poetry to superior young persons who, with the wide knowledge of human life derived from afternoon teas or the football field, think of one as merely a harmless old fool; it is not easy to extend one's knowledge over the tremendous field of English Literature in order that one may partly understand how the poets and the poetry one loves came to be what they are.

Such of you as have taught already will know what I mean when I say that the teacher who has to feed gaping mouths —not ears—with choice morsels of poetry often wonders why schools and colleges exist. You will know what I mean when I say that the sight of rows upon rows of poets and commentators upon them that one has never read, that one scarcely hopes ever to get time to read, makes the teacher of poetry long for a better world where great verse will be diffused in the air, not gathered between the boards of books.

But while these difficulties of the teacher and the thorough student are very real ones, a love of poetry will enable him to surmount them as nothing else will. It is chiefly because this is so that I began by assuring you that the love of poetry is a possession forever. To poetry you can apply those marvellous verses of the youthful Poe to Helen—themselves an almost matchless illustration of essential poetic charm:—

> . . . Thy beauty is to me
> Like those Nicæan barks of yore,
> That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
> The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
> To his own native shore.

The spirit of poetry will not desert you when the day's work is over, and you are alone with your books. A line or two of a dearly loved poem, and you are under the spell, and you will take up the task of preparing for to-morrow's class as though to-day's had not filled you with despair for yourself, your pupils, and some mighty poet in his undreamed-of misery dead.

Yes, there is nothing like poetry for true restorative powers. Each of us, doubtless, has his own verse-specific which he not only employs, but takes pleasure in recommending. Mine are numerous sonnets of Shakespere and lines from the dramas, sundry periods of Milton, not a few whole poems and passages of Wordsworth, things of Byron, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, and Browning—but more especially of Keats—yet why not say Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," with Ward's "English Poets" thrown in, and have done with it? How is one to narrow one's affections when English poetry resembles a field covered with daisies? And if

one turns to other literatures, one experiences the same embarrassment. Some wiseacres tell us that the French have little genius for essential poetry, but many and many a time, reading this or that great poet in that exquisite language, I have been tempted to apply to him in my stammering way the words of Alfred de Musset to Malibran:—

> C'est cette voix du cœur qui seule au cœur arrive
> Que nul autre après toi ne nous rendra jamais.

And as for what the Greeks and especially Homer have left us, and the tender Roman elegists—the smooth elegiac poets as Milton calls them—there is simply nothing to be said to those who knowing do not love such inestimable treasures. Men may be great philosophers and not love Homer—Herbert Spencer has just proved it—they may even appreciate many other forms of verse and fail to come under his ineffable spell; but if thirty years of devotion to poetry give me the right to express a very positive opinion, I will say that the man or woman who is denied the privilege of undergoing the effects of Homer's power and Homer's charm is deprived of a rapture absolutely unique and supreme among the raptures the Muses bestow upon their worshippers. I know that this is mere assertion. I can no more prove it than I can prove to a certain friend of mine that a real Havana cigar is better than the abominable weeds he genuinely enjoys and regularly presents me when I dine with him. There is no way known to me of proving that Homer's Nausicaa is a creation of a higher order than the astonishing heroines of some of our most popular novelists; but fortunately the need of such proof is by no means so great as the difficulty of furnishing it.

The mention of Nausicaa brings, however, to my mind what I can pronounce unhesitatingly to be in my judgment the most consummate product of the art of poetry that it has ever been my fortune to read. I am judging simply through the quantity and the quality of the rapture it gave me when I first read it nearly twenty years ago, through the impression it has left ever since on my memory, through the rapture it gives me to-day. Nothing for me quite takes the place of the pristine purity, the paradisiacal charm that irradiates the sixth book of the Odyssey, with its description of the white-armed

daughter of the King Alcinous confronting on the shore of the sounding sea, in all the dignity of maiden innocence, the ship-wrecked favorite of Athene, the much-wandered, much-enduring Odysseus. I have seen great pictures that made the blood leave my heart and rush to my cheeks and temples. One such I specially remember—a marvellous, a divine angel that burst upon me from a dark canvas by Titian in a dark church in Venice. I have forgotten the name of the church and the subject of the picture, but that angel and that moment of unexpected rapture I can never forget. Yet even this luminous point in my memory pales before the moment when Nausicaa first swam within my ken, when I first saw the thronèd Dawn awaken her, saw her put on her fair robes and hasten through the palace halls to tell her dream to her parents, saw her standing tall beside her mother, in the midst of the handmaidens spinning purple yarn, saw her taking counsel with her kingly father, saw her harness the mules to the polished car, store it with shining raiment, and take her way with her maidens to the sea. As for the game of ball played by her and her blameless Phæcian attendants there in the dawn of time beside the primitive waves, what words save those of Homer are adequate to describe it! Who save Homer could have put fitting speech into her mouth before the naked stranger, or have filled her mind with the innocent guile of the marriageable maiden? "Shakespere," you answer, and thinking of Ferdinand and Miranda I pause—and after due deliberation, reply, "Not so." Beside Nausicaa, even Miranda seems to me sophisticated, though to say that appear at first blush to be equivalent to saying that the sun in his meridian splendor is jet black. But I do say it, because it was not Shakespere's fortune first of mortals to behold the filleted Muses advance from out the mists of the young world's dawn, and take their predestined places upon their golden and eternal thrones.

THE TRAGEDY OF RECONSTRUCTION

From *Sewanee Review*, January, 1901.

. . . But, tried by high ideals, can the partisan, radical Republicans of 1867, escape serious animadversions?

In the first place they were unwise enough to reject a simple and consistent plan of reconstruction before they had given it a fair working chance. It is true that some of the Southern States had passed oppressive and unjust laws against the freedmen that seemed to reduce them to peonage; but it was also true that the Supreme Court was perfectly capable of pronouncing these laws unconstitutional, and had given signs of its disposition to do so. Besides, it was only natural that, in view of the total subversion of economic and social conditions, the Southern whites should have attempted hasty and unwise labor and vagrancy legislation, while on the other hand it was obvious that the men to whom they most looked up were counseling moderation and loyalty to the Union. From 1865 to 1870 Gen. Robert E. Lee was by far the most influential man in the South, and it requires small study of his character and correspondence to see what direction his advice was taking. The fire-eaters were somewhat under a cloud, for they had brought on the disastrous war, and many of the worst of them had escaped to Europe or to Mexico. Their places, curiously enough, were taken by the radical Republicans. These men, by opposing Johnson, by advocating negro suffrage, by talking about conquered provinces, by insisting upon the presence of troops in the South, by affiliating with the carpetbaggers and the scalawags, filled the Southern whites with a rage which the victories of Grant and Sherman had not caused and which the vindictive eloquence of Toombs and other irreconciliables would have been powerless to inspire. The South was exhausted and ready to listen to its great soldiers, Lee and Johnston, who, like Grant and Sherman in the North, were by no means radical. But the politicians intervened, established military despotisms, which, to their credit, the major-generals did not on the whole relish or abuse, gave free license to legislative carnivals of corruption, and laid, in part at least, the foundation for the present race troubles of

the South. It has, indeed, been held by high authority that for Congress to have left the Johnson plan in operation would have been, "from the standpoint of the great national issues demanding settlement, grotesquely impossible," but I am inclined to think that this statement rests on a confusion of the terms "national" and "partisan."

In the second place, not merely did the partisan Republicans of 1865 to 1870 reject a simple and consistent plan of reconstruction before it had been fairly tried; not merely did they substitute a plan of their own based upon the false theories of the doctrinaires and, in its reliance upon military support, antagonistic to every Anglo-Saxon ideal of government; not merely were they responsible for the "woes unnumbered" suffered by the South down to 1876, and for the Kuklux and other outrages inflicted upon the blacks throughout a long and dismal period; but they dealt a powerful and almost deadly blow to constitutional government in this country. From bitterly resenting the alleged treachery of Johnson and his so-called tyrannical attempt to govern in defiance of Congress, they proceeded themselves to erect the greatest tyranny this country has ever known. They developed the tyranny of the caucus over moderate and recalcitrant members, carrying through in at least one instance a most important measure in the space of twenty minutes. By allowing no interim between the close of one Congress and the beginning of another they grossly interfered with the constitutional power and prerogatives of the President. By refusing to recognize the existence of States whose votes were nevertheless counted in the ratification of the Thirteenth Amendment they acted with a partisan inconsistency dangerous to constitutional liberty. In the Tenure of Office Act and in other legislation they not only flouted the principles of republican government as handed down by the fathers, but deliberately legislated so as to render powerless that independent and indispensable department of government, the executive—a course of conduct which was of the very essence of tyranny.

I have no doubt that a clever lawyer can make out a specious defence for their actions, and that historians can trump up the plea of necessity, which is really no plea, as it is impossible to prove that no other course of action, save the one

followed, is open to a set of men at a given time and under given circumstances. I know that it is possible for special pleaders to lay stress on the masterly way in which the radical leaders marshaled their forces, and thus obscure for the average reader the real meaning of the events whose record he is perusing, yet I am still convinced that when any man or body of men attempts in a republic to govern through only one of the three arms of government we have a plain case of tyranny. They may act from motives of supposed benevolence, but history shows that benevolent tyranny always degenerates rapidly and frightfully. Now, for a short time after the war Congress overrode the President and the judiciary, and so established a tyranny. But this was fortunately broken when the attempt to convict Johnson failed, and it has been in part remedied by the action of the Supreme Court in restricting the interference with the affairs of the States, attempted by means of Congressional legislation, and of the constitutional amendments secured through Congressional compulsion. The breaking down of a tyranny does not, however, leave a people uninjured. What has been may be, and it is neither traitorous nor pessimistic to declare that recent events seem to indicate that constitutional government is not so strong in the country to-day as it was two generations ago.

But there is no need to continue this indictment of the doctrinaires and the partisans of 1867. Let us turn our attention to other actors in the drama, perhaps I should say the tragedy of reconstruction.

As for the people of the loyal States whose support at the polls nerved the radicals in their madness, I have no words of blame. The people were well disposed, but they did not know what was best to be done in such a crisis, and they naturally trusted the party that had saved the Union. The idea that the people of this country really govern it and determine the course of political events is quite too absurd to be combated at this late day. The people have been party-ridden for generations, and it is no wonder that they should be an easy prey to irresponsible partisans. They were such in 1867; they are such in 1900; they will be such so long as historians and publicists, and other leaders of opinion, are blind to the fact that in an epoch of social and economic problems, as well as

in one of revolutionary tendencies, the two-party system is one of the most dangerous instruments of government ever devised by the wit of man.

With regard to the population of the South during the reconstruction period proper we must be a little more detailed in our treatment. That population was susceptible of a four-fold division—to wit, the carpetbaggers from the North, the scalawags from the South, the freedmen and the conquered whites. As for the carpetbaggers and scalawags, it must in justice be said that they contained among them some honest and estimable men who have since risen to prominence in the New South. That there should be rascals among them was inevitable. Where the carcass is, there will the vultures congregate. The South lay prostrate; and bad men, whether aliens or natives, hastened to prey upon her. Aided by Congressional ignorance and partisanship, and by the docility of the freedmen, they inaugurated a saturnalia of misrule which has been too often described to require many words here. The enormous State debts piled up by them retarded the process of recuperation by at least two decades. As a former resident of Virginia, I can bear testimony to the baleful effects of their extravagance in that State which led to partial repudiation and to the debauching of politics to a lamentable extent; yet Virginia probably suffered little compared with States farther south. Nor were extravagance and financial bungling and crime their worst injury to the South. They introduced a most vicious variety of the national disease of office-seeking. They grabbed offices, and showed a primitive people how to make them pay. The pluralities and sinecures of the Papal States were rivaled, if not distanced, in the South, especially in the commonwealths lying along the Gulf. Worse still, they inaugurated a reign of terror which, when the Southerners got the opportunity, was diverted, by means of the Kuklux Klan and in other ways, to the innocent heads of the blacks. The lives and property of influential men were not safe in certain districts, and whole families were forced to flee for refuge to States where they would be unknown. Is it any wonder that the memory of such outrages has been slow to fade in the South, that old men and women look upon the hardships suffered during the war as almost trivial in com-

parison with the degradation and oppression they underwent at the hands not of soldiers but of rascals and renegades and misguided negroes?

But why, at this late day, should we dwell upon such unpleasant topics? As I have said, the carpetbaggers and scalawags acted after their kind; and as for the negroes, their behavior was only natural and by no means characteristic of the race. On the whole the freedmen behaved well; on the whole they are a kindly, well-disposed race to-day, who have made remarkable progress, all things considered. That their fate is likely to be a happy one, I do not believe, for the agricultural South is rapidly becoming an industrial South, and I doubt if they can stand the competition with white labor. If they cannot, they will go to the wall, but when their supremacy is no longer feared, their elimination will be a comparatively painless one. The Southern white, as a rule, both understands and likes the negro. He was forced into persecuting him by the carpetbaggers and by the Congressional partisans, and he has continued the despicable practice because of the warp given to his character by the poverty, the loss of political prestige, and the other direful consequences of the war and the reconstruction period. With the exploitation of his great mineral and other resources and with the consequent increase of wealth, with his place in the nation's councils more fully restored, there will be little reason for the Southerner to fear the negro, and the latter will be better treated than he has been for a generation. Then one of the worst effects of reconstruction legislation will have been done away with.

But the future of the negro, although an interesting topic, lies somewhat apart from our main theme, even though a discussion of it does show us plainly that the doctrinaires of 1867 were wrong in thinking that they could determine the status of a race by mere legislation. We are more concerned with the share of responsibility borne by the Southern whites in this sad business of reconstruction. As has been already intimated, I regard the Southern whites as having been more sinned against than sinning; but I do not wish to minimize their faults and indiscretions. It was surely the height of indiscretion for the Southern legislatures to pass oppressive acts virtually closing to the freedman all the avenues of prog-

ress. Yet these acts were liable to be pronounced unconstitutional, and it must be conceded that between 1865 and 1867 the whites had had little time to recover from the shock of war and the consequent upheaval of society. They were imprudent, and their legislation seems absurd and horrible to us; but on the other hand the radicals in Congress were fatuous, and their legislation was abortive and tyrannical. Partisanship worked mischief on both sides, but we naturally hold those who had least to fear and suffer most accountable. As for the conduct of the Southerners after drastic reconstruction was begun, it seems to me to have been only what was to be expected, although fraught with direful consequences. As we have seen, they were taught bad lessons by the carpet-baggers and scalawags, and they surely had no cause to love the negro's injudicious friends in Congress. As Anglo-Saxons they were determined to escape from both military rule and negro domination as soon as possible; hence, wisely or not, they threw themselves into the arms of the Democratic party and began to intimidate and cheat the negro.

Then once more was proved the truth of the adage that they that touch pitch will be defiled. From mere intimidation the Kuklux and other organizations passed to violence, and in New Orleans in the early seventies to an actual massacre. The kindly relations of a century and more were rudely severed; the rising generation of negroes was suffered to grow up without training and to become a menace to life and honor and property. The result is seen in such brutal spectacles, shocking to God and man, as the unpardonably cruel lynching of Sam Hose in Georgia. I shudder at mentioning this horrible outrage; but I must refer to it, for it was a direct consequence of the reconstruction legislation of thirty-three years ago. And the results of the frauds practiced upon the negroes at the polls have been almost as disastrous. Some years ago, I carefully examined newspaper reports of local elections in South Carolina during the period from 1836 to 1848, and found mention of only one case of suspected stuffing of the ballot box. How many cases of such stuffing may one suppose a careful student of the period, say between 1878 and 1890, would discover? But can a people accustom themselves to cheating in elections without declining conspicuously

in political virtue? The South has declined immensely during the last thirty years; and yet, not having lost her full representation in Congress, she has more political power than is her due. Can that power be exercised properly? For an answer to this question, I may point to the attitude of the mass of the Southern people on the grave financial and economic problems that have recently confronted the country. But at the same time I must emphatically call attention to the fact that the South has for a generation been thinking of how to do away with the effects of partisan reconstruction legislation, and has had neither the time nor the inclination to inform herself about truly national issues. On the rotten foundation of ballot box stuffing her politicians have erected a machine which has woven a net over the whole section. Some day there will be a collapse; but the people will still be bound up in the net, and the more they struggle the more they will be involved in its coils. Then their only hope of rescue will lie in a strong clear-sighted statesman to cut the entangling meshes.

What are the main conclusions to be drawn from this brief review of the tragedy of reconstruction? They are: First, that as in all true tragedies, our sympathy should go out for the main sufferers. We should regret Johnson's erratic conduct; we should regret the lack of wisdom displayed by Congress; we should regret the rash excesses of the Southern people. Secondly, we should see in the events of this reconstruction period the most important political object lesson we have ever had as a people. At no other time in our history or perhaps in the history of the whole world apart from the period of the French Revolution, have ignorance and partisanship so joined hands for the oppression of a people. The result has been, as we have seen, thoroughly disastrous. Southern politics have been corrupted, the whites have been alienated from the negroes, lives and property have been destroyed, a section richly endowed by nature has lain comparatively idle almost till the present, and the ghastly and deplorable instrumentality of a foreign war was needed to bring completely together the disrupted Union of 1861. I may be told that between thirty and forty years is, after all, a short period in which to heal such grievous wounds; but when I consider the admirable temper displayed by the Northern people and the

moderation of such men as Lincoln and Grant, I cannot help believing that if partisanship and ignorance had not ruled in Congress between 1865 and 1870 the Union would have been fully restored before 1898, and that we should probably have had statesmen enough in the country to save us from the Spanish War itself. It was not necessary that legislators should run counter to the teachings of history; it was not necessary that a people should suffer morally and materially as the Southern people have done. The Civil War was bound, of course, to bring evils in its train—evils to both South and North—but it is as plain as anything in history that these evils were augmented unnecessarily by the actions of men who were chosen to govern the country wisely, and instead governed it foolishly.

THE AGE AND THE POET

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No room for the poet, you say,
In the hurry and scurry
Of our crowded implacable modern day!
In the infinite world
Science reveals of suns
And systems thro' chaos unceasingly hurled,
The timorous spirit of man
Shrinkingly runs,
Without thought or plan,
For covert to slothful inaction
Or slovenly faiths, and abides
In querulous dissatisfaction,
Watching the tides
Of refluent being course by him,
With never a god to espy him.
Or else you opine
That he loses himself in the maze
Of material things that combine
To lengthen and crowd out his days—

In his telephones, steamships, balloons,
His markets, factories, farms—
That his true soul swoons
While his brain and arms
Labor unceasingly to attain
The something men call gain.

But is it so?
Has the poet's real world been changed
Through which he ranged,
Joyous and proud, in ages long ago—
And even haunted but the other day
When Tennyson and Browning, each his lay
Sang, and the world half paused to hear?

Ah! no, the rush, the tumult, and the fear
Of this our modern age
Have only widened out the poet's sphere,
Have given him a broader stage
On which to act his part.
The spiritual world of godlike aspirations,
The kingdom of the sympathetic heart,
The fair domain of high imaginations,
Lie open to the poet as of old.
Wrong still is wrong, and right is right,
Tho' countless systems are thro' chaos rolled
And men compete and nations fight,
And ships fly fast and factories smoke,
And flames electric leap and play,
And with the giant piston-stroke
We throb our sickly lives away,
For right and wrong, and weal and woe,
Are warp and woof of all true song,
And to declare that poetry must go,
Is to do God a wrong.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MATTHEW ARNOLD

An Extract from the poem "Corydon."

Thyrsis was dead and thou hadst sung his dirge,
For this, then, didst thou put thy pipe away?
Because no more ye loving twain might urge
Along the haunted paths, where sank the day,
Companionable courses? On the spray
Did not the dew gleam after Thyrsis went?
Did not the Scholar-Gypsy in the gray
Of twilight speed him homeward? Then, what meant
The death of all thy songs before thy throat was spent?

Was it that Marguerite herself was dead,
That humble flower thou plucked'st to adorn
Thy austere verse where still to-day is shed
Her subtle fragrance? O to sorrow born,
O shepherd doomed to track the ways forlorn
That lead to the eternal house of pain,
Gouldst thou not set to thy firm lips the horn
Of resolution whose full, godlike strain
Can rouse the drooping breast and cheer the flagging brain?

Thou couldst have taken up thy pipe once more
And played us sadder notes in thy despair;
Thou couldst have sung thy sorrows o'er and o'er,
And we had never grudged thy grief to share;
But as a bird, when tempests fill the air,
Forgets to sing, while battling with the wind,
And strives to reach her lone nest hanging bare,
So thou, when on thy head life's storms combined,
Didst leave to sing and sought'st in strife thy peace to find.

But thee, O Corydon, were it well to chide
Because thou didst forsake the Muse thy love,
Whom thou hadst wooed in youth full oft beside
The Isis or where Jarman shines above
Geneva's lake or where the springs of Dove

Still whisper of the violet and the maid?
Not like a faithless lover didst thou rove
Seeking new raptures—for on thee was laid
A task too hard to bear, yet not to be gainsaid.

Thou camest after that great shepherd race
That in the morning of our century sung,
The dreams of liberty had given place
To dark tyrannic visions. Men were stung
To madness by the loathsome slimy tongue
Of folly mounted to the seat of power—
Damon had drawn his sword and perished young;
Statecraft and priestcraft seemed to rule the hour,
And in the heavy air song withered like a flower.

Amid these perilous times all true men stood
(E'en gentle shepherds only used to sing)
Like gallant knights in an enchanted wood
Fighting with heathen foes. Within this ring
Thou too wast drawn though more inclined to fling
The sword aside upon thy pipe to play.
Alas! for thee no more fond dallying
With Marguerite in her native vales; the day
For love was past and thou didst gird thee for the fray.

O sorry fate for one whose soul was framed
To dwell upon the heights of thought serene;
The uncontentious Muse thy homage claimed
And opened wide for thee her fair demesne;
Thy youth had walked in pleasant meadows green;
That nurse of learning with the pastoral name
Made thee her foster child—but what could screen
The young Achilles when Ulysses came
And spread the polished arms and saw the smooth cheek flame?

HOMER

It is an age that knows thee not, I fear,
Child of the Dawn, which, kissing, smit thee blind,
Or else could any lover cease to find
Thy presence in thy works? Doth not the year,
Rolling, show Nature's face? Yea, full as clear
Thine rises still before the adoring mind,
O Bard serene with love of humankind
And favor of the gods. What! could the sheer,
Blank fall of Time engulph thee, eldest born
Of the Elect? Nay, sooner had wide Space
Swallowed the pristine stars that sang the birth
Of this new world, what time the first glad Morn
Showed o'er the eastern hills her gracious face
And made for men a habitable earth.

COLUMBUS

I have two pictures very dear to me;
In all my gallery there are none like these.
One is a boy, a fair-haired Genoese,
Gazing with wistful eye upon the sea
And wondering what the far-off ships may be,
With all the calm, self-poisèd grace one sees
In children face to face with mysteries.
The other hath as fair a scenery
Of distant palaces and shadowy ships,
And gentle waves, and hard, white curves of sand—
But see the central figure! Bent and bowed
And gray as winter doth an old man stand
And look toward the West—his withered lips
Quiver, methinks, but oh! that eye is proud!

EL DORADO

O golden myth, once potent, banished now
Unto the realm of faëry, where abide
The pure undying dreams that glorified
The world's impulsive youth, I wonder how
They sleep who sought thee with the hope-flushed brow
Or the sad, wasted cheek. I see them ride
Even now to find thee, warriors in their pride,
Gay youths, and pilgrims bound by lofty vow.

Ah! so they pass, the brave, sad bands of yore,
Across the page of history and of song;
Their El Dorado ever moves before,
But doubt and death come speeding on ere long.
Are we not of their train? Yea, but the store
Of faith that lures us also makes us strong.

VENICE

Venice, thou fairest spot that ever eye
Of man or god hath rested on—more fair
Than that sweet grove where Hermes ceased to fly
That he might better wonder and compare
Its loveliness with heaven's—wherefore now
When I recall thee are my thoughts not rife
With exquisite confusion? Art not thou
Made up of all the beauties that make life?
Yea, but recalling thee I am as one
That seeks the mother's features in the child
And turning unto Titian, thy great son,
I get thy charms unmixed and undefiled.

WILLIAM HENRY TRESCOT

[1822—1898]

A. BURNET RHETT

WILLIAM HENRY TRESCOT was born in Charleston, South Carolina, November 10, 1822. He was graduated from the College of Charleston in 1840, upon which occasion he delivered an address, entitled "The Theory of Government," that attracted considerable local attention. After graduation he studied law in the office of his uncle, Mr. Edward McCrady, and was admitted to the Bar in 1843. In addition to the practice of law he engaged in planting on one of the sea islands near Beaufort, South Carolina.

From the beginning of his career his mind turned naturally to international relation and question—to diplomacy. In 1849 he published 'A Few Thoughts on the Foreign Policy of the United States,' a pamphlet printed privately at Charleston. This little work, in spite of its rather quiet entrance into the world, received very favorable notice in America. To the political and sectional discussion which arose over the passage of the Omnibus Bill in 1850, Trescot contributed his 'Position and Course of the South,' an important document to the student of Southern political and economic theory. His 'Diplomacy of the Revolution' appeared in 1852.

In the same year Trescot was appointed Secretary to the United States Legation at London. There he availed himself of every opportunity to pursue the study of diplomacy. From London he wrote (1853) his "Letter to Andrew P. Butler on the Diplomatic System of the United States," which is still regarded as a valuable contribution to the history of American diplomacy. 'An American View of the Eastern Question' was published in 1854, and three years later, Trescot having in the meantime returned to his plantation home, Barnwell Island, South Carolina, appeared his most elaborate and in some respects most important work, 'The Diplomatic History of the Administration of Washington and Adams.'

Trescot's work had now established him as one of the most capable authorities on diplomacy in America. In 1860 he was appointed Assistant-secretary of State in the Buchanan administration. When the health of his chief, General Cass, broke down, Trescot became virtually Secretary of State. Of the stirring and heated

discussions during the latter part of Buchanan's administration, Trescot wrote* somewhat later a "clear and vigorous narrative."

The Assistant-secretary's brilliant prospects were now shattered by the secession of South Carolina and by the war that followed. Trescot offered his services to the Confederate Government, but for some unknown reason, President Davis refused him diplomatic employment abroad, although he was strongly recommended for a place with Mason and Slidell on the commission to England and France. But he represented the Confederate Government in negotiations with a British representative concerning the Declaration of Paris.

Returning to his farm near Pendleton, South Carolina, he was elected to the State Legislature in 1862, 1864, and 1866, and served at different times on the staff of General Ripley and on that of Governor Magrath. At the close of the war he was an unsuccessful candidate for the governorship. When the great lawyer, James L. Petigru, was chosen to codify the laws of the State, Trescot was made his assistant.

After the war Trescot was sent to Washington to represent the State in certain questions under the Reconstruction Acts. In June, 1877, he was appointed counsel for the United States on the fishery commission at Halifax, Nova Scotia. In 1880 he became one of the plenipotentiaries to China to revise the treaties, and in 1881 he was sent to conclude the negotiations with the Minister of Colombia, and the protocol in regard to the rights of the United States on the Isthmus of Panama. In the same year he was made special envoy to the belligerent powers of South America, Peru, Chile, and Bolivia, and the next year plenipotentiary with General Grant to negotiate a commercial treaty with Mexico. In 1889 he was one of the delegates of the United States to the International Conference held at Washington.

Meantime he had continued the practice of law at Washington, and had acted as the agent of South Carolina in the adjudication of questions arising under the Direct Tax Law. His last years were spent at his home near Pendleton, South Carolina, where he died, May 4, 1898.

After 1857 he confined his literary activity to the narrative mentioned above, to a memorial sketch of General Pettigrew, and to a certain number of orations. Though urged to continue his works on

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*Trescot's Narrative. In February, 1861, Trescot determined to write an account of the last days of the Buchanan administration, to record his impressions of the "events which have been the subject of so much controversy, and the truth about which is of essential importance to the future history of the country." This account, which is generally referred to as 'Trescot's Narrative,' is still in manuscript. It was used *and quoted passim* by S. W. Crawford in his work, 'The Genesis of the Civil War.' Crawford describes it as a "clear and vigorous narrative in tense and vigorous words."

diplomacy, he could not be persuaded; and in his failure to devote himself to literature he keenly disappointed the student of American letters as well as the student of American diplomacy.

Trescot's literary work may be divided into two broad divisions: his orations and addresses, and his historical work, bearing, with two exceptions—"The Position and Course of the South" and the memorial sketch of General Pettigrew—upon diplomacy and international questions. The total production is by no means copious—three rather small volumes, five or six pamphlets, a certain number of addresses and orations. Its quality ranks him with the most brilliant writers of prose South Carolina has produced.

Trescot's orations are logical, well developed, scholarly, restrained, the style elaborate and at times formal, the historic vein present in illustration and application. From this more quiet manner he rose at times with true eloquence, the language insensibly adapting itself to the emotion of the speaker. At the head of his speeches stands the beautiful eulogy upon General Stephen Elliott, delivered before the South Carolina Legislature in September, 1866. This splendid tribute, with its powerful, but not excessive command of the pathetic, couched in a vein at once proud and resigned, with its wonderfully graphic picture of the ante-bellum life of the coast planter, stands high in its department of oratory.

The pamphlet entitled "A Few Thoughts on the Foreign Policy of the United States" is a plea for the union in foreign policy of England and the United States. This early study shows acumen, logical power, and foresight in its anticipation of questions of paramount interest. These same qualities, with the added interest of more eloquent passages, are to be found in "An American View of the Eastern Question"—a keen probing of the European diplomatic cant phrase of the preservation of "the integrity of the Ottoman Empire." This foresight of future problems and policies, though sometimes mixed with a good deal of contemporary view and opinion soon to be fiercely tested, and in some cases rudely shattered, in the crash of war, is marked in Trescot.

'The Position and Course of the South' presented the familiar views of the extreme Southern party of its day: That slavery was the best solution of the problem of labor and capital; that "Cotton is King;" that the North was growing more powerful and more antagonistic to Southern interest; that the South should secede and form its own government, a separation following logically from geographical, commercial, racial, and political necessity. These arguments are set forth with forceful clearness in a style direct and vigorous, at times eloquent, and—bearing in mind the date and subject—are strangely calm.

Before consideration of Trescot's main work, attention should be called to the Inscription for the Confederate Monument* at Columbia, South Carolina. In appropriateness of thought, in justness of sentiment, in beauty of phrase and harmony of word, it would be difficult to discover its superior.

In his favorite field Trescot's two chief works are his 'Diplomacy of the Revolution' and his 'Diplomatic History of the Administrations of Washington and Adams,' upon the latter of which has rested mainly his chief claim to reputation with, and in fact his chief means of introduction to, readers beyond local circles. With the general remark that the first is not so elaborate or so carefully done as the second, that it is not regarded by specialists as of equal authority with the larger and later volume, both may be considered together. Of the two volumes on American diplomacy preceding his, one, that of Jonathan Elliott, is merely a compilation, the other, that of Theodore Lyman, is "laborious and dull." To these Trescot's works present a very pleasing contrast. These volumes are marked by calmness of tone, impartiality of treatment, and philosophic handling. There is an air of scholarly refinement, a lack of hurry, a deliberation of judgment and expression which is consonant with the matter under discussion. His grasp of his subject is firm as a rule. Following the tangled skeins of the various diplomatic controversies with pleasing absence of dull technical detail, he excels in the power of making clear, precise, and forcible summary and conclusion.

Considered as a writer of brilliant prose, Trescot reaches his climax in the memoir of General J. Johnston Pettigrew. The effective pathos, the true sympathy of touch, the fidelity and vividness of description are worthy of high praise. The vital pen-picture of antebellum conditions in South Carolina, its truthfulness, delicacy, and beauty, shot through by the gleams of pathetic contrast; the broadening of the personal interest in the tribute to the Confederate soldier; the lesson derived from the life and premature death of the young general—such passages as these present Trescot's fine style at its acme. His style is notably clear, dignified, restrained. On special occasions it catches fire by its own motion and rises to eloquence, in eulogizing an Adams or a Pinckney, in summarizing the difficulties and struggles of the diplomats of the youthful republic, in cadenced tribute to the Confederate dead. Professor John Bassett Moore finds in Trescot's style "a breadth and deliberation now seldom encountered." Mr. Ludwig Lewissohn regards it as "thoroughly modern in the best sense, vital, restrained, harmonious."

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*See Vol. XIV

Trescot is important as a cultured scholar, as an effective orator, as an early and very able historian of American diplomacy.

A. Burnet Rhett

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THE DIPLOMATS OF THE REVOLUTION

From 'The Diplomacy of the Revolution.'

That a new nation should have been able at once to enter upon such a system is due of course much to circumstances: but it is also and eminently due to the honesty, energy, and ability of its rulers. It is a proud thing in a nation's history, to have done great things; but nobler still is it to do great things through great men. For then the highest ideas are embodied in the highest shapes: then principles which in general come home only to the student in his closet, to the philosopher in the enthusiasm of his speculations, become inspiring realities to the humblest citizen. They are identified with names familiar to the schoolboy, and enshrined in the homely affections of a national heart. Then the glory which hangs about the past shines with no vague lustre, but is concentrated upon brows towards which the eyes of each rising generation are first directed with reverential admiration. And in that proud circle of famous warriors and great civilians which illustrates the history of the United States, none should stand in brighter light than the diplomatists of the revolution. They were, more particularly than any others, the representatives of the nation in perilous times. Far from home, unsustained by sympathy, their labors hidden from the popular eye, surrounded by perplexities which none but themselves could fully know; simple men in the midst of courtly splendor, watched by ambassadors of old and haughty States, sometimes with jealousy sometimes with hate, treated now with patronizing pity, then with supercilious indifference, they held fast to their faith in their country. They sustained their country's fame; they vindicated their country's interest; and through failure and success they spoke the same language of calm resolution. And as time passed on, and kingdom after kingdom recognized them in the fulness of their ambassadorial character, they kept the even tenor of their way undaunted by fortune, as they had been undismayed by difficulty. They negotiated the great treaties which secured the independence of their country with consummate ability. They used every honorable advantage with adroitness, they compromised no

single interest through haste, they committed themselves to no exaggerated principles, and sacrificed nothing to temporary triumph. In the course of their long and arduous labors, there were occasional differences of opinion; and like all men, there were times when they failed in their purposes. But they worked together heartily for the common good, and even when circumstances too strong for their control opposed their wishes, they never despaired. The very variety of their characters adapted itself to their necessities: and if the deferential wisdom of Franklin smoothed the difficulties of the French treaty, the energetic activity of Adams conquered the obstacles to the alliance with Holland, and the conduct of the negotiations with England was guided by the inflexible firmness of Jay. Others there were whose fame is less, only because success did not crown their efforts. But through the whole period of this critical time—in all the communications between the government and its representatives, there is the same firm and temperate counsel. They knew that the Old World was watching their conduct to draw its inferences and govern its policy, and they spoke and acted without passion or petulance. Men of quiet dignity, tried faith, and large ability, their words savored of no insolent bravado, no licentious sentiment. They appealed to the great principles of international law for the warrant of their deeds and the guarantee of their claims. They felt that the right of independent national existence was a privilege not to be lightly claimed; and they entered into the old and venerable circle of nations in no vulgar spirit of defiant equality, but calmly, as conscious of right—resolutely, as conscious of strength—gravely, as conscious of duty.

THE CREED OF THE SOUTH—STATE LOYALTY

From 'Memorial of General J. Johnston Pettigrew.'

The royalist who, to borrow Macaulay's picturesque description, saw his eldest son fall at Naseby or Marston Moor, who stole by night to revisit his old Manor house which had been converted into barracks and desecrated by a Roundhead garrison, whose silver had been melted to raise a regiment among his tenants, and who, even after the war, was thankful

to recover his wasted property by paying a large fine to Mr. Speaker Lenthall, thought and spoke very much as a South Carolina planter would of Mr. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, of General Saxton's administration of the Sea Islands, or General Sherman's march through the State. The women of that day mourned their dead, and shrunk with shuddering from those whose garments smelt of the blood of their kindred. Reverend priests, who had prayed fervently and prophesied boldly, put their hands upon their mouths and bowed in perplexed humility when they learned that the ways of God were indeed past finding out. Bad men rose and ruled; impatient spirits sought relief in exile, and desponding ones sat sad and silent in the midst of darkness which could be felt. But how does the history of that cruel strife read now? The blood that was poured out like water has sunk into the ground; the tears that were shed have dried up like dew; the personal hatreds and jealousies are at rest in ancient graves, and all that was brave and pure, and true in the words and deeds of either of the great factions lives and glows to-day in the history of England. Cromwell and Falkland, Hampden and Clarendon stand to-day in monumental marble, in the great Palace of Westminster, to teach coming generations what have been the courage, the patriotism, the wisdom of English men.

While, therefore, we who are the vanquished in this battle must of necessity leave to a calmer and wiser posterity to judge of the intrinsic worth of that struggle, as it bears upon the principles of constitutional liberty, and as it must affect the future history of the American people, there is one duty not only possible but imperative; a duty which we owe alike to the living and to the dead; and that is the preservation in perpetual and tender remembrance of the lives of those who, to use a phrase scarcely too sacred for so unselfish a sacrifice, died in the hope that we might live.

Especially is this our duty, because in the South a choice between the parties and principles at issue was scarcely possible. From causes which it is exceedingly interesting to trace, but which I cannot now develop, the feeling of State loyalty had acquired throughout the South an almost fanatic intensity—particularly in the old Colonial States did this devotion to the State assume that blended character of affection and

duty which gives in the old world such a chivalrous coloring to loyalty to the Crown. The existence of large hereditary estates, the transmission from generation to generation of social and political consideration, the institution of slavery, creating of the whole white race a privileged class, through whom the pride and power of its highest representatives were naturally diffused, all contributed to give a peculiarly personal and family feeling to the ordinary relation of citizen to the Commonwealth. Federal honors were undervalued and even Federal power was underrated, except as they were reflected back from the interests and prejudices of the State. When, therefore, by the formal and constitutional act of the States, secession from the Federal Government was declared in 1860 and 1861, it is almost impossible for any one, not familiar with the habits and thoughts of the South, to understand how completely the question of duty was settled for Southern men. Shrewd, practical men who had no faith in the result, old and eminent men who had grown gray in service under the national flag, had their doubts and misgivings; but there was no hesitation as to what they were to do. Especially to that great body of men just coming into manhood, who were preparing to take their places as the thinkers and actors of the next generation, was this call of the State an imperative summons. The fathers and mothers who had reared them, the society whose traditions gave both refinement and assurance to their young ambition, the colleges in which the creed of Mr. Calhoun was the text-book of their political studies, the friends with whom they planned their future, the very land they loved, dear to them as thoughtless boys, dearer to them as thoughtful men, were all impersonate living, speaking, commanding in the State of which they were children. Never in the history of the world has there been a nobler response to a more thoroughly recognized duty; nowhere anything more truly glorious than this outburst of the youth and manhood of the South. And now that the end has come, and we have seen it, it seems to me, that to a man of humanity, I care not in what section his sympathies may have been nurtured, there never has been a sadder or sublimer spectacle than these earnest and devoted men, their young and vigorous columns marching through Richmond to the Potomac, like the combatants

of ancient Rome, beneath the imperial throne in the amphitheatre, and exclaiming with uplifted arms, *"morituri te salutant."*

And thus it happened that the very flower of our youth were mowed down by the reaper, whose name is Death, in the rich harvest fields which human passion and civil strife had at last ripened under the peaceful skies and on the unstained soil of the new Republic. For there was not a community in the South from which the younger men of mark, the men whom their people expected to take the places and sustain the characters of the fathers, did not hasten to take up the heavy burden of their responsibility. And if in ordinary times it is one of the saddest of human experiences to see the sudden destruction of great gifts, the extinction of fair promises, the uncompleted and fragmentary achievement of useful and honorable lives, with what bitter regret must we not review that long list of the dead, whose virtues, whose genius and whose youth we sacrificed in vain. To the memory of these men I think we owe a peculiarly tender care. They went to death at our bidding, and the simple and heroic language of one, not the least among them, spoke the spirit of them all. "Tell the Governor," said he, as he was dying, "that if I am to die now, I give my life cheerfully for the independence of South Carolina."

> Their leaf has perished in the green,
> And while we breathe beneath the sun,
> The world, which credits what is done,
> Is cold to all that might have been.

Of the great men of this civil war history will take care. The issues were too high, the struggle too famous, the consequences too vast for them to be forgotten. But as for these of whom I speak, if the State is indeed the mother whom they fondly loved, she will never forget them. She will speak of them in a whisper, if it must be, but in tones of love that will live through all these dreary days. From among the children who survive to her, her heart will yearn forever towards the early lost. The noble enthusiam of their youth, the vigorous promise of their manhood, their imperfect and unrecorded achievement, the pity of their deaths will so con-

secrate their memories that, be the revolution of laws and institutions, be the changes of customs and fortunes what they may, the South will, living, cherish with a holier and stronger love, and dying, if die she must, will murmur with her last breath the names of "The Confederate Dead."

PETTIGREW'S CHARACTER—THE LESSON

From 'Memorial of General J. Johnston Pettigrew.'

Such was his life. And now that it is told, it is manifest that its results—its actual achievements, when summed up, as they can be in a few brief sentences—fail to explain the strength and breadth of the impression he made upon those among whom that life was passed. The influence was in himself, and the opportunity of public action which he enjoyed only widened the circle in which that influence was felt. He had that in his nature which made men love him. Although eager in the pursuits of objects which he desired, and which other men desired, too; bold and out-spoken in the vindication of his opinions, and placed by his early success where it was difficult not to excite jealous prejudices, yet it is worthy of note that amongst his contemporaries, those whose characters and abilities would have made them his natural and most formidable rivals, he found his truest and warmest friends.

He had that in his nature which made men respect him. His learning, his accomplishments, his talents, were all under the control of his moral sense. He was a man who desired to be, and not to seem. His ambition was large, but it was an ambition to do what was worthy to be done. "What he would highly, that he would holily"; and, although as strong men will desire, he desired the vantage-ground of place and power—the standpoint wherefrom to use the lever of his intellect, yet his life was instinct with the consciousness that a great end can never be compassed by low means, that nothing is worthy the ambition of a true man which requires the sacrifice of personal honor, of fidelity to his friends, or of loyalty to his convictions.

He was essentially an earnest man. From his early youth

whatever he did was done with an intense purpose. As his experience widened and his mind matured, the purpose was changed, but the intensity was constant. Those who knew him best will, I think, agree with me that this earnestness was every year concentrating upon a higher purpose and proposing to itself a loftier aim, that the restlessness of his early ambition was subsiding, the effort of his intellect growing steadier, and that it needed only this final consecration to an unselfish cause to perfect the nobleness of his character.

When I think of him, and men not unlike him, and think that even they could not save us; when I see that the cause which called out all their virtues and employed all their ability has been permitted to sink in utter ruin; when I find that the great principles of constitutional liberty, the pure and well-ordered society, the venerable institutions in which they lived and for which they died, have been allowed to perish out of the land, I feel as if, in that Southern Cause, there must have been some terrible mistake. But when I look back again upon such lives and deaths; when I see the virtue and the intellect and the courage which were piled high in exulting sacrifice for this very cause, I feel sure that, unless God has altered the principles and motives of human conduct, we were not wholly wrong. I feel sure that whatever may be the future, even if our children are wiser than we, and our children's children live under new laws and amid strange institutions, History will vindicate our purpose, while she explains our errors, and, from generation to generation, she will bring back our sons to the graves of these soldiers of the South, and tell them—aye, even in the fulness of a prosperity we shall not see—This is holy ground; it is good for you to be here!

JOHN ADAMS

From 'Diplomatic History.'

Mr. Adams concluded his mission early in 1788, and with it he closed his diplomatic life. As a diplomatist, he was second to none. He possessed neither the facility of Franklin, nor the singular impartiality of Jay; but he was wider and bolder in his views than either. His appreciation of political

events took in a broader scope, and was sustained by a profounder and ampler study of political history. His temper was not conciliating, for his intellect was too active and impetuous to wait upon other men's doubts. From the outset of the Revolution, he realized, more vividly than perhaps any other public man, the full force and value of that great event. If he erred, it was because he insisted too strenuously upon the immediate recognition by others of that consequence which he foresaw must attach to the political position of the United States. In his despatches, will be found more than one anticipation of political consequences which his country is only now developing in the fulness of its strength and prosperity; and the American historian would be unfit for his task who could censure, with unsympathizing criticism, the impatience of an enthusiasm so patriotic in its zeal, and so far-seeing in its hopes. The treaty with Holland, which was his own peculiar work, and of critical importance at the time of its signature, could have been negotiated only by one who knew how to inspire others with his own confidence in his country's future. His thorough knowledge of the rights and interests of the colonies gave his services incalculable importance in the peace negotiations with Great Britain; and his mission to England was all that under the circumstances it could be—a strong and dignified protest against the wilfulness of a short-sighted and selfish policy. Since the day on which, in St. James's Palace, he was presented to the King, a long line of worthy successors, in that same palace, surrounded by the same royal pomp and circumstance, have from time to time renewed and maintained the bonds of national intercourse, and each new minister has represented a vaster, richer, greater nation. But with all our increase, we have added to the national possession no nobler spirit, no truer patriot, no higher gentleman, than he who purchased his honors neither by popular lip service nor party jugglery, but who, literally, by journeyings often, in perils in the city, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren, in weariness and painfulness, earned the proud privilege of being named, by a grateful senate, the first Minister of the United States to the court of England.

BENEFITS OF THE JAY TREATY

From 'Diplomatic History.'

As a mere trial of diplomatic skill, this treaty is a confessed failure; for, with a solitary exception, the tardy evacuation of the posts, its ratification abandoned every position which the government had assumed in the preliminary discussions, and its formal diplomatic instructions. The condition of the country was too weak to insist upon an equality of exchanges; and Mr. Jay had little else to do than to accept or reject what the British government chose to offer. Nor, in the details of the treaty, considered as a regulation of our interests and a settlement of our difficulties, is there any thing to excite our pride. The posts were delivered up only after an additional and unnecessary delay; the question of the negroes, which involved a principle of the deepest import to one half the country, was abandoned; impressment was not prevented; the injurious and presumptuous interpolation into the law of nations, contained in the British orders of 1793, was acquiesced in; and the only concession offered to the commerce of the country was so small, and its accompanying conditions were so distasteful and injurious, that, after mature deliberation, the United States refused to accept it.

But true as is all this, and paradoxical as it may seem, it is equally true that the ratification of the treaty of 1794 was an immense benefit to the country. The condition of things was such, that some arrangement of the open questions between Great Britain and the United States, or war, was the impending alternative. For the policy of which Mr. Jefferson was the representative, and which he had the opportunity of carrying out a few years after, was impracticable. That policy consisted in preserving neutrality between the contending parties, according to the strict letter of existing treaties; but to infuse a warmer and friendlier temper into the relations with France on the one hand, and at the same time to oppose the commercial illiberality of Great Britain by a system of reciprocal domestic restriction at home. A little examination will show, that this policy would have effectually injured our own commerce, excited strong sectional irritation, checked

very considerably the spirit of commercial and maritime enterprise, which, in spite of all difficulties, was rapidly developing itself, and failed entirely to remove any one of the causes of ill feeling between the two nations. Gen. Washington thought differently. The tone of France was becoming every day more insolent, and her demands more exacting, while the progress of the Revolution was diminishing constantly the real material interests which connected her with the United States. But it was impossible to reply to France with becoming temper, while the presence of British troops on the soil of the United States, and the unscrupulous disregard of neutral rights by England, kept alive and strengthened the bitter popular animosity, which the events of the revolutionary war had excited. Some arrangement with England was therefore indispensable; such an arrangement as he desired he could not obtain, and he therefore wisely determined to take what he could get. In the first place, the negotiation of any treaty was a point gained. For in this, as in every difficulty between England and the United States, grave as were the issues, they were complicated by a conviction on the mind of the American people, of a supercilious indifference on the part of England as to their feelings, accompanied by a shrewd and active desire to injure their interests. The fact that questions of prime importance to them had been wilfully left open by Great Britain, that remonstrance after remonstrance had been neglected, that discussion was provokingly delayed, and that the reciprocity of diplomatic representation had been slowly conceded and barely sustained, were sources of perpetual complaint. A treaty put an end to this vague but powerful dissatisfaction. The discussion of differences implied a certain respect and consideration for the parties with whom they were conducted; and although there might be strong, perhaps insuperable, difficulties, a frank commencement of explanation was a great step to satisfactory settlement. Then the evacuation of the posts removed one great offence; the assumption of the British debts by the United States, subject to the decision of a joint commission, however doubtful in principle, put an end to a clamor on the part of a large and influential class in England, which was always provoking angry retorts from the United States, and thus keep-

ing up the bad blood between the two countries; and the appointment of another commission to decide upon the alleged violation of neutral rights might fairly be represented as an approach towards justice. Unpopular, too, as the treaty might be, it had this great advantage. As long as the popular feeling was excited against Great Britain as the direct cause of all these evils, its expression tended to the encouragement of actual hostilities; and in connection with the sympathy for France, growing stronger every day, could not have been long repressed. But as soon as the treaty—an act of the United States government—was interposed between England and the popular feeling, the excitement, though concentrated in its current, was diverted in its channel; and the same popular indignation, which, directed against England, was almost too strong for control, when directed against the treaty, encountered an opposition equally national in its character and patriotic in its motive. And thus questions, which at one time threatened to involve the country in foreign war, passed passionately, but harmlessly, into the safer arena of domestic politics. For it must be recollected, that the basis upon which the justification of this treaty rests is, that it was the alternative of war—a war in which the United States could, according to the confession of a contemporary statesman, have barely maintained their existence and their honor; and that, by accepting this treaty, while they avoided war with England, they so strengthened their position that they were enabled to avoid a war with France, and so preserved the opportunity for that development which enabled them, in future years, to deal with both powers on the footing of the most perfect equality. The great merit therefore, of Gen. Washington's administration is, that it was wise enough to recognize, and firm enough to accept, a great national necessity. And this is no slight praise. It is an easy and pleasant thing for a statesman to become the instrument of national strength, the mouth-piece of national pride; but only to a few chief spirits of history is it given to create strength from their weakness, and to develop a noble pride from a wise humility. This high privilege was, however, granted to Washington and the great men who supported him in that momentous struggle. They were forced to stand with folded arms in the presence of wrongs which

they resented; to check national sympathies which they shared; to confess national weakness which they deplored. But they looked beyond the wounded pride of the present moment to the sober certainty of a future recompense. They had faith enough in their work to trust the future to posterity, and sufficiently and successfully has that posterity vindicated their policy.

This view of the treaty, while it authorizes the profoundest admiration for those who negotiated and maintained it, allows us at that same time to comprehend thoroughly, and appreciate fairly, the earnest patriotism of that great party which opposed it. It is easy to understand how repugnant to many sincere convictions, how odious to many honest prejudices, how injurious to many important interests, this treaty must have appeared; and we may well be grateful that the elements of political strife were so tempered that mutual concession and opposition worked together upon the popular mind, and the very progress of the adoption of an unsatisfactory and unpopular treaty tended to that unity and energy of national sentiment, which was sure, in time, to render all such treaties unnecessary.

BEVERLEY TUCKER

[1784—1851]

H. FINDLAY

NATHANIEL BEVERLEY TUCKER was born at Matoax, Virginia, September 6, 1784, and was the second son of St. George Tucker, the eminent jurist, and his wife, Frances Randolph, *née* Bland, mother of John Randolph of Roanoke. His elder brother, Henry St. George Tucker, following in the footsteps of his father, was for some years president of the Virginia Court of Appeals. Thus in his very cradle Beverley, for he was generally known by his second name, was surrounded by men high in the councils of State and Nation, and little wonder it is that he should have imbibed freely of the views and tendencies of his elders.

In the year 1789 Beverley's father became professor of law in the College of William and Mary. In this way the embryo author was placed at an early age in surroundings calculated to stimulate his literary and legal ambitions. At what date he entered William and Mary College is uncertain, but in 1801 he graduated, and it may safely be concluded from the honors that he later received from this institution, that his work there was eminently satisfactory to his professors.

Soon after his graduation he entered upon the study of law and was soon admitted to the Bar, whereupon he at once began to practise. In 1809 he was married to Miss Lucy Smith, daughter of General Thomas A. Smith of the United States Army, and, removing to Charlotte County, he resided there until his emigration in 1815 to Missouri. Here he lived fifteen years and practised his profession with great success, being soon elevated to the Circuit Bench, a position held by him while a resident of that State. But once a Virginian always a Virginian, at least so it was with Judge Tucker, for in 1830 we find him again in Virginia. Four years later he was elected professor of law in William and Mary College. This position he held for the remainder of his life,* and here at his *alma mater* was done all his literary work that has come down to us.

Not long after his inauguration as a professor of law, Tucker entered the field of literature and was soon recognized as being in

*His death occurred on the twenty-sixth of August at Winchester, Virginia, where he was spending his summer vacation.

the first rank of American writers. William Gilmore Simms, with whom he was on terms of the most intimate friendship, speaks of him thus: "In his style I regard him as one of the best prose writers in the United States, at once rich, flowing, and classical; ornate and copious, yet pure and chaste; full of energy, yet full of grace; intense, yet stately; passionate, yet never with a forfeiture of dignity." Other contemporary writers and critics in similar terms attest the high rank which Tucker as an author occupied in his own day.

Though it is not certain, there is every reason to believe that the following is the chronological order of Tucker's works. It is given on the authority of S. Austin Allibone. According to this his first work was 'George Balcombe, a Novel,' which was published anonymously in New York and soon became very popular. Simms speaks of it in terms of the highest praise, and Poe in his "Marginalia" (CCXXVI) says: " 'George Balcombe' we are induced to regard, upon the whole, as the best American novel"; and again (LXV): "Had the 'George Balcombe' of Professor Beverley Tucker been the work of anyone born north of the Mason and Dixon's line, it would have been long ago recognized as one of the very noblest fictions ever written by an American." Soon after this work Tucker published in the *Southern Literary Messenger* "A Valedictory Address," and in 1836 appeared "The Partisan Leader." This was followed by a number of political treatises: "Lecture on Government," *Southern Literary Messenger;* "Discourse on the Importance of the Study of Political Science as a Branch of Academic Education in the United States," etc. (1840); "Discourse on the Dangers that Threaten the Free Institutions of the United States" (1841); "A Series of Lectures intended to prepare the Student for the Study of the Constitution of the United States" (1845); "Principles of Pleading" (1846). Tucker also published in the *Southern Literary Messenger* for 1844-45 "Gertrude, a Novel." He was a frequent contributor to the *Southern Quarterly Review,* and left among his unfinished manuscripts portions of a "Life of John Randolph," and of a dramatic piece. In all the above-mentioned works of a political nature Judge Tucker fearlessly and unreservedly opposed the Federal encroachments on the Constitution and upheld the rights of the States.

Of all Professor Tucker's works the most remarkable and certainly the most interesting to-day is the fragmentary novel, 'The Partisan Leader.' As this work treats of Virginia during the thirties it afforded the author an excellent vehicle for his political and social beliefs, and will therefore be considered here at some length.

It was printed in Washington in the year 1836 by the well-known James Caxton, its full title being 'The Partisan Leader: A Tale of the Future. By Edward William Sidney.' It was in two volumes

and bore the manifestly impossible date of 1856. The dedication, "To the People of Virginia," was written as if at that date, the events narrated in the novel had intervened. The author in forming the pseudo-historical setting for his novel takes his cue from the proclamation issued in 1832 by President Jackson against the South Carolina "nullifiers" with Calhoun as their leader. Hence he views the Democracy as the party favoring a centralized government and a high protective tariff and therefore at odds with the leaders of the South. Despite this initial blunder he predicted the election of Van Buren. The new President, by freely dispensing Federal patronage, personal favors, and the almighty dollar has succeeded in perpetuating himself in office, and in 1849 is in his third term, at which time the novel opens. Meanwhile he has been constantly encroaching on the federative system and ignoring the Constitution; the tariff has been steadily increased as has also the standing army. Goaded to desperation by a tariff which plunders them whenever they go into the market to buy, and likewise plundered by the foreign reciprocal tariff levied on their cotton, sugar and tobacco, the Southern States see no other remedy and secede from the Union in a body, forming a commercial treaty with Great Britain, which practically doubles the income received from their products. Virginia, however, is prevented from joining her sister States by the large number of Federal troops lodged within her borders. These "regulate" elections and prevent an honest expression of popular sentiment. To free his beloved State from this galling yoke, the Partisan Leader musters a number of patriots in the southwestern part of the State, and by means of a kind of mountain warfare has succeeded in gaining possession of Lynchburg, when he is betrayed by his brother, a Federal Army officer under his parole, and is taken to Washington. Here the story ends abruptly, but with the statement that the Leader's efforts are in the end successful and Virginia is freed from the Northern tyranny.

A careful perusal of the novel will convince the reader that it was designed not so much for a prophecy as for a warning, and as such it was calculated to have a most decided effect, for, though decidedly partisan, Tucker cannot be accused of indulging in economic sophistry. In fact he is decidedly at his best when discussing political and social conditions of the country during his time. His argument in favor of free trade is excellent and as pointed to-day as when it was written. From a literary standpoint the book is an excellent type of the American novel of the period. The author developed his plot just as the jurist handed down his decisions—calmly, without unseemly haste, and according to certain established and well-defined precedence. The plot is interesting and well conceived, but too conservatively dealt with ever to become absorbing. The characters are

rather statuesque, but on the whole not unnatural, and in their word and actions we feel that Judge Tucker has given us the true local color of a civilization which has since passed from the earth.

The character and object of this book are sufficiently indicated when it is said that the manuscript was read by Mr. Calhoun and, perhaps, by other prominent Southern leaders; but its influence was cut short by its suppression soon after its publication—for what reason it is hardly clear. Whether it was suppressed at the instance of Mr. Tucker's friends or at that of his enemies, it must be confessed that, appearing at the time it did, it was rather calculated to do harm than good, for, though expressing none but legitimate conjectures, it was intensely partisan—and thereby hangs the tale:

In 1861 'The Partisan Leader' was reprinted by Rudd and Carleton of New York and contained the following sensational title-page: "A Key to the Disunion Conspiracy. The Partisan Leader. By Beverley Tucker, of Virginia. Secretly printed in Washington (in the year 1836) by Duff Green, for circulation in the Southern States. But afterward suppressed." This sensational title-page doubtless added to the sale of the book, of which seven thousand copies were sold in less than two months. To this second edition was also added an "Explanatory Introduction," the object of which was to prove that since the early thirties there had been forming by "the dark plotters of South Carolina and Virginia" a conspiracy having for its object the disruption of the Union. This introduction is characterized more by a lurid imagination than by a strict adherence to fact, but the arguments advanced, it must be admitted, are quite ingenious, and they made a sufficient impression in the North to be quoted at a considerably later date by Edward Everett Hale. In what way it was logical to regard as a conspiracy a doctrinal movement, which Southern Congressmen had openly advocated in both branches of the National Assembly for fifteen or twenty years, it does not seem to have occurred to these worthies as necessary to explain.

W. Findlay.

TARIFF INEQUALITIES

From 'The Partisan Leader.'

"You must be sensible," said B——, "that the Southern States, including Virginia, are properly and almost exclusively agricultural. The quality of their soil and climate, and the peculiar character of their laboring population, concur to make agriculture the most profitable employment among them. Apart from the influence of artificial causes, it is not certain that any labor can be judiciously taken from the soil to be applied to any other object whatever. When Lord Chatham said that America ought not to manufacture a hob-nail for herself, he spoke as a true and judicious friend of the colonies. The labor necessary to make a hob-nail, if applied to the cultivation of the earth, might produce that for which the British manufacturer would gladly give two hob-nails. By coming between the manufacturer and the farmer, and interrupting this interchange by perverse legislation, the Government broke the tie which bound the colonies to the mother country.

"When that tie was severed and peace established, it was the interest of both parties that this interchange should be restored, and put upon such a footing as to enable each, reciprocally, to obtain for the products of his own labor as much as possible of the products of the labor of the other.

"Why was not this done? Because laws are not made for the benefit of the people, but for that of their rulers. The monopolizing spirit of the landed aristocracy in England led to the exclusion of our bread-stuffs, and the necessities of the British treasury tempted to the levying of enormous revenue from our other agricultural products. The interchange between the farmer and the manufacturer was thus interrupted. In part it was absolutely prevented; the profit being swallowed up by the impost, the inducement was taken away.

"What did the American Government under these circumstances? Did they say to Great Britain, 'Relax your corn laws; reduce your duties on tobacco; make no discrimination between our cotton and that from the West Indies; and we will refrain from laying a high duty on your manufactures. You will thus enrich your own people, and it is by no means sure that their in-

creased prosperity may not give you, through the excise and other channels of revenue, more than an equivalent for the taxes we propose for you to withdraw.'

"Did we say this? No. And why? Because in the Northern States, there was a manufacturing interest to be advanced by the very course of legislation most fatal to the South. With a dense population, occupying a small extent of barren country, with mountain streams tumbling into deep tide-water, and bringing commerce to the aid of manufactures, they wanted nothing but a monopoly of the Southern market to enable them to enrich themselves. The alternative was before us. To invite the great European manufacturer to reciprocate the benefits of free trade, whereby the South might enjoy all the advantages of its fertile soil and fine climate, or to transfer these advantages to the North, by meeting Great Britain on the ground of prohibition and exaction. The latter was preferred, because to the interest of that section, which, having the local majority, had the power.

"Under this system, Great Britain has never wanted a pretext for her corn-laws, and her high duties on all our products. Thus we sell all we make, subject to these deductions, which, in many instances, leave much less to us than what goes into the British treasury.

"Here, too, is the pretext to the Government of the United States for their exaction in return. The misfortune is, that the Southern planter had to bear both burthens. One half the price of his products is seized by the British Government, and half the value of what he gets for the other half is seized by the Government of the United States.

"This they called retaliation and indemnification. It was indemnifying an interest which had not been injured, by the farther injury of one which had been injured. It was impoverishing the South for the benefit of the North, to requite the South for having been already impoverished for the benefit of Great Britain. Still it was 'indemnifying *ourselves*.' Much virtue in that word, '*ourselves*.' It is the language used by the giant to the dwarf in the fable; the language of the brazen pot to the earthern pot; the language of all dangerous or interested friendship.

"I remember seeing an illustration of this sort of indemnity

in the case of a woman who was whipped by her husband. She went complaining to her father, who whipped her again, and sent her back. 'Tell your husband,' said he, 'that as often as he whips *my daughter,* I will whip *his wife.*'"

"But what remedy has been proposed for these things?" asked Douglas.

"A remedy has been proposed and applied," replied B——. "The remedy of legislation for the benefit, not of the rulers, but of the ruled."

"But in what sense will you say that our legislation has been for the benefit of the rulers alone? Are we all not our own rulers?"

"Yes," replied B——, "if you again have recourse to the use of that comprehensive word 'WE,' which identifies things most dissimilar, and binds up in the same bundle, things most discordant. If the South and North are one; if the Yankee and the Virginian are one; if light and darkness, heat and cold, life and death, can all be identified then WE are our own rulers. Just so, if the State will consent to be identified with the Church, then we pay tithes with one hand, and receive them with the other. While the Commons identify themselves with the Crown, 'WE' do but pay taxes to *ourselves.* And if Virginians can be fooled into identifying themselves with the Yankees—a fixed tax-paying minority, with a fixed tax-paying majority—it will still be the same thing; and they will continue to hold a distinguished place among the innumerable WE'S that have been gulled into their own ruin ever since the world began. It is owing to this sort of deception, playing off on the unthinking multitude, that in the two freest countries in the world, the most important interests are taxed for the benefit of lesser interests. In England, a country of manufacturers *they* have been taxed that manufacturers may thrive. Now I will requite Lord Chatham's well-intentioned declaration, by saying that England ought not to make a barrel of flour for herself. I say, too, that if her rulers, and the rulers of the people of America, were true to their trust, both sayings would be fulfilled. She would be the work-house, and here would be the granary of the world. What would become of the Yankees? As I don't call them, 'WE,' I leave *them* to find the answer to that question."

. . . "Look at your rivers and bay, and you will see that Virginia ought to be the most prosperous country in the world. Look at the ruins which strew your lower country, the remains of churches and the fragments of tombstones, and you will see that she once was so. Ask for the descendants of the men whose names are sculptured on those monuments, and their present condition will tell you that her prosperity has passed away. Then ask all history. Go to the finest countries in the world—to Asia Minor, to Greece, to Italy; ask what has laid them desolate, and you will receive but one answer, 'misgovernment.'"

"But may not the fault be in the people themselves?" asked Douglas.

"The fault of submitting to misgovernment, centainly. But no more than that. Let the *country* enjoy its natural advantages, and they who are too ignorant or too slothful to use them will soon give place to others of a different character. What has there been to prevent the Yankee from selling his barren hills at high prices and coming South, where he might buy the fertile shores of the Chesapeake for a song? No local attachment, certainly; for his home is everywhere. What is there now to prevent the planter of this neighborhood from exchanging his thirsty fields, for the rich and long coveted low grounds of James River, or Roanoke, in Virgina? Are these people wiser, better, more energetic and industrious than they were twelve months ago, that their lands have multiplied fivefold? Is it your uncle's fault, that, were he now at home the tame slave of power, he could hardly give away his fine estate? The difference is, that this country now enjoys its natural advantages, while Virginia remains under the crushing weight of a system devised for the benefit of her oppressors."

"I see the effect," said Douglas. "But tell me, I beseech you, the cause of this change in your condition here."

"The cause is free trade."

"And how has that been obtained?"

"I will answer that," said B——; "because my friend's modesty might restrain him from giving the true answer. It has been obtained by intelligence, manly frankness, and fair dealing. It has been obtained by offering to other nations terms most favorable to their peculiar and distinctive inter

ests, in consideration of receiving the like advantage. Instead of nursing artificial interests to rival the iron and cotton fabrics, and the shipping of England, the wine of France, the silk and oil of Italy, and enviously snatching at whatever benefit nature may have vouchsafed to other parts of the world, this people only ask to exchange for these things their own peculiar productions. A trade perfectly free, totally discharged from all duties, would certainly be best for all. But revenue must be had, and the impost is the best source of revenue. No state can be expected to give that up. But it has been found practicable so to regulate that matter as to reduce the charges which have heretofore incumbered exchanges to a mere trifle."

"How has that been effected?" asked Douglas.

"If that question were to be answered in detail," said B——, "I should leave the answer to him by whom the details have been arranged. I will give you the outline in a few words. These States were first driven to think of separation by a tariff of protection. Their federal constitution guards against it by express prohibition, and by requiring that the impost, like the tax laws of Virginia, should be annual.

"They have felt the danger to liberty from excessive revenue. Their constitution requires that the estimates of the expense of the current year shall be made the measure of revenue to be raised for that year. The imports of the preceding year are taken as a basis of calculation, and credit being given for any surplus in the treasury, a tariff is laid which, on that basis, would produce the sum required."

"Then there never can be any surplus for an emergency," said Douglas.

"Always," replied B——; "in the right place, and the only safe place—the pockets of a prosperous people. There is no place in the treasury to keep money. The till of the treasury has a hole in the bottom, and the money always finds its way into the pockets of sharpers, parasites, man-worshippers, and pseudo-patriots. But let that pass. You see that a small revenue alone will probably be wanting, and being raised annually, the tariff can be annually adjusted.

"Now what says justice, as to the revenue to be raised by two nations on the trade between the two, seeing that it is equally levied on the citizens of both?"

"On that hypothesis each should receive an equal share of it," said Douglas.

"Precisely so," answered B——; "and let these terms be held out to all nations, and if one will not accept them another will. On this principle a system of commercial arrangements has been set on foot which, by restoring to these States the benefit of their natural advantages, is at once producing an effect which explains their former prosperity. It places in stronger relief the evils of the opposite system to Virginia, and really leaves her, while she retains her present connection with the North, without any resource. Tobacco she cannot sell at all. *Invita natura,* she will have to raise cotton to supply the beggared manufactories of the North, from which she will not receive in return the third part as much of the manufactured article as the Carolina planter will get for his. This is her fate. She sees it, and would throw off the yoke. But her Northern masters see it too. She is all that remains to them of their Southern dependencies, which, though not *their* colonies, they have so long governed *as* colonies. Take her away, and they are in the condition of the wolf when there are no sheep left. Wolf eat wolf, and Yankee cheat Yankee. This they will guard against by all means lawful and unlawful, for Virginia alone mitigates the ruin that their insatiate rapacity has brought upon them. They will hold on to her with the gripe of death; and she must and will struggle to free herself as from death."

A TRIBUTE TO JOHN RANDOLPH

From a Discourse delivered before Randolph-Macon College and printed as Lecture I in 'The Science of Governments.'

GENTLEMEN: The power of the people *is* from God; and that his blessing attends its discreet and righteous exercise, is proved by the prosperity and happiness, and the advance of science and art and intellectual improvement which ever attend it. But think, I pray you, whether this fact does not betoken an ultimate purpose, the final accomplishment of which may belong to a remote generation, and to which our short time on earth should be devoted in subordination to his will? If this purpose is the perfection of man in all that civilization can

achieve, and if political freedom is God's chosen means for accomplishing this, how heavy is the condemnation of those, who, being called to work together with him, to this great end, profane their high function, by using it to accomplish the petty purposes of the day, suggested by their own evil passions! What place should ambition have in the heart of him who is born to this illustrious destiny? Can worldly honor and distinction, and the breath of man, add anything to the glory of him who acts well his part in such a work as this? Is it the leader's truncheon, is it the ruler's sceptre, that distinguishes the name of Washington, and secures him the foremost place among those whose memory shall never die? Is it not rather, that God was in all his thoughts; that in all things he devoted himself to the high purposes of the master of the world, and acted as one called to do *his maker's* will, and not *his own?* He *did* his maker's will, and *here* we see the results. He effected his maker's purpose, and in the fruits of his labors we find an intimation what that purpose is. With what humble thankfulness and earnest zeal should we devote ourselves to the farther advancement of that gracious design, which, by the agency of free government, and the instrumentality of beings so insignificant as ourselves, has made this wilderness to blossom as the rose, and will never cease, till the whole earth is full of the knowledge of God, and of that freedom which they who serve in spirit, and in truth are destined to enjoy?

Gentlemen, if there be any truth in the ideas I have laid before you, I owe the knowledge of that truth to one of those illustrious men, whose names you have consecrated by adopting them as the designation of your institution. You have engraven the name of Randolph on the shrine here erected to literature, to science and to God. What offering so fit for that altar; what offering so proper for me to lay upon it, as this poor attempt to embody and preserve something of the teachings of that deep sagacity and profound wisdom which distinguished him, and which he labored to impart to me. Love to the brother—gratitude to the benefactor—even these sentiments should be subordinate to my veneration for the man, from whose eloquent lips I have learned more than from all my own experience and reflection, and from all the men with whom I have ever conversed, and from all the books I have

ever read. How so well can I manifest these sentiments, how so fitly express my gratitude for the honor done to his memory by you, as by availing myself of this occasion, to bring to your ears a faint echo of the words I have from him? Where so properly could I offer an exhortation to the study of political philosophy as a branch of academic education, as in a temple of science on which is inscribed the name of one whose life was devoted to that study? I speak after him, when I say, that to understand the constitution and laws of our country, in their letter and in their spirit; to explore the philosophy of our institutions, and to qualify ourselves to act well our several parts, as sovereign citizens of Virginia, is the great temporal duty which we owe to God and to man. To God; for in that we accomplish the earthly end of our being; to our fathers:—for it is the only fit expression of our gratitude for blessings transmitted to us: to our children:—because we should not impair the inheritance we have ourselves received. Thus, and thus only can we fulfil our duties as members of that great partnership, which not only unites together the present generation, but which connects the living with the dead, and with those who are yet to be born; and in which man is elevated to a sort of fellowship with the Creator himself.

I deeply feel how unequal I am to the task I have endeavored to perform; and I feel it the more sensibly, because, in the very act, I am reminded of him, who, above all men, was best fitted for it. His was the mind to understand; his was the faculty to expound; his was the eloquence to excite. His was the marvellous gift, to

> Put so much of his soul into his words,
> That others followed, wheresoe'er he called:
> And, by the inspiration of his voice,
> Cowards, made bold, performed the tasks of valour,
> And sloth leaped up, and from his sluggish limbs
> Shook off the leaden fetters.

He lived for Virginia. She was his country. She was his world. And though a step-son's portion was his lot; though his best endeavors to serve her were sometimes repaid with neglect and reproach; yet never did his faith waver: never did his zeal falter: never did his love cool: never did the feverish

impatience of his fiery spirit rebel against her. In his darkest hour, it was his pride to know, that he had never merited, however he incurred her displeasure, and to bear meekly all the scoffs with which she sometimes requited his endeavors to serve her. To rival the marvellous endowments with which Heaven distinguished him is not perhaps for any of us. But to emulate his example, in devoting ourselves to our country, according to the measure of our capacity, is what we all may do. To that effort I would incite the youth of Virginia; and, that they may make it profitably to her, and honorably to themselves, I would urge them to devote themselves, in early life, to those studies which alone can qualify them to act worthily their parts as SOVEREIGN CITIZENS OF THIS ILLUSTRIOUS COMMONWEALTH.

GEORGE TUCKER

[1775—1861]

ROBERT LEWIS HARRISON

GEORGE TUCKER was born on St. George's, the largest of the Bermuda Islands, August 20, 1775. He came of one of the oldest and most highly esteemed families resident upon those islands, some of the members living upon land which had been in the possession of their ancestors for two hundred years. His father, Daniel Tucker, was the mayor, and was a wholesale merchant of great probity and large public spirit. He was possessed of what was for those islands considerable wealth, which enabled him to give his children a liberal education. They had also the advantage of a mother who was of high character, genial nature, and fine cultivation.

George Tucker, the eldest son, was sent to a "dame's" school, and after acquiring the rudiments, was put under the tuition of a tutor educated at one of the English universities. From him the boy learned Greek, Latin, and mathematics. He acquired some facility in versification, which was then a necessary part of education in the classics, and so early did his tendency to become a literary worker assert itself that at the age of eleven, he ventured upon the composition of a Latin ode.

His love for literature in all its branches was a part of his nature. His reading covered a wide field, and with great industry he would write out his observations upon what he had read. This habit of writing down his views of men and things, from time to time, was continued to the end of his life.

George Tucker continued under a succession of tutors until he was seventeen years of age. By this time he had an excellent knowledge of Greek, Latin, mathematics, and *belles-lettres*. From the age of seventeen until twenty he read law in the office of one of the most distinguished lawyers in the Bermudas, Mr. Bascomb. The death of Mr. Bascomb terminated Tucker's reading as a student in a law office. Some of the family had emigrated to Virginia, and the intercourse between the Virginia Tuckers and the Bermuda Tuckers was constant. One of the family, Judge St. George Tucker, occupied the chair of law in the College of William and Mary, at that time probably the leading college in the United States, having been established next

after Harvard College. It was long debated whether young Tucker should prosecute his law studies at one of the Temples in London or under his kinsman in Virginia; but, with the approval of his father, he decided to go to the College of William and Mary.

George Tucker set out from Bermuda in a sailing-vessel hailing from Newbury Port, Rhode Island, commanded by Captain Knapp, England and France being then at war and it being considered safer to embark upon a neutral vessel. After a voyage of eighteen days the vessel dropped anchor in the Delaware, and he set his foot upon American soil in the city of Philadelphia, which was to be his home at the time of his death. He proceeded to his destination in Virginia, and entered himself as a student at the College of William and Mary. He graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, in 1797, and pursued his studies in law under the advice of his relative, Judge St. George Tucker. In the year 1800 he became a citizen of Richmond, and began active practise of the law. While practising in Richmond he made his first literary venture. At various times the Virginians lived in a state of excitement from threatened insurrection of the slaves. Mr. Tucker published a letter on the subject, in which he proposed a plan for the colonization of the negroes in some part of the continent beyond the limits of the United States. This proposition was received with great favor, and the pamphlet was reprinted in Baltimore and obtained a large circulation. This little pamphlet gave him at once a literary reputation—as he modestly said, owing to the small number of writers at that time. During this period he had occasion to enter into a newspaper controversy with the celebrated William Wirt, author of 'The British Spy.' This controversy was highly creditable to his skill in dialectics. During his residence in Richmond he tried his hand once more at poetry, but, though his efforts in this line met with signal success, he never thereafter tried this species of composition. The occasion of his poetical effusion was the prevalence of gambling at cards among the best social circles of the city, one particular form being the game of Loo. These verses in the form of satire were so successful that card-playing ceased among refined people in Richmond.

In 1806 he removed to an estate which he had purchased in the County of Pittsylvania, Virginia, situate on the Dan River. Here he pursued the career of an active country lawyer, and was made Commonwealth's Attorney for the County of Pittsylvania. Becoming interested in economic questions, which were thenceforth to consume a considerable part of his time and attention, he wrote a series of letters upon the navigation of the Roanoke River. These were collected and published in 1811. Attention having been called to his public spirit, he was elected a member of the Virginia Legislature in

1815. In 1818 he moved to Lynchburg, then, as now, a thriving business town. Here he continued with considerable success the active practise of the law until in 1819 he was elected to the United States Congress by a handsome majority, with but little electioneering, and, as he humorously observed, "with no expense of treating and the like." While a resident of Lynchburg he lost his eldest daughter, of whose life he wrote a small volume which was circulated among his friends and relatives. This is a touching elegy, graceful in expression, and breathing the tenderest sentiments.

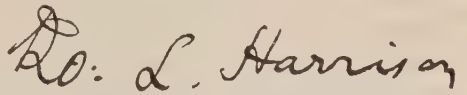
He was reëlected Member of Congress for two more terms, serving until 1825. In Washington he became acquainted with many of the leading men of the country, and was on intimate and familiar terms with Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and many other distinguished men of that great era, many of them survivors of the Revolution, and active participants in its struggles and the deliberations of its many conventions. While he was a Member of Congress, he published his 'Essays on Subjects of Taste, Morals, and National Policy' (1822). He tried his hand also at novel-writing, and in 1824 published a novel called 'The Valley of the Shenandoah,' in two volumes. This was republished in London in 1825, and was translated into German, and republished in Germany in 1826. His volume of essays was highly commended, calling forth the warm approval of President Madison. It also called him to the attention of Mr. Jefferson, who was at that time engaged in the selection of professors for the University of Virginia, which, so long the object of his devotion, was now to be opened for the reception of students. The professors in the various departments were selected in Europe, but George Tucker was chosen for the chair of moral philosophy. In 1827 Tucker published another novel, this time an effort of the imagination, a realm into which he seldom entered in his various publications. Its title was 'A Voyage to the Moon.' To the chair of moral philosophy at the University of Virginia was attached that of political economy. In 1837 Mr. Tucker published a volume entitled 'Principles of Rent, Wages, and Profits,' and later in the same year 'Public Discourses on the Literature of the United States.' This was followed shortly afterward by a work on the theory of money and banking. In 1837 he published also a 'Life of Thomas Jefferson' in two volumes. This work was brought out in London. In 1842 appeared 'An Essay on Cause and Effect,' followed by another kindred work: 'Essay on the Association of Ideas.' In 1843 he wrote 'A Public Discourse on the Dangers Threatening the United States,' and 'The Progress of the United States in Population and Wealth in Fifty Years, from 1790 to 1840.' This was followed by 'A Memoir on the Life and Character of Dr. John Patton Emmet.' In 1857 he published his most important

work, 'A History of the United States' in four volumes, and in the same year 'Banks or No Banks.' In 1859 he published 'Political Economy for the People,' following it in 1860 with another volume of collected essays called 'Essays Moral and Philosophical.'

It will thus be seen that Mr. Tucker led an active and laborious life in literature. It is estimated that his fugitive pieces published in various ways would amount to more than ten thousand pages. Although he had reached the advanced age of eighty-six, his mind was still active and alert, when he made a journey through the Southern States for the purpose of obtaining material in order to write an article on some economic question. He had reached Mobile, and had just left some friends whom he was visiting, when he was struck by a cotton bale with which a vessel was loading, and from this injury he subsequently died in April, 1861.

Mr. Tucker's attention was given principally to the study and elucidation of problems in history, economics, and general literature. He had a clear, analytical mind, associated with the most painstaking industry in the accumulation of facts and a deliberate judgment in the expression of opinion. Though differing with Mr. Jefferson in politics, and a great friend and admirer of Henry Clay, he yet exhibits in his 'Life of Jefferson' the most discriminating impartiality in his estimate of that statesman. His 'Life of Jefferson' evoked from the celebrated Lord Brougham the opinion that it was "a very valuable addition to the stock of our political and historical knowledge." The years of his professorial career at the University of Virginia, which terminated in 1845, when he resigned his chair to take up his residence in Philadelphia, gave him the opportunty for active literary work and at the same time were eminently useful in perfecting a calmness of judgment upon men and affairs which was abundantly exhibited in the 'Life of Jefferson' and in the later work, 'History of the United States.' His acuteness of observation and accurate reasoning is shown by the admirable forecast which he made of the probable increase of population in the United States. Only a few years ago attention was called to this by one of the prominent New York newspapers, with the statement that Professor Tucker's guesses were the most accurate which had ever been made on the subject. His reputation as a clear and discriminating historian may safely rest, however, upon his 'History of the United States,' which has been pronounced by eminent authorities as a most valuable addition to our fund of historical research. His style is founded upon that of Steele and Addison, and is clear, forcible, and accurate. The history ends at the presidency of Martin Van Buren, and in the concluding volume will be found a most in-

teresting epitome of the state of the Union at that time in regard to manners, morals, politics, religion, and education.



EFFECTS OF SLAVERY

From 'History of the United States,' 1856.

In all these communities domestic slavery existed to a greater or less extent. Very soon after Virginia was settled, a Dutch ship brought thither a number of negro slaves, which were readily purchased by the English planters, and their labor being very profitable in the cultivation of tobacco, they soon greatly multiplied, and were subsequently diffused throughout the other colonies. But as their labor was most profitable in those which grew tobacco, rice, or indigo, they were very unequally distributed; and perhaps of the five hundred thousand slaves then in the colonies, nineteen-twentieths were found south of Pennsylvania.

This single circumstance had such an influence, that it divided the thirteen colonies into two distinct communities, which widely differed in manners, habits of life, and general character; while the members of each division had also many features of close resemblance.

On those colonies in which the slaves were most numerous, the inhabitants, having more leisure, were more given to social pleasures and amusements—to the sports of the turf, the cock-pit, the chase and the gaming-table. They had a more delicate self-respect, which sometimes degenerated into haughtiness, and sometimes produced that union of courtesy, frankness, and ease which is rarely seen in Europe, except in the higher ranks of life. The social habits of the Southern planter often made him profuse, and plunged him in debt to the English or Scotch merchant who sold his exported products, and furnished him with his foreign supplies. He was often improvident, and sometimes not punctual in his pecuniary engage-

ments. With these moral defects incident to his condition as a slaveholder, he derived some virtues from the same source.

Besides his agreeable companionable qualities, he often acquired habits of forbearance and self-restraint which are essential to the formation of virtuous character. The evil effect of slavery on the temper and disposition of the master has been exhibited in glowing colors by Mr. Jefferson; but his view of it, however plausible, seems to be contradicted both by philosophy and experience.

As this proposition seems counter to the ordinary opinion on the subject, and its reasons are not obvious, some explanation seems to be required.

With the power which a master has over his slaves, and much of which extends to his children, he is placed in a situation in which he may either yield to his passions or resist them; and as he does one or the other, will he be strengthened (by the natural effect of exercise and habit) either in self-indulgence or self-denial. If he yield to his impulses, he is likely to become self-willed, rash, violent, and perhaps cruel. If he resists, he so far lays a solid foundation for virtue of every species, and especially improves in patience, mildness, and clemency. Some masters are thus made worse, and some better, by slavery. Does its good or its evil tendency predominate? It is not easy to give a satisfactory answer to this question. But if we look to the character of those Southern men who have acted a conspicuous part on the political theatre, and regard them as fair specimens of the class of slaveholders, we shall have reason to infer that the relation between master and slave more often proves a school of virtue than of vice. General Washington, Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Madison, Mr. Monroe, Judge Marshall, Mr. Lowndes, Mr. Calhoun, were all remarkable for their mildness, moderation and forbearance. It is thought that General Harrison, Mr. Tyler, Mr. Polk, and General Taylor may be added to their number. If General Jackson, the only remaining Southern President, may seem to offer some contradiction to the rule, it must be remembered that, supposing him to have had an uncontrollable temper, he is not fairly an exception, inasmuch as his character was formed before he became a slaveholder.

A PORTRAIT OF JEFFERSON

From 'Life of Thomas Jefferson.'

Of Mr. Jefferson's moral qualities, the most distinguished were suavity of temper, and a warmth of benevolence which, beginning in the domestic affections, exhibited itself in a fervent love of country, and a wide-spread philanthropy. Few men ever devoted so much of their time, and thoughts, and money to the concerns of others. A disposition thus generous and affectionate was sure to meet with its appropriate reward; and it would be difficult to name one who was more beloved as a parent, relative, friend, or master.

Whilst his character was so conspicuously adorned by these amiable qualities, it was also strengthened and supported by the severer virtues. He was just and honorable in his private dealings, of scrupulous veracity, and inflexibly firm, whenever he was called upon to perform a painful duty. However, impelled by his feelings to grant favours to an applicant, he could frankly and firmly say no, whenever principle clearly required it. He was often charged with being deficient in personal courage, on no other ground than that he left Richmond during Arnold's incursion, and Monticello during Tarleton's. Yet, unprovided, as he was, with all means of defence, the charge is preposterous. It is testified by persons yet living, that on these occasions, he showed cool self-possession, and thus gave all the proof of courage that circumstances permitted. The ordinary occasions of danger he met with the firmness of a constant mind; and he once afforded a proof which men in general consider as yet more satisfactory. Among his political assailants in Albemarle, was one whom he thought to have so far transcended the just limits of party warfare, that he had determined to challenge him, and would have done so, if the friend he consulted had seconded his purpose. But more conclusive evidence of his fortitude may be found in the general tenor of his conduct through life—in his being among the foremost to resist the authority of Great Britain, when resistance might incur the penalties of treason; in the manner in which he met his accusers in the legislature; in his unyielding adherence to the principles of his party, and

his open avowal of them, notwithstanding a course of malicious defamation that has rarely found a parallel; in his retaining Freneau, whose services he thought important to the cause of republicanism, although he had reason to know that his dismissal was wished by General Washington; in his unflinching opposition to the leading measures of Washington's administration; in his perseverance in the embargo policy, after its repeal was urged by friends as well as adversaries; in his carrying out his principles into practice as to removals from office, and not passing beyond them. All these acts, and many more, afford better evidence of the firm texture of his mind, and are proofs of a courage of a higher order than it can often fall to the lot of the mere soldier to exhibit. He has also been accused of an undue thirst of popularity. It is true, that beyond most men, he prized it for its own sake, yet he never rendered homage to it at the expense of truth or justice, or national policy. No candidate for public favour ever so braved popular feeling as did Mr. Jefferson, in his opinion on domestic slavery, or when he invited Paine to America. But his moral character, as a whole, may be inferred from the unquestioned fact that every one with whom he had ever been in the habits of domestic or familiar intercourse, whether as a friend, physician, fellow-labourer, or secretary, and who best knew him, felt for him the liveliest attachment, and the highest esteem and confidence.

He was by temperament habitually cheerful and sanguine. He felt misfortune acutely, but his mind, by its native elasticity, soon regained its spring; and though experience had its usual effect in moderating the ardour and extent of his hopes, he was still fascinated by her more temperate illusions. It was this feature of his character which, more than all his success in life, made him, on the whole, one of the happiest of men.

Though never captious or petulant, he was sufficiently prone to resentment for intended injury; but even then he was neither violent nor implacable. His ill will was more frequently and more earnestly excited in behalf of his country or his party than of himself; and this was no less the case after he was withdrawn from the theatre of public affairs, than when he was the leader of that party and a candidate for the presidency. He always numbered some of the federalists

among his personal friends, and he continued his kind feelings towards Mr. Adams as long as the other would permit. He never failed to do justice to the purity and integrity of General Washington, in the most angry period of party excitement, when some, who afterwards became his eulogists, openly reviled him. Nor was he slow to acknowledge the virtues and talents of Alexander Hamilton. He had a bust of that eminent man in the entrance hall of his house, opposite to his own by Ceracchi, and when any reference to it was made by his guests, he has remarked that they were "opposed in death as in life," in a tone and manner that showed that no vestige of ill feeling was left on his mind.

If we estimate his intellect by its great results rather than by its particular efforts, we must place it in the highest rank. He was able to keep together, to animate, and guide the republican party, from the time that he became secretary of state in 1790 to 1809, when he retired to private life; during the whole of which period he had undisputed precedence in the love, esteem, and deference of that party, and in the hatred of their opponents. In effecting a revolution of parties, he had to contend against no ordinary men; and if he was aided by fortuitous circumstances, especially by the French revolution; it was only a master spirit that could have so profited by them.

Of the peculiar character of his mind it may be said that it was, perhaps, yet more distinguished for justness than quickness; for comprehension than invention; and though not wanting in originality, still more remarkable for boldness. Over that field of political speculation to which his mind was habitually turned, he seems to have been the most far-sighted of his countrymen in his estimate of the practicability of popular government; and the civilized world is every day approximating to opinions which he had deliberately formed fifty years ago. He was thus subjected to the reproach of being visionary from many of his countrymen, because he had the sagacity to see farther than their obtuser vision could reach; and while Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Adams, Mr. Jay, and the politicians of that school drew their fundamental principles of government from examples afforded by the history of Great Britain and other European nations, he saw that these prin-

ciples must change, because time was washing away the foundations on which they rested. They looked to the accidents of history, and assumed that the future would be like the past; he to the principles of human action, modified as they are by the progressive changes of civil society. But he looked to the changing character of the soil itself. He saw, too, more distinctly than any of his contemporaries, the effects of the rapidly increasing population of these states. He anticipated the melancholy destiny of the Indian race, and cherished the only system which could have averted it, consistently with the safety and honour of the whites. His views of the future difficulties arising from domestic slavery, are yet in a state of probation, and are to be verified or contradicted by time. But on all these great questions there are more and more converts to his opinions, among intelligent minds; and maxims which were once adopted by his adherents with the blind deference formerly paid to the *dicta* of Pythagoras, are now embraced by speculative minds as the discoveries of political sagacity, or the logical deductions of political wisdom.

His religious creed, as disclosed in his correspondence, cannot perhaps be classed with that of any particular sect, but was nearer the Socinian than any other. In the last years of his life, when questioned by any of his friends on this subject, he used to say he was "an Unitarian."

Mr. Jefferson's acquirements were extensive, and generally accurate. There was no branch of human knowledge in which he had not made more or less proficiency. Mathematics, astronomy, physics—in all its departments, law—municipal and national—language, philosophy, history, all the liberal, and most of the mechanical arts. His knowledge of architecture extended to its minutest details. In such a multiplicity of subjects, his acquaintance with some was of course slight, especially with chemistry and metaphysics. But his knowledge of mankind—of the diversities of human character, and the motives of human action—was consummate. He made a just estimate of every man, whether a friend or foe, whom he judged worthy of serious attention. He was indeed often deceived in his stewards and overseers; but that was partly because, beyond the reach of his supervision, they yielded to the temptations of negligence, and waste, or fraud; and partly

because he was all his life too much engrossed by the public affairs to give due attention to his own. When acting for the public, no one ever made choice of fitter agents.

As an author, he has left no memorial that is worthy of his genius; for the public papers drawn by him are admired rather for the patriotic spirit which dictated them than for the intellectual power they exhibit. They presented no occasion for novelty of thought, or argument, or diction. His purpose was only to make a judicious and felicitous use of that which every body knew and would assent to; and this object he has eminently fulfilled. His "Notes on Virginia," though stamped with his characteristic independence of mind, are rather remarkable for the extent of his statistical knowledge, in a country and at a period when knowledge of that kind was so difficult of attainment; and his "Manual" of parliamentary practice required nothing more than care and discrimination. His diplomatic correspondence throughout, shows that he possessed logical powers of the highest order; and his letters, especially those of his latter years, are written with great elegance and felicity. They have all the ease of Addison, with far greater precision. His style is always natural, flowing, and perspicuous; rarely imaginative, and never declamatory. It was occasionally marked by neologisms, where he thought there were no apt words already in use. It was neither diffuse nor concise, but more inclined to the former.

His tastes were those which commonly distinguish a lively sensibility. He delighted in music, painting, and sculpture, and was an enthusiast in architecture. Though temperate in the pleasures of the table, he had a high relish for them, and his discriminating palate soon learnt to appreciate the merits of French cookery. It was this supposed disloyalty of taste that Patrick Henry meant to reprove, when he said, "he had no notion of a man's abjuring his native victuals." In early life he was fond of dress, but in his latter years his appearance was rather plain than showy. He was always scrupulously attentive to cleanliness. His favorite exercise was riding, and his only game, chess. He had once been a good performer on the violin.

In person he was above six feet high, thin, and erect. His complexion was light, his eyes blue, his nose long, pointed, and

slightly turned up. His hair, of which he had lost none, had been red, became gray, faintly tinged with its original hue. For some years before his death his hearing was somewhat impaired, but he retained his sight, as well as his teeth, to the last.

His manners were frank, mild, and courteous; occasionally, when he was particularly desirous of pleasing, graceful, and irresistibly engaging. His conversation was always cheerful, sometimes light and facetious, but seldom either impassioned or witty. From the profound respect with which he was usually listened to, he was occasionally abrupt and positive; but in this speaking, as it were, *ex cathedra,* he was never betrayed into haughtiness or ill-humour.

As a practical statesman he was prompt, prudent, and judicious: in general, cautious and politic, but occasionally bold, where boldness was wise. In his first contest with the royalist party in the revolutionary times; in that which related to the church establishment, and other great innovations in the civil polity of Virginia, he was adventurous, firm and uncompromising. But whether exhibiting courage or caution, his unfailing complacency of temper stood him in good stead, both with friend and adversary. No one better understood the management of a popular assembly than he did that of the House of Representatives, and he has been known, when he had a favourite measure to carry, to convey his opinion with so much address to those members who were likely to prove troublesome, that they have regarded it as a suggestion of their own. On one occasion, a member who had been thus unconsciously tutored, remarked, after having left the president, that he believed "he could make Mr. Jefferson adopt any opinion he pleased." He was diligent, punctual, and exact in all matters of business; never evading, neglecting, nor delaying his public duties, great or small; and he was so methodical, that at all times in his life, he could in a few minutes lay his hand on any paper he possessed. Knowing how general and sensitive was personal vanity, he was careful never to offend it. At his public dinners, if he had forgotten the name of any member present, he would, on a signal to his secretary, withdraw to an adjoining apartment for the purpose of ascertaining it. He succeeded in preserving more harmony in his cabinet than any other president has done before or since. The

merits of his administration have been already fully mentioned. Its cardinal principles were economy, peace, simplicity, and a strict limitation to all the powers of the government, and no one could have carried them into effect with more fidelity, or greater success.

But it is on his merits as a lawgiver and political philosopher, that his claims to greatness chiefly rest: it is for these that he is to be praised or condemned by posterity; for beyond all his contemporaries has he impressed his opinions of government on the minds of the great mass of his countrymen. He thought he saw the sources of misgovernment in the conflict of interests and of passions between the rulers and the people; and that the only effectual way of avoiding this conflict was, by placing the government in the hands of a majority of the nation. All his political schemes and institutions were framed with a view to this object. Such were his opposition to the funding system, to banks, to court ceremonies, to the Cincinnati, to the independence of the judiciary, to the county courts of Virginia. His zeal in behalf of a general system of popular instruction; of his ward system; of the extension of the right of suffrage, all aimed at the same object of placing the power of the state in the hands of the greater number. It was these objects of his untiring zeal which won for him the title he most prized, "THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE." How future ages will regard this character it is perhaps not given to the present generation to anticipate; but from pregnant signs of the times, his friends have reason to believe that posterity is quite as likely to exceed as to fall short of their own veneration for the political character of THOMAS JEFFERSON.

SALUTARY INFLUENCES OF PARTIES

From 'History of the United States.'

If the rise of new parties, and an increasing bitterness between them, was some drawback, and indeed not a small one from the aggregate sum of national prosperity, it must be recollected that this evil is inseparable from the good of civil freedom, and that these party bickerings are not an uncompensated evil. They beget vigilance in one party, and circumspection in the other, by which much mischief is prevented, and occasionally their active rivalry produces a degree of positive good that would not otherwise exist.

The character of these parties, as we have seen, has its foundation in the principles of our common nature. They arise from the greater fear that some men have of the abuse of power when it is exercised by one or a few, and others have when it is exercised by multitudes. In the phases which these parties have exhibited in the United States, while contemporaries find in one of them little to blame, and in the other little to commend, those who come after them, if they have the faculty of discrimination with candor, will occasionally meet with somewhat to commend and somewhat to censure in both. They will find suspicions to have been often unfounded, motives misrepresented, evil tendencies grossly exaggerated; and measures once supposed to threaten the welfare, or even safety of the community, to prove harmless and insignificant. What vestige now remains of the evils confidently predicted from either French or English influence? What of the corrupting tendencies of the Bank, or of the disloyalty to the Union of the Western States, formerly such fruitful themes of danger with political croakers?

Of those parties which prevailed during the administration of General Washington, it is probable that each contributed its part towards the public welfare. But for the republican jealousy of one party, the other might have attempted, and even have effected some changes in the government not in harmony with the genius and temper of the American people; and but for the Federalists, the General government might not have had that degree of power which subsequent experien-

has shown to be necessary. It might not have quelled, or attempted to quell the Pennsylvania insurrection, and the example of successful or unpunished resistance to the laws might have been followed by other States, and have led to more serious consequences.

If one party had possessed a greater preponderance, we might have been involved in the calamities of war, on the side of France; or, if the other had prevailed, we might have taken up arms against her. In either case, the wealth and prosperity of the country had probably been postponed ten or twenty years, to say nothing of the injury which might have resulted to its political institutions. Nay, in the short-sightedness of human wisdom, if Hamilton's party had entirely prevailed, their means of strengthening the government might have eventually led to that wild spirit of democracy which they dreaded; and, on the other hand, if Jefferson's policy had met with no counteraction, the undue power of the States and of popular resistance to salutary laws might by a natural reaction, have led to a more energetic government, whose burdens and restraints men would have chosen to bear for the sake of the partial protection it afforded; and as the oak attains its most vigorous growth under alternate storms and sunshine, so to the clashing tendencies of those opposite parties, the United States owe the highest civil freedom which is compatible with the salutary restraints of law and order.

HISTORY OF THE MONROE DOCTRINE

From 'History of the United States.'

Adverting to the wish formerly expressed by him, respecting the recent changes in the Governments of Spain and Portugal, he disclaims any disposition on the part of the United States to take part in European contests; and at the same time adds, "We owe it to candor to declare, that we should consider any attempt, on their part, to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere, as dangerous to our peace and safety. With existing colonies or dependencies of any European Power, we have not interfered, and shall not interfere. But with the Governments who have de-

clared their independence, and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling, in any other manner, their destiny by Europeans in any other light than the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States." We are still disposed to continue our neutrality between these new Governments and Spain, provided no change shall occur which "shall make a correspondent change on the part of the United States indispensable to their security."

Referring to the interposition of foreign Powers in the concerns of Spain, he remarks, "While our settled policy is not to interfere in the internal concerns of other nations; but in regard to those continents, circumstances are essentially different, and it is impossible for the allied Powers of Europe to extend their political system to either continent without endangering our peace and happiness; nor can any believe that our Southern brethren, if left to themselves, would adopt it of their own accord. It is equally impossible, therefore, that we should behold such interpositions, in any form, with indifference."

He notices, in conclusion, with patriotic pride, the rapid and unexampled progress which the United States have made since the close of the Revolution, in population, in settlements of the wilderness, in wealth, strength, and respectability—all of which is due to the excellence of our political institutions.

That part of the preceding message which undertook to declare that European Powers were to establish no new colony on the American continent, nor to attempt to introduce their political system—that is, monarchical government—in the Western world, but at the risk of encountering our hostility, created no little sensation among the members of Congress.

In the first place, it caused surprise by its novelty and boldness—the subject never having before created any discussion, or elicited any public declaration of sentiment; and it not being within the legitimate powers of the Executive of the United States to speak in behalf of the nation of a policy which might lead to war, which Congress alone has the power of declaring. The declaration too, was not consistent with

the habitual prudence and caution which had ever characterised Mr. Monroe's foreign policy. But while it was well known that this declaration of the sentiments of the people was altogether gratuitous, and taken upon trust, they seemed so natural in themselves, and were so gratifying to the pride of the nation, and so well accorded with the rights of self-preservation, that no one thought of questioning the authority by which they were made; and the assumption was overlooked, or, if perceived, was forgiven.

This declaration excited no little interest, both in Europe and in America. There it was regarded as a serious warning—here, as a solemn assertion of right which the nation was disposed to ratify, though they had not given it their previous sanction. But its history has been since more fully developed, and but a share of the honor of it must be given to Mr. Monroe.

It was known by the British Cabinet that, among other schemes of the allied Powers, at their Congress at Laybach—for the purpose of putting down the republican spirit which had so spread in America, and might reach Europe—was to aid Spain to recover the dominion of her revolted colonies. This measure would be deprecated in England, partly from the sympathy which a large portion of the nation have always testified in favor of civil liberty, and partly because the independence of the Spanish provinces would open an extensive and lucrative commerce to their merchants, from which they had been excluded by the monopoly that Spain secured for herself. Mr. Canning, who then was Minister for Foreign Affairs, suggested to Mr. Rush, the American Minister, that if the United States would take strong ground against the interference of the allied Powers in the affairs of the new Spanish-American Governments, Great Britain would support her. Those intimations having been conveyed to Mr. Monroe, by the Minister, in a private correspondence, because it was important, on several accounts, that the suggestion of Mr. Canning, should not be known, it was supposed, even by some of the members of his Cabinet, to have originated with himself. When, however, the President's message arrived, it was found to have gone a long step further than Mr. Canning had expected or wished; and it was said that Mr. Monroe's

declaration against the future extension of colonies in America was as unwelcome as unexpected to the British Cabinet. This addition, according to the testimony of Mr. Calhoun, was made by Mr. Adams himself, who prepared the President's message. If so, neither of these bold declarations originated with Mr. Monroe, and he is entitled only to the praise of adopting and sustaining them with that good sense and firmness which characterized all his public measures.

THE PRINCIPLE OF REPULSION

From 'A Voyage To The Moon.'

. . . "It was at this seat of science that I learnt, from one of our sages, the physical truth which I am now about to communicate, and which he discovered, partly by his researches into the writings of ancient Pundits, and partly by his own extraordinary sagacity. There is a principle of repulsion as well as gravitation in the earth. It causes fire to rise upwards. It is exhibited in electricity. It occasions waterspouts, volcanoes, and earthquakes. After much labour and research, this principle has been found embodied in a metallic substance, which is met with in the mountain in which we are, united with a very heavy earth; and this circumstance had great influence in inducing me to settle myself here.

"This metal, when separated and purified, has as great a tendency to fly off from the earth, as a piece of gold or lead has to approach it. After making a number of curious experiments with it, we bethought ourselves of putting it to some use, and soon contrived, with the aid of it, to make cars and ascend into the air. We were very secret in these operations; for our unhappy country having then recently fallen under the subjection of the British nation, we apprehended that if we divulged our arcanum, they would not only fly away with all our treasures, whether found in palace or pagoda, but also carry off the inhabitants, to make them slaves in their colonies, as their government had not then abolished the African slave trade.

"After various trials and many successive improvements, in which our desire increased with our success, we determined

to penetrate the aerial void as far as we could, providing for that purpose an apparatus, with which you will become better acquainted hereafter. In the course of our experiments, we discovered that this same metal, which was repelled from the earth, was in the same degree attracted towards the moon; for in one of our excursions, still aiming to ascend higher than we had ever done before, we were actually carried to that satellite; and if we had not there fallen into a lake, and our machine had not been water-tight, we must have been dashed to pieces or drowned. You will find in this book," he added, presenting me with a small volume, bound in green parchment, and fastened with silver clasps, "a minute detail of the apparatus to be provided, and the directions to be pursued in making this wonderful voyage. I have written it since I satisfied my mind that my fears of British rapacity were unfounded, and that I should do more harm than good by publishing the secret. But still I am not sure," he added, with one of his faint but significant smiles, "that I am not actuated by a wish to immortalize my name; for where is the mortal who would be indifferent to this object, if he thought he could attain it? Read the book at your leisure, and study it."

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The machine in which we proposed to embark, was a copper vessel, that would have been an exact cube of six feet, if the corners and edges had not been rounded off. It had an opening large enough to receive our bodies, which was closed by double sliding pannels, with quilted cloth between them. When these were properly adjusted, the machine was perfectly air-tight, and strong enough, by means of iron bars running alternately inside and out, to resist the pressure of the atmosphere, when the machine should be exhausted of its air, as we took the precaution to prove by the aid of an air-pump. On the top of the copper chest and on the outside, we had as much of the lunar metal (which I shall henceforth call *lunarium*) as we found, by calculation and experiment, would overcome the weight of the machine, as well as its contents, and take us to the moon on the third day. As the air which the machine contained, would not be sufficient for our respiration more than about six hours; and the chief part of the space we were to pass through was a mere void, we provided our-

selves with a sufficient supply, by condensing it in a small globular vessel, made partly of iron and partly of lunarium, to take off its weight. On my return, I gave Mr. Jacob Perkins, who is now in England, a hint of this plan of condensation, and it has there obtained him great celebrity. This fact I should not have thought it worth while to mention, had he not taken the sole merit of the invention to himself; at least I cannot hear that in his numerous public notices he has ever mentioned my name.

But to return. A small circular window, made of a single piece of thick clear glass, was neatly fitted on each of the six sides. Several pieces of lead were securely fastened to screws which passed through the bottom of the machine as well as a thick plank. The screws were so contrived, that by turning them in one direction, the pieces of lead attached to them were immediately disengaged from the hooks with which they were connected. The pieces of lunarium were fastened in like manner to screws, which passed through the top of the machine; so that by turning them in one direction, those metallic pieces would fly into the air with the velocity of a rocket. The Brahmin took with him a thermometer, two telescopes, one of which projected through the top of the machine, and the other through the bottom; a phosphoric lamp, pen, ink, and paper, and some light refreshments sufficient to supply us for some days.

The moon was then in her third quarter, and near the zenith: it was, of course, a little after midnight, and when the coppersmith and his family were in their soundest sleep, that we entered the machine. In about an hour more we had the doors secured, and everything arranged in its place, when, cutting the cords which fastened us to the ground, by means of small steel blades which worked in the ends of other screws, we rose from the earth with a whizzing sound, and a sensation at first of very rapid ascent; but after a short time, we were scarcely sensible of any motion in the machine, except when we changed our places.

The ardent curiosity I had felt to behold the wonderful things which the Brahmin related, and the hope of returning soon to my children and native country, had made me most impatient for the moment of departure; during which time

the hazards and difficulties of the voyage were entirely overlooked; but now that the moment of execution had arrived, and I found myself shut up in this small chest, and about to enter on a voyage so new, so strange, and beset with such a variety of dangers, I will not deny that my courage failed me, and I would gladly have compromised to return to Mozaun, and remain there quietly all the rest of my days. But shame restrained me, and I dissembled my emotions.

At our first shock on leaving the earth, my fears were at their height; but after about two hours, I had tolerably well regained my composure, to which the returning light of day greatly contributed. By this time we had a full view of the rising sun, pouring a flood of light over one half of the circular landscape below us, and leaving the rest in shade. While those natural objects, the rivers and mountains, land and sea, were fast receding from our view, our horizon kept gradually extending as we mounted: but ere 10 o'clock this effect ceased, and the broad disc of the earth began sensibly to diminish.

INHABITANTS OF THE MOON

From 'A Voyage to the Moon.'

The inhabitants of the moon can always determine both their latitude and longitude, by observing the quarter of the heavens in which the earth is seen: and, as the sun invariably appears of the same altitude at their noon, the inhabitants are denominated and classed according to the length of their shadows; and the terms *long shadow,* or *short shadow,* are common forms of national reproach among them, according to the relative position of the parties. I found the climate of those whose shadows are about the length of their own figure, the most agreeably to my own feelings, and most like that of my own country.

Such are the most striking natural appearances on one side of this satellite. On the other there is some difference. The sun pursues the same path in the corresponding latitudes of both hemispheres; but being without any moon, they have a dull and dreary night, though the light from the stars is much greater than with us. The science of astronomy is much

cultivated by the inhabitants of the dark hemisphere, and is indebted to them for its most important discoveries, and its present high state of improvement.

If there is much rivalship among the natives of the same hemisphere, who differ in the length of their shadows, they all unite in hatred and contempt for the inhabitants of the opposite side. Those who have the benefit of a moon, that is, who are turned towards the earth, are lively, indolent, and changeable as the face of the luminary on which they pride themselves; while those on the other side are more grave, sedate, and industrious. The first are called the Hilliboos, and the last the Moriboos—or bright nights, and dark nights. And this mutual animosity is the more remarkable, as they often appeared to me to be the same race, and to differ much less from one another than the natives of different climates. It is true, that enlightened and well educated men do not seem to feel this prejudice, or at least they do not show it; but those who travel from one hemisphere to the other, are sure to encounter the prejudices of the vulgar, and are often treated with great contempt and indignity. They are pointed at by the children, who, according as they chance to have been bred on one side or the other, say, "There goes a man who never saw Gloontin," as they call the earth; or, "There goes a Booblimak," which means a night stroller.

All bodies are much lighter on the moon than on the earth; by reason of which circumstance, as has been mentioned, the inhabitants are more active, and experience much less fatigue in ascending their precipitous mountains. I was astonished at first at this seeming increase in my muscular powers; when, on passing along a street in Alamatua, soon after my arrival, and meeting a dog, which I thought to be mad, I proposed to run out of his way, and in leaping over a gutter, I fairly bounded across the street. I measured the distance the next day, and found it to be twenty-seven feet five inches; and afterwards frequently saw the school-boys, when engaged in athletic exercises, making running leaps of between thirty and forty feet backwards and forwards. Another consequence of the diminished gravity here is, that both men and animals carry much greater burdens than on the earth.

The carriages are drawn altogether by dogs, which are the largest animals they have, except the zebra, and a small buffalo. This diminution of gravity is, however, of some disadvantage to them. Many of their tools are not as efficient as ours, especially their axes, hoes, and hammers. On the other hand, when a person falls to the ground, it is nearly the same thing as if an inhabitant of the earth were to fall on a feather bed. Yet I saw as many instances of fractured limbs, hernia, and other accidents there, as I ever saw on the earth; for when they fall from great heights, or miscarry in the feats of activity which they ambitiously attempt, it inflicts the same injury upon them, as a fall nearer the ground does upon us.

JOHN TYLER

[1790—1862]

J. LESSLIE HALL

JOHN TYLER, Governor, United States Senator, tenth President of the United States, was born at Greenway, Charles City County, Virginia, March 29, 1790, and died in Richmond, Virginia, February 18, 1862. He was the second son of Judge John Tyler and Mary Armistead.

In early boyhood, young Tyler attended a boys' school kept by a Scotchman named McMurdo, who was a great martinet. At the age of eleven he led a revolt against the tyranny of McMurdo. When the schoolmaster lodged a formal complaint with the judge, that old Roman patriot drew himself up with dignity and said, *"Sic semper tyrannis."*

At seventeen, he was graduated from the College of William and Mary. His graduating address—on female education—was pronounced one of the best literary exercises ever known in the college. While at college, he showed special interest in ancient history.

In 1809 he was admitted to the Bar. In 1811 he was elected to the Legislature and soon became prominent in its discussions. He was a vigorous supporter of Madison's administration and of the rights of America as against the encroachments of England.

In 1811, the question of renewing the charter of the first Bank of the United States came up in Congress. The bank was very unpopular in Virginia, and the State Legislature denounced the proposed charter as a gross violation of States' rights. The resolution censuring the two Senators from Virginia, passed by an overwhelming vote, was drawn by Mr. Tyler.

March 29, 1813, Mr. Tyler married Letitia Christian, daughter of Robert Christian, of Charles City County, Virginia. By this marriage he had seven children. Mrs. Letitia Tyler died in Washington, September 9, 1842, during her husband's Presidential term.

In 1816 Mr. Tyler was elected to the House of Representatives. He soon became conspicuous as a "strict constructionist." He was always opposed to a national bank with state branches unless such branches should be established with the free will and consent of the

respective states. He always opposed the so-called "American system." In 1820, when Missouri was admitted to the Union, he took strong ground against restricting the march of slavery. While in favor of abolishing slavery if possible, he believed that every American citizen should have the right to take his slaves with him into any state or territory. He believed that scattering the slaves over a larger area would be best for both races and would not delay the ultimate abolition of the system.

Mr. Tyler was also unalterably opposed to the protective tariff. He believed that it impoverished the agricultural states to enrich the manufacturers. But when South Carolina threatened to nullify, in 1832, Mr. Tyler, then Senator from Virginia, was opposed to nullification; he was no less opposed to Jackson's "Force Bill" for the coercion of South Carolina. He was the only Senator that stayed in his seat and voted against that violent measure. Mr. Tyler always held that Congress had no right to coerce a state, as the state was itself a "sovereign" and was the highest judge of its own relations to the Federal Government, a doctrine long held by many eminent publicists and taught at the West Point Military Academy while Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee were cadets in that academy.

About 1833, by a fusion between the National Republicans of the North and the anti-Jackson Democrats, the Whig party came into existence. With this fusion party Mr. Tyler allied himself; but it was not the same party that had hitherto stood for bank, tariff, and internal improvements. It was a heterogeneous, nondescript party, brought together by a dislike to Jackson and his methods. For the three political ideas named above Mr. Tyler never stood sponsor. When the Whigs put him on their ticket in 1840, there was no platform, no explicit statement of principles. Hence President Tyler's famous vetoes were not, as alleged by political enemies, violations of his plighted word. His opinions as to a national bank, the tariff, and "internal improvements" were known to all concerned. His vetoes were thoroughly consistent with his whole political career from his maiden speech in the Virginia Legislature down to his vote for secession in the Virginia convention of 1861.

After a very exciting campaign, Harrison and Tyler were elected President and Vice-president. One month after the inauguration, President Harrison died. Some minds were agitated by the question as to the succession to the Presidential office, but that question gave no uneasiness to Vice-president Tyler. He cut the Gordian knot with the sword of logic and common sense. Leaving his home in Williamsburg the morning after the news of President Harrison's death reached him, he proceeded to Washington and took the oath of office. "What is a vice-president," he argued, "unless he is the

man that succeeds the President if he dies in office?" The precedent established by Tyler has ever since been followed.

With the death of Harrison there was "war to the hilt." The old Whig leaders, led by Clay, were determined to have a bank. To this, as already shown, Mr. Tyler had always been opposed. "Tyler dares not resist," said Clay; "I'll drive him before me." To such men as Mr. Tyler this language was intolerable. The President warned Clay, in the spring of 1841, that the proposed bank bill would not meet the approval of the Executive. Still Clay and his colleagues insisted. In spite of the President's warning, in his message of 1841, Congress also persisted. The "fiscal bank" bill was passed and was vetoed. Then followed the "fiscal corporation" bill, which likewise fell under the veto. Meanwhile, the Whig leaders abused, maligned, and tried to bully the President. Five members of the Cabinet resigned, and did so in a manner and at a time most likely to embarrass and cripple the Executive. The Whigs all over the country abused Mr. Tyler vociferously, although, as already said, they knew his opinions when they put him on their ticket.

Another famous veto of President Tyler's is in the matter of the eastern River-and-Harbor Bill of 1844. This infuriated many. He was abused for signing the Mississippi Bill, which he did on the very just ground that the Mississippi was a great common highway for the commerce of the whole country, and not a local stream running through a narrow territory.

A great event of this administration was the Ashburton Treaty. This settled our northeast boundary for 2,000 miles and warded off the long-impending war with England. In most histories, the whole credit for this treaty is given to Daniel Webster. Of course this great man should not be robbed of any of his well-earned laurels; but the President is entitled to a share of the honor. Webster himself said: "It [the treaty] proceeded from step to step under the President's own immediate eye and correction." Moreover, it may be added that at one stage in the proceedings, Lord Ashburton was about to give up and return to England; but President Tyler, by his courtesy and suavity, conciliated him and induced him to go on with the negotiations.

The Oregon question, also, was close to President Tyler's heart. For many years the northwestern boundary had been a bone of contention between the United States and England. Both Monroe and John Quincy Adams had made unsuccessful overtures to England. "It was President Tyler's policy," says his son ('Letters and Times'), "to make the Oregon question auxiliary to the Texas and California questions, and, in the meantime, under the improved treaty of joint occupancy, to push settlers on to the distant land." Owing to various

causes, however, the whole matter was still unsettled when President Tyler went out of office.

Mr. Tyler was very anxious to see Texas admitted to the Union. In 1836 Texas had won its independence from Mexico. Its Governor and the majority of its inhabitants were citizens of the United States. The people of Texas wished to come into the Union; the majority of our people were desirous to have them. President Tyler was anxious that the matter should be settled during his Administration. The treaty of annexation was, however, rejected by the Senate in the spring of 1844. The President did not despair, did not give up the struggle. In the winter of 1844-'45, a joint resolution of annexation was passed by both houses of Congress. On March 3, 1845, the last day of his administration, President Tyler despatched a special messenger to Texas, bearing the news of its admission to the Union. In the Texas matter he was carrying out the expressed wishes of a majority of the voters of the country, for they had elected Polk and Dallas on the battle-cry of "Polk and Texas."

In the midst of this political turmoil and contention, Mr. Tyler was not without many social and domestic blessings. On June 26, 1844, he married Julia Gardiner, the accomplished daughter of David Gardiner, of Gardiner's Island, New York. They had seven children. His first marriage had allied him with some of the old families of Virginia; his second with some of the leading families of New York. Several children of this marriage survive and are living in Virginia.

After his term of office expired, President Tyler retired to his estate on the James River, in Charles City County, Virginia. There he lived the life of a country gentleman and planter, mingling with his fellow-citizens with the simplicity of a Cincinnatus. Some of the old Whigs were prejudiced against him for his vetoes, and some of the Democrats never had forgiven him for allying himself with the anti-Jackson Whigs. His kind and conciliating manners, however, and the transparent purity of his character—qualities always appreciated in Virginia—won many over. In his later years he was frequently honored by his fellow-citizens. When they needed an orator to touch and move them, they turned to the sage of "Sherwood Forest." When the great monument to Clay was unveiled in Richmond, President Tyler was invited to deliver an oration; and, with a magnanimity that did honor both to him and to the occasion, he pronounced a beautiful eulogy over the man who had put many a thorn in his pillow. When the Peace Convention met February 4, 1861, Mr. Tyler was made chairman, and did his utmost to pour oil on the troubled waters. When hope of peace was well-nigh gone and Virginia called her convention, Mr. Tyler was sent to represent his county. In May, 1861, he was elected a member of the Provisional

Congress of the Confederate States; in the autumn following he was elected to the permanent Congress of the Southern Confederacy. Before he could take his seat he died at the Exchange Hotel in Richmond. He was buried in Hollywood, the beautiful cemetery in Richmond, in which rest the ashes of Pickett, J. E. B. Stuart, and many thousands of the Southern private soldiers.

With this sketch of President Tyler's life and political career, we now pass on to speak of him on the literary side. Though not a scholar, Mr. Tyler was essentially a man of culture. His published speeches and addresses often show an ease and a finish rarely seen in those of the publicist and politician. Indeed, his style was far above the average.

Mr. Tyler's addresses bristle with allusions to ancient history. He refers to Curtius, Scaevola, Brutus, Epaminondas, and other heroes of antiquity as naturally as we do to Washington, Lee, and Jackson. The standard poets of England also were his familiar companions. Phrases from Gray, Milton, Shakespeare and other poets are very numerous. The English Bible, also, furnished him not a few of his aptest phrases. "It is good for us to be here"; "the ground on which we stand is hallowed"; "the suns shine and the rains descend"—these are but a few of the Biblical phrases that he uses. Like most of the public men of the ante-bellum South, he draws freely upon the Bible for illustration and for ornament.

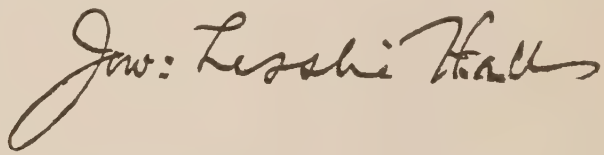
Though incidentally a man of letters, Mr. Tyler was of course essentially a publicist. Furthermore, he was a political propagandist Whenever and wherever he spoke, except where good taste prevented, he was a defender of the South and of her views of the Constitution. Even in his literary addresses, he took pains to tell the audience that the Union was composed of "confederate states" and that each state had certain "reserved rights" which no generation should ever forfeit.

Mr. Tyler was an eloquent writer. His oral style, too, was eloquent and impressive. Of his address on "The Dead of the Cabinet," a Southern littérateur has asked, "Could Bossuet have done it better?"

In this connection we will quote a writer of the year 1824: "He is a most eloquent speaker. His allusions are sublime, and when he speaks all the powers of his mind seem absorbed in his subject. There is no coldness, no art, no speaking for the sake of speaking, in his observations; but his whole intellect appears wrapped in and riveted to the question before the House. He is vehement, impetuous, and ardent in his manner; he evidently feels intensely, and causes every heart to feel. It is impossible to divert him from his remarks by the casual introduction of any extraneous thought. While he

commands his own soul and exercises over it a fervent and energetic control, he commands the souls of all who are susceptible to the effects of oratory. He ranges every spot of classic and fairy ground to cull illustrations for his arguments; and he hurries along, and hurries his hearers along, with a mixture of powerful reasoning, classic allusions, and elegant figures; intermingling with the flow of debate flowers and verses plucked from the loveliest fields of Parnassus."

We admit, however, that some of Mr. Tyler's addresses are lacking in finish and in precision. He was neither scholar nor rhetorician. Yet no one can read his best addresses without feeling refreshed, stimulated, and inspired. As said by the writer quoted in the foregoing paragraph, he takes the reader on many a delightful excursion, now through ancient Rome and Greece, with Livy, Plutarch, and Goldsmith leading him; now to Mount Olympus and the gardens of the Hesperides; anon to Stratford-on-Avon to muse with "gentle Shakespeare"; now to visit the blind poet of Puritanism as he tells of the war in heaven and the fall of the angels. In such high company did Tyler walk when he threw off the cares of state and held converse with the poets.



YORKTOWN ORATION

Extracts from an Address Delivered at Yorktown, October 19, 1837.

And why stand we here, my countrymen, on this almost deserted spot, this day? Have we come but to pass an idle hour, in gazing on these mounds of earth—this village in decay—that noble river, and yon more distant sea? There are other lands more fair—other mounds more lofty—other ruins more splendid—other streams more heavily burthened with rich cargoes and valuable freights—other prospects which, to the mere lover of the picturesque, are equally captivating. No! we are here for a far nobler purpose. Each object which this scene presents to the sight is consecrated in the memory as a proud memento of a glorious past: they speak to us of other

times and of other men. They tell us a tale of heroic fortitude, of patriotic devotion, and of majestic triumph. Behind those intrenchments, the last ever destined for their protection in the American States, was once sheltered a formidable and heretofore invincible army of Great Britain, under the command of one of her most distinguished generals. *Here,* on this plain, lay encamped the chivalry of these then infant states—and *there,* those gallant Frenchmen who had come over ocean to the rescue. On the bosom of yon river, where now are only to be seen the sails of some peaceful shallop, floated the British fleet—while still farther in the distance, rode threateningly the blockading squadron of La Belle France. *That* redoubt was stormed by Lafayette—a name rendered ever memorable in the annals of mankind—at the head of his proud soldiers of his native land. While at *that,* the traces of which are now scarcely discernible, was poured out, as freely as if it had been water, the blood of the generous and the brave. Nor were the defenders of these entrenchments wanting in gallant bearing. The great mass were but the hired mercenaries of a crowned king, and warred on the side of unrighteous power; but there were among that embattled host many a noble gentleman, as brave as ever was belted knight, who sought to win a fair name in history, and to live in future song. *Here* ran the first, and *there* the second parallel, and *there* were erected formidable batteries which, belching forth destruction from the mouths of an hundred cannon, caused the cheek of the bravest and the stoutest to turn pale. Silence at length succeeds the thunders of artillery. A white flag is seen waving from those ramparts. It is the signal of a battle fought and a battle lost. It pleads for mercy on the part of the besieged, and its plea is admitted. The terms of capitulation are speedily signed, and an army which had been so long the terror and scourge of the South, acknowledges itself conquered—and with that the sun of British power went down, never more to rise in this hemisphere. The war-worn soldier now rejoices that his dangers and sufferings are at last to have an end. Fear for his beloved country no longer agitates the mind of the patriot; and a full tide of joy rushes over an emancipated land. Now breaks forth the long, loud shout of triumph—and now ascends to heaven, borne on anthems of praise and thanksgiving, the incense of

the redeemed and disenthralled. Now are proudly displayed those torn and tattered flags which for seven long years had withstood the battle and the breeze. Our own Virginia flag was there, my countrymen, with its *sic semper Tyrannis* and its broken crown and dagger. Upon it might also be read, the emblazoned characters, that motto* which it had borne from the first, and which I trust will serve to encourage her sons, when engaged in a righteous cause, through all time to come, to "persevere" to the last—which bespeaks a purpose stern and resolute, unbending and eternal—the sure augury of ultimate success.

In close union with our own, with their proud mottoes and bright emblazonry, waved the flags of our sister states, and the *fleur de lis* of France; and from these battlements, trailing in the dust, slowly and reluctantly came the proud cross of St. George, which had so long cast its darkening shadows over our hopes.

To dwell upon these soul-stirring incidents, even at a day so remote as the present, fills us with enthusiastic emotions; but what painter shall be bold and daring enough to attempt to throw upon canvas the feelings of those who were actors in that scene? A single moment gave to them more of real being than is ordinarily conferred upon a life of threescore years and ten. For seven long years they had passed through peril and danger; during all which time, they may be said to have slept constantly upon their arms. The midnight drum had often started them from their flinty couch, and the signal gun had given notice that the foeman was near. Smoking cottages, and villages in ruin, a devastated country, and a naked people, had at other times enabled them to track his progress; and now that freedom was in their power, and the sure prospect of peace was at hand. Their country was their only idol, and that country through their exertions was now free.

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*Perseverando.

UPSHUR AND GILMER

From 'The Dead of the Cabinet."

When the morning of the ill-fated 28th of February dawned upon the world, the theretofore tempest-tossed administration found itself comparatively tranquil and at ease, reposing on the honor, the wisdom, personal friendship, and patriotism of its counsellors and advisers. That morning was also full of promise of a day of gladness and triumph—gladness and triumph at the successful accomplishment of an experiment which had been conducted under the superintendence and direction of one of the most gallant and talented officers of the navy. The experimental ship, the *Princeton,* floated majestically on the bosom of the Potomac, and her projector and commander, distinguished not more for his valor than for his unbounded hospitality, had sent out cards of invitation for a fête on board, comprising a multitude. Never did the eye gaze on a brighter or more animated scene than that which the beautiful river exhibited during the forenoon of that fatal day. There floated the ship whereon had been concentrated so many hopes and anticipated joys. Decked out in trim array, there waved from every rope and yard some emblematic flag in token of our amity with the whole world, while proudly above them all floated at the mast-head our own beautiful banner. Numberless barges shot out from every cove and point, loaded with their living freight, and flew on the wings of hope and joy towards the gallant ship. The decks were soon crowded with a host of happy visitors. There was but one person in that crowd who did not partake of the hilarity which so universally prevailed, and that exception was found in the person of the interesting and admired lady of the Secretary of the Navy. From the moment that her foot touched the deck of the ship a foreboding of evil took possession of her mind. The slightest separation from her husband caused her inexpressible agony. Vain were the efforts which were made to expel from her mind the horrid spectre of the future of that woeful day. The pall and the shroud floated before her vision, and she was miserable. Like Cassandra, she prophesied of evil, and her prophecies were treated

as the effects of womanly timidity and nervous excitement. Tell us, you who profess to look into the future, you who claim to have the power to read the mysteries which envelop cause and effect before they give sign of birth what connexion exists between the troubled mind thus filled with feverish apprehension, and the dread reality which afterwards occurs? With this exception, never was there assembled a more joyous crowd. A cloudless sky added to the brilliancy of the scene. The anchor is weighed, and the ship moves with majestic grace over the dimpled waters. At length her large experimental guns are fired, and the immense range of the ponderous balls seem to realize all that the valorous Stockton had foretold of their power. The ship is returning to her anchorage, and the feast is nearly ended. Abel P. Upshur has added to its zest by the charms of his conversation and the brilliant flashes of his wit. Thomas W. Gilmer, intent on the intimate knowledge of her material and structure, has visited every part of the ship, and mastered the entire fabric. The song still prevails and patriotic sentiments abound.

The gallant commander and Upshur and Gilmer are no longer at the table or in the cabin. They have ascended to the deck, accompanied by a few friends. The Secretary of the Navy desires once more to witness the effect of a discharge from one of the guns, and the captain proceeds to comply with his wishes. The crowd below is in utter ignorance of what is passing above. A loud report is at length heard, and does not, at the moment arrest the song and merry jest. A mysterious whisper at last reaches the crowd; anxiety, to be soon succeeded by dismay, prevails. The upper deck is reached, and there lies, sealed in death and already wrapped in the folds of that flag which was never looked upon by them while in life without imparting to their patriotic hearts a quickened pulsation, the two eminent Secretaries and three other distinguished citizens, one of whom, also a son of this Commonwealth, Commodore Kennon, had so often courted danger on the ocean, and had won the commodore's flag by gallant service, and at the time presided over an important bureau. While Virginia mourns over the remains of her noble sons, Maryland bends in solemn woe over her gifted Maxey, and New York laments the death of her talented and accomplished Gardiner.

Joy is turned into mourning. The morning, so bright and cloudless, is succeeded by an evening of deep gloom and sorrow. The muffled drum, the solemn toll of the bell, the loud and dismal peal of the minute gun announce to the country the sad tidings of death and woe. There are two vacant seats at the Cabinet board the following morning—Upshur and Gilmer have fallen, "like two stars struck from their spheres."

A TRIBUTE TO H. S. LEGARÉ

From "The Dead of the Cabinet." An Address delivered at Petersburg, April 24, 1856.

. . . I REMEMBER the first time I ever saw him. It was in the infancy of steam-power, and a slight frost sufficed to prevent the running of the steamer that plied between Washington and Potomac Creek. The stage-coach was at the time the only means of conveyance over the almost impassable roads between Washington and Fredericksburg. I was returning to my home in Virginia, in the winter of 1819-'20, during a brief respite from service as a member of the House of Representatives. Chance seated me by the side of a young man who, I soon learned, had but a few days before returned to the United States from his European travels. We were strangers to each other—but who waits for an introduction in a stage-coach? Its chief recommendation consists in the absence of all form and ceremony. Each passenger feels himself bound, in some sort, to contribute to relieve the fatigue of the journey. The conversation thus becomes general, and before the journey is ended, good-fellowship is established among the passengers. So it was upon the occasion I have mentioned. The slow progress of the coach gave full leisure for conversation, and the passengers were indebted to the youthful stranger for much to interest them. He was full of his travels, France, Italy, England and Scotland were spoken of with graphic power. The sun of the great Napoleon had set, and the glory which had flashed from minaret and tower had sunk into the twilight of the ancient regime. The enthusiasm of the young traveller found its only excitement in the marvels of the times of the consulate and the empire. We visited, with him as our

cicerone, those battlefields where crowns were the stakes, and whereon kingdoms were lost and won; luxuriated in the beauty and fragrance of the Imperial gardens; visited the great works which, if all else was wanting, would serve as enduring monuments to the memory of the Emperor; conversed with the great marshals, and shed tears at the bloody death of "the bravest of the brave"—a death which has left upon the garments of those who ordered it a stain so deep that all the waters in the world cannot wash it out; but the blood then shed shall, in the language of Lady Macbeth, "rather the multitudinous seas incarnadine, making the green, one red." We crossed the Simplon and descended into Italy. Rome, as in the time of Augustus, rose up before us in all its majestic proportions, its seven hills clothed with the glories of the old republic; and then, stumbling over the ruins of the mighty past, we entered with profound awe and reverence the holy edifice of St. Peter, the creation of the genius of Michael Angelo. Thus was represented the imperial city, at one time glorying in her conquests and almost universal power, and holding in her lap the dowry of nations; at another weeping like Niobe, over the children of her earthly glory, the offspring of her feverish ambition, begotten of policy and won by the sword; and then, again, rising from her ruins with the mitre on her brow and the crozier in her hand, exercising a power far greater than that ever exercised by her consuls and emperors in the olden time. Then passed before us Venice, rising from the ocean "a sea Cybele"—the gems which glistened on her brow and the silks which adorned her person brought from the far distant lands of the orient—her annual espousal of the Adriatic—the magnificence of her Doges—her gondoliers, and the songs of Tasso—the Rialto, with its "prison and its palace on each hand"—all rose up before us at the plastic touch of the young Legaré. We fought the battle of Hastings over again—saw the Saxon banner go down before the Norman—witnessed the signing of the great charter at Runnimede, rejoiced in the accession of William of Orange to the throne, and in the steady advances of public freedom over privilege and arbitrary power—and, crossing the channel, wandered over England's classic grounds. We then entered Scotland, the home of his maternal ancestors. A new enthusiasm was

awakened. Sir Walter Scott had peopled every hill and glen with the old memories. The stout Sir Allan Swinton had played his part in the battle of Hallidon hill.

> There needed not to blazon forth the Swinton,
> His ancient burgonet, the sable boar
> Chained to the gnarled oak, nor his proud step,
> Nor giant stature, nor ponderous mace,
> Which only he in Scotland's realm could wield;
> His discipline and wisdom mark the leader,
> As doth his name the champion.

No wonder that, in touching the old soil which had been so proudly trodden by his stalwart race, the young traveller should have been awakened to a new enthusiasm. The mighty men of the claymore and the spear, armed as they were in life, reappeared from the spirit land. The Wallace and the Bruce, and the Campbell and the Douglas, re-enacted their parts, and "James Fitz-James, the Commons' King," held royal court at Stirling; and there, too, was Ellen Douglas and the devoted Graeme. The unfortunate Mary, and the last of her race who aspired to the throne, figured on the canvas, until hill-top responded to hill-top in the national air of the day—

> Wha'll be king but Charlie?

which continued to awaken the slumbering echoes long after the fatal and bloody day of Culloden.

SPEECH IN THE STATE CONVENTION

I AM about to make, Mr. President, a very bold and daring adventure. The condition of my health might very well justify me to this convention in withholding from it any remarks upon the interesting subjects which were discussed yesterday. But, sir, I am acting under an impulse of duty—an impulse which I always obey, and which I shall attempt to carry out on the present occasion.

Mr. President, an aged man who had retired from the pursuits of busy life, surrounded by those comforts which should most properly surround one whose life had been spent in the

public service—with prattlers at his knee and a light illuminating his household for ever beaming around him—was startled from his quietude and repose by a voice which came from the legislative halls of his native State, admonishing him of danger to the country, and making a requisition for all of energy that still remained with him, either physical or mental, in the effort to rescue that country from the imminent peril that threatened it. It was the voice of Virginia, appealing, sir, to a son, who, from the early morning of manhood, she had nurtured and petted, even as a fond mother does her first born infant. At the age of twenty-one, having scarcely put on the *toga virilis,* he entered the public service of the State, cheered on his way by the approving smiles of those who had elected him a member of the Legislature; and his presence there was greeted by his brother members with an almost affectionate cordiality. The pathway of his life was lighted up by gracious smiles which he was continually receiving. Without anything of the spirit of boastfulness, which would ill-become me, I might say that that aged man had sounded, in the language of Cardinal Wolsey, "all the shoals and depths of honor." The highest public stations which the State of Virginia held in her gift she had conferred upon him.

When I left the government, sixteen years ago, sir, it had not entered into my contemplation that I should ever afterwards appear in a public assembly. I left that government prosperous and happy. The voice which startled me in my retirement told me of feud, and discontent, and discord; of a tearing in twain of that beautiful flag which had floated so triumphantly over us in the days that had gone by, which I had never looked upon but my heart had throbbed with an emotion it is impossible for me to give utterance to. The Father of his Country had left behind an admonition to his children to avoid sectional feuds, but those feuds had arisen and had progressed until they had culminated into disunion. I had seen their beginning, sir, thirty years before, when the dark cloud which now overspreads the hemisphere just rose above the horizon, no bigger than a man's hand. It was the cloud of Abolitionism. Washington, looking to the probable contingency that has now arisen, warned us against sectionalism and sectional parties. With the tongue and the pen of

an inspired prophet, he foretold what has befallen us. From the school-room where the youthful mind was impressed with doctrines in one section inimical to those of another; from the pulpit where traduction and abuse have been levelled at the very memories of the great dead who assisted to build up what was but yesterday a glorious government, desecrating the very altar itself, and pronouncing against us anathema and violent vituperation, bidding us "go forth from the communion table; you are miserable slaveholders, and we cannot partake with you in the feast of peace and religion." Such the anathema. And when all is made ready—the masses excited and stirred up with an undefinable love of human liberty—the politician, regardless of his country, and intent only upon his own elevation, steps forth upon the stage to control those masses and lead them to the disastrous point of sectionalism and separation.

Where is that Union now which we once so much loved? Where its beautiful flag, which waved over a land of wealth, of grandeur, and of beauty? Wrong, abuse, contumely, unconstitutional acts, looking to a higher law than the Constitution, thus setting men free from their obligations to society, have cut the ship of state loose from her moorings; and here she is, drifting without helm or compass amid rocks and whirlpools, her fragments floating in every direction—one part has gone South, while other parts, moored for this moment, will probably at the next, break loose from their insecure anchorage. I grieve over this state of things by day and by night. When I think of the manner in which all this has been brought about by a race of hungry, artful Catilines, who have misled the Northern mind solely for their own aggrandizement, my blood becomes so heated in my veins as to scald and burn them in its rapid flow.

I was told that in this hour of the country's danger my services were needed, and under the resolutions of the Legislature of Virginia, which I will very briefly advert to as containing my letter of instructions, I resolved, at peril to myself and at every possible personal inconvenience, to venture upon the task which my native State had imposed upon me. I have not felt myself at liberty to wander or depart from those instructions. One of them I will read:—

"Whereas, it is the deliberate opinion of the General Assembly of Virginia that unless the unhappy controversy which now divides the States of this confederacy shall be satisfactorily adjusted, a permanent dissolution of the Union is inevitable, and the General Assembly, representing the wishes of the people of the Commonwealth, is desirous of employing every reasonable means to avert so dire a calamity, and determined to make a final effort to restore the Union and the Constitution in the spirit in which they were established by the fathers of the Republic."

An effort was to be made to restore the Union: not to enter into a sort of bargain, embracing only the Border States; not merely to enter into a covenant with those who have brought about this state of things through misleading the public mind of the North; nor yet to consult the interests of Virginia exclusively in any arrangement which might be made to restore the Constitution and the Union of the States but to bring back, if possible, the cotton States, thereby to restore the Union to what it was; to have the glorious old flag floating over one and all; to make the name of an American citizen, which had won respect in every part of the world, again a word of passport and of honor, as it had been before.

What could have carried me to Washington but the debt of gratitude which I felt I owed my State and my fellow-countrymen, and the deep solicitude which I experienced in this hour of the nation's peril?

ZEBULON BAIRD VANCE

[1830-1894]

WILLIAM H. S. BURGWYN

ZEBULON BAIRD VANCE, the second son of a family of four sons and four daughters, was born May 13, 1830. His father was David Vance, who lived and died in Buncombe County, and his mother, Margaret Baird Vance, died in 1878, not three miles from the place of her birth. She was a remarkable woman, exceedingly fond of reading, and able at the age of seventy-five to read her New Testament in fine print. Among her schoolmates were Governor Swain, President of the University of North Carolina, and Governor Perry of South Carolina, and among her distinguished friends was the famous statesman, John C. Calhoun.

At six years of age Zebulon was sent to an "old-field school," and later became a clerk at Hot Springs, North Carolina. About this time he fell from an apple tree and broke his hip. His recovery was attended by a shortening of this limb and a consequent ambling in his gait ever afterward. When about twelve he entered Washington College, Tennessee, but was recalled to his home by his father's death. From then until he was of age he received no formal education except in the uncertain private schools of the neighborhood.

Availing himself of the loan fund, he entered the University of North Carolina in 1851, studying under his kinsman, President Swain, constitutional law, political economy, and intellectual philosophy; under Professor Elisha Mitchell, chemistry, geology, and mineralogy; and under William H. Battle and Judge Phillips he studied law. He joined the Dialectic Society and was elected one of the editors of the University *Magazine*. With students and professors alike he became a great favorite. In 1852 he began the practice of law in Asheville, North Carolina, and soon thereafter was elected County Solicitor. His general popularity, as well as his natural bent, took him into politics and led to his election as a member of the State Legislature. In 1858 he was a candidate for Congress against W. W. Avery, and to the surprise of everyone was elected by a decisive majority. Two years later he defeated Colonel David Coleman, noted for his brilliance and power in debate. In Congress Vance was faithful in the performance of all duties but slow to enter the arena of

debate, though his several speeches established his ability as a debater. In 1860 he made his canvass for reëlection as a Henry Clay Whig, opposed to secession, and a strong Union man. "For myself," said he in a Boston address in 1886, "I was canvassing for the Union with all my strength—I was addressing a large and excited crowd, large numbers of whom were armed, and I literally had my arm extended upward pleading for peace and the Union of our fathers when the telegraphic news was announced of the firing on Fort Sumter and President Lincoln's call for seventy-five thousand volunteers. When my hand came down from that impassioned gesticulation it fell slowly and sadly by the side of a secessionist. With altered voice and manner I called upon the assembled multitude to volunteer not to fight against, but for South Carolina. I said if war must come, I preferred to be with my own people and to shed Northern rather than Southern blood. If we had to slay, I had rather slay strangers than my own kindred and neighbors."

In such a mood he volunteered; and in May, 1861, he was elected Captain of the Rough and Ready Guards, and in the following August, Colonel of the 25th Regular Infantry—a command famous in military annals as having sustained at Gettysburg the greatest loss in killed and wounded in any one battle of any command, either in the Union or Confederate armies. This mortality reached seven hundred and twenty out of eight hundred rank and file taken into battle. Even after his nomination for Governor he remained with his regiment in spite of the entreaties of his friends, and took part in the seven days of fighting around Richmond. In the fierce and deadly assault on Malvern Hill (July 1, 1862), his regiment suffered heavily in killed and wounded. During a lull in this intense battle, while his men were nervously awaiting the order to charge, a rabbit appeared in front of the line, but soon scampered off to a place of safety. Vance called out so that his men could hear, "Go it, Molly Cotton-Tail! If I had no more reputation to lose than you I would run too." This sally relieved the tension under which his men were suffering.

Elected Governor in August, 1862, Vance at once retired from the Army to devote himself to relieving the necessities of those in the field and to increasing the comforts of those compelled to remain at home. He purchased a "long-legged" steamer called the *Advance,* which made eleven round trips between Wilmington and Bermuda, carrying out cotton and bringing back supplies. It was the common saying in the Army that the North Carolina soldiers were better provided with shoes, blankets, etc., than any other troops. It was Governor Vance's boast that "amid all the roar of cannon the laws

were heard." In 1864 he was reëlected over Holden, an original secessionist who had become a Union man. The soldier vote of North Carolina was unanimous for Vance.

Perhaps Vance's most brilliant exhibition of his unusual powers as a popular orator was before the soldiers of General Lee's army in 1863-'64. Of his success the great cavalry leader, General J. E. B. Stuart, who followed Vance from division to division and from corps to corps, said: "If oratory is to be measured by its effects, Vance was the greatest orator that ever lived." General Lee is reported to have said that Governor Vance's visit and speeches to his army were worth fifty thousand recruits. The soldiers were wrought up to the highest pitch of patriotic fervor and nerved to make that unprecedented campaign from the Wilderness to Petersburg. Governor Vance, rejecting the friendly advice to remain in Raleigh, left the capital on April 12, 1865, in company with Captain W. A. Graham, and on May second he surrendered to General Schofield at Greensboro. On parole he joined his family at Statesville but was arrested by the Federal authorities on May thirteenth, and taken to the Old Capitol Prison in Washington, District of Columbia. His cellmate was John Letcher, the distinguished war Governor of Virginia. As Governor Vance had refused steadfastly to take advantage of his many opportunities to make money, his family would have been absolutely destitute during his imprisonment but for the help of friends.

On July 5, 1865, he was released on parole and began at once the practice of law in Charlotte, North Carolina. Though his practice grew and afforded him fair remuneration he spent his spare time in the preparation and delivery of lectures. Of these the most famous and most widely used "The Scattered Nation," was received with great approbation by both Jew and Gentile, South and North. Among his other lectures may be mentioned: "The Era of Discovery;" "The Race of Settlers;" "Character of Colonists;" "Physical Aspects of the State;" "Education;" "The University of North Carolina;" while not less noteworthy are his sketches of D. L. Swain and Elisha Mitchell, his descriptions of Catawba Valley, mountain scenery, and Roan Mountain. In the sketch of Mitchell, he depicts most graphically the search made for the body of the eminent scientist, who came to such an untimely and dramatic end.

But Vance's greatest power was as an advocate on the hustings, and especially before a Mecklenburg County jury. After a brilliant campaign Vance was elected to the Senate of the United States in 1870, but was refused his seat because his political disabilities had not then been removed. He was again a candidate in 1872, but was defeated by a combination of Republicans and disaffected Demo-

crats. In 1876 he was nominated for Governor, and after a campaign-arousing enthusiasm to the highest pitch—he was swept into office. He served, however, but half of his term, as he was elected to the United States Senate in 1879. During his short term as Governor he sustained his greatest domestic afflictions. His aged and greatly beloved mother died on October 4, 1878, and in less than a month (November 3) his devoted and affectionate wife reached the end of her long and painful illness, borne with exemplary faith and patience sustained by the hope of the Gospel and sanctified by the spirit of grace. No woman in the State was more widely known or more highly honored.

The two years of Governor Vance's third term were marked by his earnest advocacy of every measure in favor of public education, and for the care and comfort of the insane and the blind.

From the day he was first sworn in as United States Senator, in 1879, Vance served his State and Nation in that august body until stricken down by disease a short time before his death in 1894. Vance's career in the Senate delighted, as well as surprised, his friends. It was predicted that his reputation would not be enhanced by his Senatorial life. This prediction was not verified. He became at once a profound student of the great questions of the day. Although a tireless worker in committee, he found time to prepare and deliver speeches that were admitted on all sides to take rank with the ablest, most logical and statesmanlike ever delivered in that Chamber. In 1890, from his arduous and unremitting labors in the committee-room and in the Senate Chamber, Senator Vance suffered a stroke of paralysis, which affected the muscles of the face and one eye. To save the other eye, the affected eye was removed in 1891; and in the hope that a change of scene would bring him health and vigor he went abroad, visiting Great Britian, France, Germany, Italy, and Egypt. On his return he resumed his duties in the Senate, and in September, 1893, he delivered in the Senate his last and greatest speech. He was completely exhausted by the delivery of this speech and immediately left the Senate for his home. The great doors closed behind him forever. His health continuing to decline, he went in January, 1894, to Florida. Not deriving the hoped-for benefit from this trip, he returned to his residence in Washington, District of Columbia, during the latter part of March. On Friday, April thirteenth he spent an unusually comfortable night, but about ten o'clock the next morning he suffered a stroke of apoplexy, and at ten o'clock that night he passed peacefully away. At the hour of his death the house was full of his friends, including his colleague in the Senate and most of the North Carolina delegation in the House of Representatives.

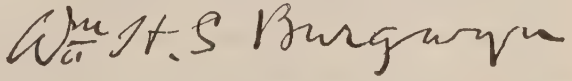
An official funeral was given him with all the customary honors. The religious exercises were conducted by Dr. Moses D. Hoge, of Richmond, Virginia, who delivered an eloquent and touching discoure. The benediction was pronounced by Dr. Milburn, the celebrated blind chaplain. The body was taken by special train to Raleigh, and there lay in state for some hours. Then it was taken for final interment to Asheville, where his first wife was buried in 1878.

Governor Vance was singularly blessed in his domestic relations. His father and mother were persons of the highest probity and honor. The wife of his early manhood was a woman of high intellectual endowments, of uncommon moral force, and of exemplary piety. She exercised a great influence for good over her devoted husband. It was due to this influence that soon after her death he became a communicant of the Presbyterian Church. He expressed deep regret that he had not done so during her lifetime. Their union was blessed with four sons. His second wife, whom he married in 1880, was Mrs. Florence Steele Martin, of Kentucky, a lady of brilliant intellect, of rare grace and refinement, who adorned his life and shed luster and joy in his home.

Vance was a man of incorruptible integrity, both public and private, who could truthfully exclaim in an impassioned appeal: "Before high heaven these hands are clean; no charge can be that one dishonest dollar has ever soiled these palms."

In 1875, when the University of North Carolina was reopened, he declined to have his name suggested for the presidency, but he accepted the honorary degree of LL.D., both from his *alma mater* and from Davidson College. In 1881 the Legislature organized a new county and named it in his honor. In 1898 a Legislature, not of his political faith, ordered his portrait hung in the State Capitol; and in 1900 another Legislature by unanimous vote provided for a bronze statue of him in the Capitol square. The Legislature of 1907 decided that the statue of Vance should be placed in Statuary Hall in the National Capitol.

Governor Vance's personality was very engaging. He was about five feet eleven inches high; his large and well-shaped head was covered with thick hair growing far down on his forehead and temples. His arms were large; his hands uncommonly white and shapely. His voice was soft and flexible, and when elevated exceedingly penetrating and thrilling.



THE SCATTERED NATION

From Dowd's 'Life of Zebulon B. Vance.' Observer Printing and Publishing House, Charlotte, North Carolina, 1897.

Says Professor Maury: "There is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic seas. There is in the world no other such majestic flow of waters. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater. Its waters as far out from the Gulf as the Carolina coasts are of an indigo blue; they are so distinctly marked that their line of junction with the common sea-water may be traced by the eye. Often one half of a vessel may be perceived floating in Gulf Stream water, while the other half is in common water of the sea, so sharp is the line and such the want of affinity between those waters, and such too the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of those of the Gulf Stream to mingle with the common water of the sea."

This curious phenomenon in the physical world has its counterpart in the moral. There is a lonely river in the midst of the ocean of mankind. The mightiest floods of human temptation have never caused it to overflow and the fiercest fires of human cruelty, though seven times heated in the furnace of religious bigotry, have never caused it to dry up, although its waves for two thousand years have rolled crimson with the blood of its martyrs. Its fountain is in the grey dawn of the world's history, and its mouth is somewhere in the shadows of eternity. It too refuses to mingle with the surrounding waves, and the line which divides its restless billows from the common waters of humanity is also plainly visible to the eye. It is the Jewish race.

The Jew is beyond doubt the most remarkable man of this world—past or present. Of all the stories of the sons of men, there is none so wild, so wonderful, so full of extreme mutation, so replete with suffering and horror, so abounding in extraordinary providences, so overflowing with scenic romance. There is no man who approaches him in the extent

and character of the influence which he has exercised over the human family. His history is the history of our civilization and progress in this world, and our faith and hope in that which is to come. From him have we derived the form and pattern of all that is excellent on earth or in heaven. If, as DeQuincey says, the Roman Emperors, as the great accountants for the happiness of more men and men more cultivated than ever before were entrusted to the motions of a single will, had a special, singular, and mysterious relation to the secret councils of heaven—thrice truly may it be said of the Jew. Palestine, his home, was the central chamber of God's administration. He was at once the grand usher to these glorious courts, the repository of the councils of the Almighty, and the envoy of the divine mandates to the consciences of men. He was the priest and faith-giver to mankind, and as such, in spite of the jibe and jeer, he must ever be considered as occupying a peculiar and sacred relation to all other peoples of this world. Even now, though the Jews have long since ceased to exist as a consolidated nation, inhabiting a common country, and for eighteen hundred years have been scattered far and near over the wide earth, their strange customs, their distinct features, their personal peculiarities, and their *scattered unity* make them still a wonder and an astonishment.

Though dead as a nation—as we speak of nations—they yet live. Their ideas fill the world and move the wheels of its progress, even as the sun, when he sinks behind the western hills, yet fills the heavens with the remnants of his glory. As the destruction of matter in one form is made necessary to its resurrection in another, so it would seem that the perishing of the Jewish nationality was in order to the universal acceptance and the everlasting establishment of Jewish ideas. Never before was there an instance of such a general rejection of the person and character, and acceptance of the doctrines and dogmas of a people.

We admire with unlimited admiration the Greek and Roman, but reject with contempt his crude and beastly divinities. We affect to despise the Jew, but accept and adore the pure conception of a God which he taught us, and whose real existence the history of the Jew more than all else establishes

When the Court Chaplain of Frederick the Great was asked by that bluff monarch for a brief and concise summary of the argument in support of the truths of Scripture, he instantly replied, with a force to which nothing could be added, "The Jews, Your Majesty, the Jews."

I propose briefly to glance at their history, origin and civilization, peculiarities, present condition, and probable destiny. * * *

Whilst no people can claim such an unmixed purity of blood, certainly none can establish such antiquity of origin, such unbroken generations of descent. That splendid passage of Macaulay so often quoted, in reference to the Roman Pontiffs, loses its force in sight of Hebrew history. "No other institution," says he, "is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series, from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century, to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends, until it is lost in the twilight of fable. The Republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the Republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the Republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Catholic Church was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the Temple at Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's." This is justly esteemed one of the most eloquent passages in our literature, but I submit it is not history.

The Jewish people, church, and institutions are still left standing, though the stones of the temple remain no longer one upon the other, though its sacrificial fires are forever extinguished, and though the tribes, whose glory it was, wander with weary feet throughout the earth. And what

is the line of Roman Pontiffs compared to that splendid dynasty of the successors of Aaron and Levi? "The twilight of fable," in which the line of the Pontiffs began, was but the noonday brightness of the Jewish priesthood. Their institution carries the mind back to the age when the prophet, in rapt mood, stood over Babylon and uttered God's wrath against that grand and wondrous mistress of the Euphratean plains; when the Memphian chivalry still gave precedence to the chariots and horsemen who each morning poured forth from the brazen gates of the abode of Ammon; when Tyre and Sidon were yet building their palaces by the sea, and Carthage, their greatest daughter, was yet unborn. That dynasty of prophetic priests existed even before Clio's pen had learned to record the deeds of men, and when that splendid entombed civilization once lighted the shores of the Erythræan Sea, the banks of the Euphrates, and the plains of Shinar with a glory inconceivable, of which there is nought now to tell except the dumb eloquence of ruined temples and buried cities.

Then, too, it must be remembered that these Pontiffs were but Gentiles in the garb of Jews, imitating their whole routine. All Christian churches are but off-shoots from or grafts upon the old Jewish stock. Strike all of Judaism from the Christian church and there remains nothing but an unmeaning superstition.

The Christian is simply the successor of the Jew—the glory of the one is likewise the glory of the other. The Saviour of the world was, after the flesh, a Jew—born of a Jewish maiden; so likewise were all of the apostles and first propagators of Christianity. The Christian religion is equally Jewish with that of Moses and the prophets.

I am not unaware of the fact that other people besides the Semites had a conception of the true God long before He was revealed to Abraham. The Hebrew Scriptures themselves testify this, and so likewise do the books of the very oldest of written records. The fathers of the great Aryan race, the shepherds of Iran, had so vivid a conception of the unity of God as to give rise to the opinion that they too had once had a direct revelation. It is more likely, however, that traditions of this God had descended among them from the

Deluge which ultimately became adulterated by polytheistic imaginings. It seems natural that these people of highly sensitive intellects, dwelling beneath the serene skies that impend over the plains and mountains of southwestern Asia, thickly studded with the calm and glorious stars, should mistake these most majestic emblems of the Creator for the Creator himself. Hence, no doubt, arose the worship of light and fire by the Iranians, and Sabeanism or star worship by the Chaldeans. But the better opinion of learned orientalists is that while the outward or exoteric doctrine taught the worship of the symbols, the esoteric or secret doctrines of Zoroaster, of his predecessors and disciples, taught in fact the worship of the *Principle, the First Cause, the Great Unknown, the Universal Intelligence, Magdam or God.* There can be no doubt that Abraham brought this monotheistic conception with him from Chaldea; but notwithstanding this dim traditional light, which was abroad outside of the race of Shem, perhaps over the entire breadth of that splendid prehistoric civilization of the Arabian Cushite, yet, for the more perfect light, which revealed to us God and His attributes, we are unquestionably indebted to the Jew.

We owe to him, if not the conception, at least the preservation of pure monotheism. For whether this knowledge was original with these eastern people or traditional merely, it was speedily lost by all of them except the Jews. Whilst an unintelligent use of symbolism enveloped the central figure with a cloud of idolatry and led the Magi to the worship of Light and Fire, the Sabean to the adoration of the heavenly host, the Egyptian to bowing down before Isis and Osiris, the Carthaginian to the propitiation of Baal and Astarte by human sacrifice, and the subtle Greek to the deification of the varied laws of Nature, the bearded Prophets of Israel were ever thundering forth, "Know O, Israel, that the Lord thy God is one God, and Him only shalt thou serve."

Even his half-brother Ishmael, after an idolatrous sleep of centuries, awoke with a sharp and bloody protest against polytheism and established the unity of God as the cornerstone of his faith. In this respect the influence which the Jew has exercised over the destinies of mankind places him before all the men of this world. For in this idea of God, all

of the faith and creeds of the dominant peoples of the earth centre. It divides like a great mountain range the civilizations of the ancient and modern worlds. Many enlightened men of antiquity acknowledged the beauty of this conception, though they did not embrace it. Socrates did homage to it, and Josephus declares that he derived his sublime ideal from the Jewish Scriptures. The accomplished Tacitus seemed to grasp it, as the following passage will show. In speaking of the Jews and in contrasting them with the Egyptians, he says: "With regard to the Deity, their creed is different. The Egyptians worship various animals and also certain symbolical representations which are the work of man. The Jews acknowledge one God only, and Him they see in the mind's eye, and Him they adore in contemplation, condemning as impious idolaters all who with perishable materials wrought into the human form attempt to give a representation of the Deity. The God of the Jews is the great governing mind that directs and guides the whole frame of nature—eternal, infinite, and neither capable of change nor subject to decay."

This matchless and eloquent definition of the Deity has never been improved upon, but it seems that it made slight impression upon the philosophical historian's mind. And yet what a contrast it is with his own coarse, material gods! Indeed the rejection or ignorance of this pure conception by the acute and refined intellects of the ancients strikes us with wonder, and illustrates the truth that no man by searching can find out God. I am not aware that the Arabian idea of Deity received many modifications from the conceptions of adjoining and contemporary nations—by cross-fertilization of ideas, as the process has been called. From the Egyptians and Assyrians were received many of these modifications, but the chief impression was from the Greeks. The general effect was to broaden and enlarge the original idea, whose tendency was to regard the Supreme Being as a *tribal* Deity, into the grander, universal God, or Father of all. If time permitted it would be a most interesting study to trace the action and reaction of Semitic and Hellenistic thought; how Hellenistic philosophy produced Pharisaism or the progressive party of the Hebrew Theists; how Pharisaism in turn produced

Stoicism, which again prepared the way for Christianity itself.

The whole polity of the Jews was originally favorable to agriculture; and though they adhered to it closely for many centuries, yet the peculiar facilities of their country ultimately forced them largely into commerce. The great caravan routes from the rich countries of the East, Mesopotamia, Shinar, Babylonia, Medea, Assyria, and Persia, to the ports of the Mediterranean, lay through Palestine, while Spain, Italy, Gaul, Asia Minor, northern Africa, Egypt, and all the riches that then clustered around the shores of the Great Sea and upon the islands in its bosom, had easy access to its harbors. In fact the wealth of the New World, its civilization, refinement, and art, lay in concentric circles around Jerusalem as a focal point. The Jewish people grew rich in spite of themselves and gradually forsook their agricultural simplicity.

Many curious facts concerning them are worthy to be noted. In various cities of the Eastern World they have been for ages, and in some are yet, huddled into crowded and filthy streets or quarters, in a manner violative of all the rules of health; yet it is a notorious fact that they have even suffered less from pestilential diseases than their Christian neighbors. So often have the black wings of epidemic plagues passed over them, and smitten all around them, that ignorance and malignity frequently accused them of poisoning the wells and fountains and of exercising sorcery.

They have also in a very noticeable degree been exempt from consumption and all diseases of the respiratory functions, which in them are said by physicians to be wonderfully adapted to enduring the vicissitudes of all temperatures and climates. The average duration of Gentile life is computed at twenty-six years—it certainly does not reach thirty; that of the Jew, according to a most interesting table of statistics which I have seen, is fully thirty-seven years. The number of infants born to the married couple exceeds that of the Gentile races, and the number dying in infancy is much smaller. In height they are nearly three inches lower than the average of other races; the width of their bodies with outstretched arms is one inch shorter than the height, whilst in other races it is eight inches longer on the average. But on the other hand, the

length of the trunk is much greater with the Jew in proportion to height than with other races. In the Negro the trunk constitutes thirty-two per cent. of the height of the whole body, in the European thirty-four per cent., in the Jew thirty-six per cent. What these physical peculiarities have had to do with their wonderful preservation and steady increase, I leave for the philosophers to explain.

Their social life is, if possible, still more remarkable. There is neither prostitution nor pauperism, and but little abject poverty among them. They have some paupers, it is true, but they trouble neither you nor me. Crime in the malignant, wilful sense of that word is exceedingly rare. I have never known but one Jew convicted of any offence beyond the grade of a misdemeanor, though I am free to say I have known many a one who would have been improved by a little hanging. They contribute liberally to all Gentile charities in the communities where they live; they ask nothing from the Gentiles for their own. If a Jew is broken down in business, the others set him up again or give him employment, and his children have bread. If one is in trouble the others stand by him with counsel and material aid, remembering the command, "Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brethren, and shalt surely lend him sufficient for his need, in that which he wanteth." Their average education is far ahead of the races by whom they are surrounded. I have never seen an adult Jew who could not read, write, and compute figures—*especially the figures.* Of the four great human industries which conduce to the public wealth, agriculture, manufacturing, mining, and commerce, as a general rule they engage only in one. They are neither farmers, miners, smiths, carpenters, mechanics, nor artizans of any kind. They are merchants only, but as such, own few or no ships, and they are rarely carriers of any kind. They wander over the whole earth, but they are never pioneers, and they found no colonies, because, as I suppose, being devoted to one business only, they lack the self-sustaining elements of those who would build new States; and whilst they engage individually in politics where they are not disfranchised, and contend for offices and honors like other people, they yet seek nowhere *political power* or *national aggregation.* Dealers in every kind of merchandise, with rare

exceptions they manufacture none. They dwell exclusively in towns, cities, and villages, but as a general rule do not own the property they live upon. They marry within themselves entirely, and yet in defiance of well known natural laws, with regard to breeding "in and in," their race does not degenerate. With them family government is perhaps more supreme than with any other people. Divorce, domestic discord, and disobedience to parents are almost unknown among them.

The process by which they have become the leading merchants, bankers, and financiers of the world is explained by their history. In many places their children were not permitted to enter the schools, or even to be enrolled in the guilds of labor. Trade was therefore the only avenue left open to them. In most countries they dared not or could not own the soil. Why a nation of original agriculturists ceased to cultivate the soil altogether is therefore only seemingly inexplicable. All nations must have a certain proportion of their population engaged in tilling the soil; as the Jews have no common country they reside in all; and in all countries they have the shrewdness to see that whilst it is more honorable to plow, yet all men live more comfortably than the plowman. In addition to which, as before intimated, agriculture so fixed them to the soil that it would have been impossible to evade persecution and spoliation. They were constantly on the move, and their wealth must, therefore, be portable and easily secreted—hence their early celebrity as lapidaries, dealers in diamonds and precious stones—and hence, too, their introduction of *bills of exchange*. The utility of these great aids to commerce had long been known to the world—perhaps by both Greek and Roman—but could never be made available by them, because confidence in the integrity of each other did not exist between the drawer and the drawee. But this integrity, which the lordly merchants of the Christian and Pagan world could not inspire, was found to exist in the persecuted and despised Jew. So much for the lessons of adversity. These arts diligently applied, at first from necessity, afterward from choice, in the course of centuries made the Jews skillful above all men in the ways of merchandise and money changing, and finally developed in them those peculiar faculties and aptitudes for a calling which are brought out as well in man by

the special education of successive generations, as in the lower animals. The Jew merchant had this advantage, too, that whereas his Gentile competitor belonged to a *consolidated nation,* confined to certain geographical limits, speaking a certain tongue, the aid, sympathy, and influence which he derived from social and political ties were also confined to the limits of his nation. But the Jew merchant belonged to a *scattered nation,* spread out over the whole earth, speaking many tongues, and welded together, not by social ties alone, but by the fierce fires of suffering and persecution; and the aid, sympathy, influence, and information which he derived therefrom came out of the uttermost parts of the earth.

When after many centuries the flames of persecution had abated so that the Jews were permitted more than bare life their industry, energy, and talent soon placed them among the important motive powers of the world. They entered the fields of commerce in its grandest and most colossal operations. They became the friends and counselors of kings, the prime ministers of empires, the treasurers of republics, the movers of armies, the arbiters of public credit, the patrons of art, and the critics of literature. We do not forget the time in the near past when the peace of Europe, of three worlds, hung upon the Jewish Prime Minister of England. No people are so ready to accommodate themselves to circumstances. It was but recently that we heard of an English Jew taking an absolute lease on the Ancient Persian Empire. The single family of Rothschild, the progeny of a poor German Jew, who three generations ago sold curious old copper coins under the sign of a *red shield,* are now the possessors of greater wealth and power than was Solomon, when he could send 1,300,000 fighting men into the field!

Twenty years ago, when this family was in the height of its power, perhaps no sovereign in Europe could have waged a successful war against its united will. Two centuries since, the ancestors of these Jewish money-kings were skulking in the caverns of the earth or hiding in the squalid outskirts of persecuted cities. Nor let it be supposed that it is in this field alone we see the great effects of Jewish intellect and energy. The genius which showed itself capable of controlling the financial affairs of the world, necessarily carried with it other

great powers and capabilities. The Jews in fact, under most adverse circumstances, made their mark—a high and noble mark—in every other department of human affairs. Christian clergymen have sat at the feet of their Rabbis to be taught the mystic learning of the East; Senates have been enrapt by the eloquence of Jewish orators; courts have been convinced by the acumen and learning of Jewish lawyers; vast throngs excited to the wildest enthusiasm by Jewish histrionic and æsthetic art; Jewish science has helped to number the stars in their courses, to loose the bands of Orion, and to guide Arcturus with his suns.

Jewish literature has delighted and instructed all classes of mankind, and the world has listened with rapture and with tears to Jewish melody and song. For never since its spirit was evoked under the shadow of the vines on the hills of Palestine to soothe the melancholy of her King, has Judah's harp, whether in freedom or captivity, in sorrow or joy, ceased to wake the witchery of its tuneful strings. . . .

The physical persecution of the Jews has measurably ceased among all nations of the highest civilization. There is no longer any proscription left upon their political rights in any land where the English tongue is spoken. I am proud of the fact. But there remains among us an unreasonable prejudice of which I am heartily ashamed. Our toleration will not be complete until we put it away also, as well as the old implements of physical torture.

This age and these United States in particular, so boastful of toleration, present some curious evidences of the fact that the old spirit is not dead; evidences tending much to show that the prejudices of two thousand years ago are still with us. In Germany, a land more than all others indebted to the genius and loyal energy of the Jews, a vast uprising against them was lately excited, for the sole reason, so far as one can judge, that they occupy too many places of learning and honor, and are becoming too rich!

In this, our own free and tolerant land, where wars have been waged and constitutions violated for the benefit of the African negro, the descendants of barbarian tribes who for four thousand years have contributed nothing to, though in close contact with, the civilization of mankind, save as the

Helots contributed an example to the Spartan youth, and where laws and partisan courts alike have been used to force him into an equality with those whom he could not equal, we have seen Jews, educated and respectable men, descendants of those from whom we derive our civilization, kinsmen after the flesh of Him whom we esteem as the Son of God and Saviour of men, ignominiously ejected from hotels and watering places as unworthy the association of men who had grown rich by the sale of a new brand of soap or an improved patent rat-trap. . . .

Whilst it is a matter of just pride to us that there is neither physical persecution nor legal proscription left upon the civil rights of the Jews in any land where the English tongue is spoken or the English law obtains, yet I consider it a grave reproach not only to us but to all Christendom that such injustice is permitted anywhere. The recent barbarities inflicted upon them in Russia revive the recollection of the darkest cruelties of the middle ages. That is one crying outrage, one damned spot that blackens the fair light of the nineteenth century, without the semblance of excuse or the shadow of justification. That glare of burning homes, those shrieks of outraged women, those wailings of orphaned children go up to God, not only as witnesses against the wretched savages who perpetrate them, but as accusations also of those who permit them. How sad it is again to hear that old cry of Jewish sorrow, which we had hoped to hear no more forever! How shameful it is to know that within the shadow of so-called Christian Churches, there are yet dark places filled with the habitations of cruelty. No considerations of diplomacy or international courtesy should for one moment stand in the way of their stern and instant suppression. The Jews are our spiritual fathers, the authors of our morals, the founders of our civilization with all the power and dominion arising therefrom, and the great peoples professing Christianity and imbued with any of its noble spirit should see to it that justice and protection are afforded them. By simply speaking with one voice it could be done, for no power on earth could resist that voice. Every consideration of humanity and international policy demands it. Their unspeakable misfortunes, their inherited woes, their very helplessness appeal to our Christian

chivalry, trumpet-tongued in behalf of those wretched victims of a prejudice for which tolerant Christianity is not altogether irresponsible.

There are objections to the Jew as a citizen, many objections, some true and some false, some serious and some trivial. It is said that industrially he produces nothing, invents nothing, adds nothing to the public wealth; that he will not own real estate, nor take upon himself those permanent ties which beget patriotism and become the hostages of good citizenship; that he merely *sojourns* in the land and does not *dwell in* it, but is ever in light marching order and is ready to flit when the word comes to go. These are true objections in the main, and serious ones, but I submit the fault is not his even here.

> Quoth old Mazeppa, ill-betide
> The school wherein I learned to ride.

These habits he learned by persecution. He dwelt everywhere in fear and trembling, and had no assurance of his life. He was ever ready to leave because at any moment he might be compelled to choose between leaving and death. He built no house, because at any moment he and his little ones might be thrust out of it to perish. He cherished no love for the land because it cherished none for him, but was cruel and hard and bitter to him. And yet history shows that in every land where he has been protected he has been a faithful and zealous patriot. Also since his rights have been secured he has begun to show the same permanent attachments to the soil as other people, and is rapidly building houses and in some places cultivating farms. These objections he is rapidly removing since we have removed their cause.

So, too, the impression is sought to be made that he is dishonest in his dealings with the Gentiles, insincere in his professions, servile to his superiors and tyrannical to his inferiors, oriental in his habit and manner. That the Jew—meaning the *class*—is dishonest, I believe to be an atrocious calumny; and, considering that we derive all of our notions of rectitude from the Jew, who first taught the world that command, "Thou shalt not steal," and "Thou shalt not bear false witness," we pay ourselves a shabby compliment in thus befouling our teachers. Undoubtedly there are Jewish scoundrels in

great abundance; undoubtedly also there are Gentile scoundrels in greater abundance. Southern reconstruction put that fact beyond a peradventure. But our own scoundrels are *orthodox,* Jewish scoundrels are *unbelievers—that* is the difference. If a man robs me I should thank him that he denies my creed too; he compliments both me and it by the denial.

The popular habit is to regard an injury done to one by a man of different creed as a double wrong; to me it seems that the wrong is the greater coming from my own. To hold also, as some do, that the sins of all people are due to their creeds, would leave the sins of the sinners of my creed quite unaccounted for. With some the faith of a scoundrel is all important; it is not so with me.

All manner of crimes, including perjury, cheating, and over-reaching in trade, are unhesitatingly attributed to the Jews, generally by their rivals in trade. Yet somehow they are rarely proven to the satisfaction of even Gentile judges and juries. The gallows clutch but few, nor are they found in the jails and penitentiaries—a species of real estate which I honor them for not investing in. I admit that there was and is perhaps now a remnant of the feeling that it was legal to spoil the Egyptians. Their constant life of persecution would naturally inspire this feeling; their *present* life of toleration and their business estimate of the value of character will as naturally remove it. Again and again, day by day, we evince our Gentile superiority in the tricks of trade and sharp practice. It is asserted by our proverbial exclamation in regard to a particular piece of villainy, "That beats the Jews!" And I call your attention to the further fact that, sharp as they undoubtedly are, they have found it impossible to make a living in New England. Outside of Boston, not fifty perhaps can be found in all that land of unsuspecting integrity and modest righteousness. They have managed to endure with long-suffering patience the knout of the Czar and the bow-string of the Turk, but they have fled for life from the presence of the wooden nutmegs and the left-handed gimlets of Jonathan. Is there any man who hears me to-night who, if a Yankee and a Jew were to "lock horns" in a regular encounter of commercial wits, would not give large odds on the Yankee? My own opinion is that the genuine "guessing" Yankee, with a

jack-knife and a pine shingle, could in two hours' time whittle the smartest Jew in New York out of his homestead in the Abrahamic covenant. . . .

I have stood on the summit of the very monarch of our great Southern Alleghanies and seen the night flee away before the chariot wheels of the God of day. The stars receded before the pillars of lambent fire that pierced the zenith, a thousand ragged mountain peaks began to peer up from the abysmal darkness, each looking through the vapory seas that filled the gorges like an island whose "jutting and confounded base was swilled by the wild and wasteful ocean." As the curtain was lifted more and more and the eastern brightness grew in radiance and in glory, animate nature prepared to receive her Lord; the tiny snow-bird from its nest in the turf began chirping to its young; the silver pheasant sounded its morning drum-beat for its mate in the boughs of the fragrant fir; the dun deer rising slowly from his mossy couch and stretching himself in graceful curves, began to crop the tender herbage; whilst the lordly eagle rising straight upward from his home on the crag, with pinions wide spread, bared his golden breast to the yellow beams and screamed his welcome to the sun in his coming! Soon the vapors of the night are lifted up on shafts of fire, rolling and seething in billows of refulgent flame, until, when far overhead they are caught upon the wings of the morning breeze and swept away, perfect day was established and there was peace. So may it be with this long-suffering and immortal people. So may the real spirit of Christ yet be so triumphantly infused amongst those who profess to obey his teachings, that with one voice and one hand they will stay the persecutions and hush the sorrows of these their wondrous kinsmen, put them forward into the places of honor and the homes of love where all the lands in which they dwell shall be to them as was Jerusalem to their fathers. So may the morning come, not to them alone, but to all the children of men who, through much tribulation and with heroic manhood, have waited for its dawning with a faith whose constant cry through all the dreary watches of the night has been, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him!"

GEORGE GRAHAM VEST

[1830—1904]

JOHN F. PHILIPS

GEORGE GRAHAM VEST was born December 20, 1830, in Frankfort, Kentucky. He died in his summer cottage at Sweet Springs, Missouri, August 9, 1904. Center College, Kentucky, was his *alma mater*, and Transylvania University at Lexington, Kentucky, was his law school.

At first his facile pen was employed as a newspaper writer. His predilection, however, soon turned him to the law office and court room. In 1853 he settled at Georgetown, Pettis County, Missouri, an inland village. He was of small stature, careless of dress, easy of manner, not free from an air of *abandon*. He came unheralded and unrecommended. The wealth of intellectual endowment that lay back of his wondrous blue eyes, and the magic power that lay concealed in his tenor voice, were entirely unknown to that community. The first occasion that disclosed the possession was the defence of a negro slave put to preliminary trial for the alleged murder of a white woman, accompanied with the crime of arson. Such a charge, in such a locality, tense with feeling respecting the institution of slavery, aroused fierce excitement. The evidence was circumstantial. As Vest descanted upon the dangers of taking human life, based solely upon possible false premise, in a voice that charmed like a siren, and with a manner of putting things both inimitable and persuasive, the old Justice became spellbound and showed signs of yielding. Whereat the leader of an already organized *posse* suddenly threw a rope over the neck of the helpless prisoner, dragged him from the court-room, hanged and then burned him. While Vest's first client was thus lost, with words that burned as the fagots he denounced the mob for an act of lawlessness more dangerous to society than the victim of their wrath. This display of moral courage and his thrilling eloquence won even the admiration of the leader of the mob, who ever afterward was Mr. Vest's great admirer and stanch friend. Within two years his fame as a lawyer and advocate spread to adjacent counties, and he received such inducements as led him to remove to Boonville, Missouri, where was then the most brilliant and formidable Bar in Central Missouri. In a very short time he stood in its front rank, from which position he never receded.

In 1860 he was Presidential elector in Central Missouri on the Douglass ticket. With such fervent eloquence did he espouse the cause against Breckinridge, drawing such vivid pictures of the irrevocable misfortunes that would follow a dissolution of the Union that he aroused such sentiment in some of his listeners as to attach them inseparably to the Union. He was elected to the State Legislature that year; and soon turned loose against the successful party all the wildfire of his invective. This feeling on his part was greatly aggravated when the delegated convention, called by that Legislature to consider the relations of the State to the Federal Union, refused to pass an ordinance of secession. On abandoning the State Capitol the Governor called the Legislature together in extra session in a distant county, a majority of whom, under Vest's impassioned appeals, was persuaded to go through the form of passing an act of secession. This seeming contradiction in attitudes should not be set down to instability in purpose or character, but rather to the susceptibility of an impressionable age, the tremendous influence of environment, and the compelling force of rapidly developing new conditions, from his viewpoint.

When it was arranged to send representatives from Missouri to the Confederate Congress, Mr. Vest assembled around him the soldiers of General Joe Shelby's brigade, down in Arkansas, and with that same power of oratory persuaded them to elect him to Congress. When the war ended he was a member of the Confederate Senate. Of his career there, the writer has little information, as during that period the lines of communication between us were not in working order.

After the close of the war he resumed the practice of law at Sedalia, Missouri, in association with the writer, which relation continued until the one went to the House of Representatives and the other to the Senate of the United States.

As a lawyer, in effectiveness before jury and court, Mr. Vest had no superior in the State. He possessed preëminently the genius of appreciation of the salient points of the case. His discernment, discrimination, and nicety of distinction in the discussion of law and fact were most confounding to the adversary, and kept court and jury on edge and under his sway.

The great jurist, John F. Dillon, who then presided as Judge in the Eighth Circuit Court of the United States, after listening to Mr. Vest, in the case of White *vs.* Insurance Company, in his effort to rescue from defeat a cause against the overwhelming weight of evidence, as he descended from the bench at recess said: "I have never heard so great a jury speech in my wide experience. It almost overpowered my own judgment, and seemed to overwhelm the jury."

In its last analysis my judgment of the marvelous power of this man before jurors and judges, in the forum, before legislative bodies, and on the hustings, was not so much in the musical tones of his voice, the elegance of his rhetoric, or plausible declamation, as in the original, unique way of putting the salient points of the case or subject, and going directly to its marrow. He was not didactic nor given to theorizing; but was lucid, pungent, and forceful. He never lost a case on a theory when it could be won on the facts. There was an indefinable something about the way he went to the core of his subject, and to the heart and head of his hearers that made him quite irresistible. Commonplace things dressed in his language took on the appearance of novelty, and trite ideas took the glow of very invention when touched by his tongue.

His mastery of correct expression, concise and exact, without effeminate ornateness or floridity, was decidedly distinctive. I heard him say that he never had studied an English grammar. He had only used the common-school Latin grammar. Yet his speech was void of solecisms. He was a contradiction of Dr. Johnson's pronouncement that "whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, elegant but not ostentatious, should give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." Mr. Vest affected no model and imitated no pattern. He was original and his productions were a creation. He was stretched to no teacher's standard, nor constrained by any scholasticism. His ready command of the right word to express the exact thought was most felicitous. He never hesitated in speech, repeated a thought, or unduly prolonged an argument. His motto seemed to be "strike but few blows, but strike them to the heart." Rarely did he claim more than an hour before jury or bench. His speeches and his arguments seldom needed revision, or correction in phraseology. The Senate stenographer, who most frequently reported his speeches, said that no Senator revised his utterances so little as did Senator Vest; as a rule, they appeared in the *Congressional Record* just as they were spoken. In composition his style was terse, sententious, and epigrammatic.

The most striking illustration of his rare mental quality was given in the last creations of his mind. His mentality was the last force to surrender in the battle of life. Months before the end came, his body was but a skeleton, the strength of his limbs not sufficient to support his then weight of not over ninety pounds. As he lay in his bed almost sightless, his voice so feeble as to be scarcely audible, he thought out those remarkable contributions, published in the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post*, giving his recollection and impressions of some deceased Senators, with whom he had served in both the Confederate and United States Senates. Without the aid of memo-

randa or reference books, the matter, just as it came from his lips, was caught by the stenographer sitting at his bedside, and as transcribed they were published. They are classics; and will stand as perpetual witnesses to his genius. They are charming in sentiment, rare in perpetuation of delightful reminiscences, and most admirable for their gracious spirit in concealing every blemish by setting forth in golden colors the virtues which illumined the career and ennobled the character of his subjects.

Retentiveness of memory was one of his rare gifts. In his reading he garnered the richest treasures of ancient and modern history and literature, and delved in the science and philosophy of governments. He studied analytically every article and phrase of the Federal Constitution. He was familiar with the construction of the early justices. This great wealth of learning ever remained imbedded in his mind, as orderly and distinct as the strata of the earth, ready for use whenever occasion called for it. Facts, ideas, and apt illustrations seemed to come to him on the instant as if prearranged and embellished for the special occasion. This faculty was materially aided by his habit. Whenever he read a book or pamphlet treating of subjects worth while, on first opportunity with an appreciative friend, he would discuss the leading thought of the production and the manner of its treatment by the author. By this review and interlocution both the matter and the expression were more vividly impressed on his memory.

It is a gross misconception to say that he talked himself into the Senate of the United States. He was not a mere glittering orator, signifying "bigness with vacuity." He was a student, a learned lawyer, a deep thinker, well equipped for statecraft and statesmanship. He saw at a glance what the sluggish mind toils over. He discerned almost intuitively what the average intellect discovers as with a microscope. His faculty of rapid assimilation and facility of speech constituted his genius. The castle of his fame indeed stood toward the sky, but it rested on granite deep and enduring.

Close observers of his senatorial career know that the trivialities of debate little attracted him; but, when major questions of national importance summoned to their consideration the intellectual giants of the Senate, Vest was among them, and always regarded as one to be reckoned with. His versatility and comprehension of practical legislation were well illustrated during the consideration of the Wilson Tariff Bill, during which his leadership in conducting that important debate was recognized by his party. His display of technical information respecting every schedule of the prolix bill little surprised his close associates, while his dexterous fence and foil in the debate were at times discomfiting to the opposing party. The over-draught

upon his not robust physical constitution, incident to the intense work and constant vigil of that debate, was the beginning of the decline of his health.

As a popular speaker on the hustings he had no superior in the State. In 1874 when he first came out from under the cloud of disability after the war, the Honorable Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, sat upon the platform and listened to one of Vest's characteristic speeches to a vast multitude. At first Hendricks looked at him with amazement, then was convulsed with laughter, and finally sat transfixed under the spell of his brilliant and stirring oratory. As we walked from the court house he said to me: "I never heard Vest before. He is the most wonderful, captivating political speaker I ever heard. He is a magician."

In repartee, sarcasm, invective, wit and ridicule, Vest was "the sword of the tongue" that could have joined in the thrust and fence with the best masters of either art. In a running debate no man drew fire from his steel and got away unscarred. The only encounter I ever knew him to shrink from was with a combatant whom he characterized as "a verbal horror and a rhetorical nuisance."

With age there came to him a graver dignity and a profounder sense of responsibility. While he was a strong partisan, his allegiance to party never outweighed his conception of his obligation to public duty. His moral courage at times was sublime. On more than one occasion the State Legislature undertook to direct him by resolution as to how he should vote upon some particular question. Without the vaunt of presumption or the meretricious display of virtue, yet, with an emphasis not to be misunderstood, he replied that under his oath of office his obligation to support the Constitution as he understood it forbade compliance. He differed from the habit of the average senator. He did not believe so much in the policy of following the notions of his constituents as in lifting them up to the higher plane of his thought and action.

He venerated the Federal Constitution as the completed work of consummate statesmanship. He deplored and protested against the tendency of the day to tamper with its form, marring its harmony and weakening its stanchions.

It is regrettable that outside of the Congressional records there is so little preserved for examples of his oratory. He rarely committed to writing anything to be spoken on the hustings. He preferred the people of the rural districts, and loved to talk to them face to face. He shunned the city, and never went outside of his state as a campaigner. He never courted the "reporter." I have seen the newspaper man go upon the platform to report his speech, but as soon as Vest got into the torrent of his argument, coruscating with

thought, wit, and humor, punctuated with apt anecdotes told in inimitable fashion, the reporter's pencil ceased to follow as he sat entranced. So the matchless utterances of this speaker in court and on the hustings live much in tradition.

Evidencing that his head and heart were in the same hemisphere are his memorial addresses in the *Congressional Record*. Like precious gems, they sparkle most amid darkness; like a flower garden, a-bloom in a desert place, they bear witness that the genius of creation of the beautiful and the lover of his fellow man had once been there.

He was a many-sided man. The statesman on the Senate floor was the magnet of the cloak-room. He could rivet the attention of the Supreme Justices with his forceful argument and fascinate them with his manner of presenting the thought, and then at Nisi draw tears from the jury in the box and applause from the spectators, with a pathos and eloquence never to be forgotten by those who heard him, as he pleaded for exemplary damages for the value of his client's favorite dog. He was the best wine of the feast where gathered men of "high erected thought." He was the choice companion of the Chief Magistrate of the Nation and the Lieutenant-general of its armies when "on pleasure bent." Yet this cultured, intellectual man was ever a welcome guest—"hail fellow well met"—in the rude cabin of the most obscure constituent.

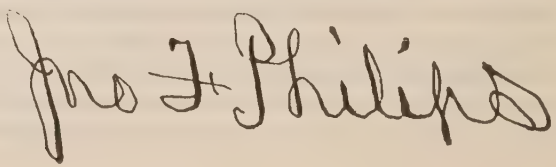
He passed from public life all too soon. But, though the gem be gone, its luster remains, and casts an immortal halo of memories over his tomb.

His inherited theology was that of the old school Presbyterian Church. In his later life he hung in mid air between faith and his reasoning. His tender regard for the deep religious sentiments of his wife held him from any public recantation. I recall that once after listening for an hour to that Demosthenes of Methodism, Bishop Marvin, in an exposition of the Doctrine of the Atonement, Mr. Vest said to me: "My rationalism is all undermined. It is dangerous ground."

To the

> "Statesman, yet friend to truth, of soul sincere,
> In action faithful and in honor clear,"

his old law-partner and friend offers this imperfect but sincere tribute.



ON INGALLS

From the *Saturday Evening Post*, 1903.

Of all the public men with whom I have served, John James Ingalls of Kansas was the most original and eccentric. He was a living enigma, and I could never fully understand his motives and the many-sided phases of his character. He had a strong, daring intellect, which defied all limitations, and was an eloquent, attractive speaker, with a wealth of imagination and diction which was inexhaustible. He was at times cynical and morose, but was a great word painter and could express the most elevated thoughts in language so beautiful as to fascinate his hearers. Above all, he was an iconoclast, and nothing delighted him so much as to startle and even shock the staid and dignified Senate by the utterance of opinion utterly at variance with the settled belief of many centuries.

The first debate in which I took part after entering the United States Senate was with Ingalls. In an eloquent and vigorous speech, which he delivered at the called session of 1879, Senator Ingalls bitterly assailed the Southern whites for having caused the negro exodus from the Southern States to Kansas in the preceding year by their outrages upon the negroes who had been emancipated during the war. In concluding his address he paid a glowing tribute to the people of Kansas who had received with open arms the negroes flying from the South to an asylum in his own state, and declared that his constituents were glad to have them as citizens and neighbors.

I was at that time a resident of Kansas City, Mo., and lived in sight of Wyandotte, Kas., where the first consignment of negroes from the South had been landed under the promise that they should be taken to an elysium where they would have happy homes and both political and social equality. I felt it my duty to answer the assertions of Senator Ingalls in regard to the exodus, and stated in the Senate that I had visited Wyandotte for the purpose of ascertaining the real facts and had found about two hundred of the poor deluded negroes living in holes dug in the bank of the Missouri river—one-third of their number having died from exposure and result-

ing disease, the citizens of Wyandotte refusing them shelter, food or necessary clothing. I read to the Senate a circular given to me by one of the negroes, who claimed to be a citizen of Topeka, Kas., in which the negroes were advised to leave their Southern homes and come to Kansas, where they could live in comfort and escape the oppression of their former masters. The negro who gave me this circular said he had received it at his home in Mississippi and that many thousand copies of the circular had been distributed among the negroes throughout the South. Senator Ingalls interrupted me to declare that this circular was a forgery. I replied that the paper had been given me in Wyandotte by a negro who had come with the exodus and that he could have had no motive in stating a falsehood as to when and where he obtained it. I also read to the Senate an address to the people of the United States by the mayor and principal citizens of Wyandotte, a majority of whom I knew to be Republicans, protesting against the coming to Kansas of Southern negroes, and stating that the citizens of Wyandotte and of the entire state would resist the influx of these unfortunate creatures in the future. Senator Ingalls interrupted me again to say that the signers of this address were Democrats, and, after denying his statement from personal knowledge, I asked him the direct question, whether the mayor of Wyandotte, whose name appeared as the first in the list of signers, was not, and had not always been, a staunch Republican. This question he declined to answer, and his refusal to do so satisfied me that he believed any means justifiable to success in a political warfare. It was impossible that Senator Ingalls, who lived at Atchison, a short distance from Wyandotte, did not know that my statement in regard to the exodus was true, as the matter had caused great excitement in all parts of his state and had been commented upon in the newspapers for many weeks.

Senator Ingalls was a master of satire and invective, being unable to resist the temptation to attack any of his colleagues, even those of his own party, whose record or character presented a vulnerable point for assault. On one occasion, when President pro tem. of the Senate, he called another senator to the chair, and, going down on the floor, made a vicious personal attack upon Senator Brown of Georgia, one of the

most amiable and courteous members of the Senate. The venerable Georgian was sitting quietly looking over a committee report when a cyclone of satire and vituperation burst upon him without the slightest notice of its coming. The look of astonishment on the amiable countenance of the victim as verbs, nouns, pronouns, adjectives and epithets filled the air, caused a ripple of amusement through the Senate, but the climax was reached when Ingalls alluded to a habit Senator Brown had, when speaking, of gently rubbing one hand over the other, by quoting Hood's lines:

> And then in the fullness of joy and hope,
> Seemed washing his hands with invisible soap,
> In imperceptible water.

At this critical moment Senator Brown looked down at the offending members as if inquiring why they had brought on the volcanic eruption which was blazing about him.

About two weeks after this incident I was walking down from the capitol with Senator Ingalls, and asked him why he had made so wanton an attack upon Senator Brown without any cause or provocation. He replied that he did not like Brown and always associated him with the character of Uriah Heep in Dickens's "David Copperfield." He said that he had no ill-feeling toward the Confederates who fought for the Southern cause and did not shirk the result, but that Brown had done all he could as governor of Georgia during the war to cripple the Confederate authorities at Richmond and had refused to allow the Georgia militia to leave the state, although the Confederate armies were depleted and there were not enough men on the lines before Richmond to defend from a general assault; that Governor Brown, after the war, had joined the Republican party and voted for Grant in the national Republican convention and at the polls. "Now," said Ingalls, "he is a red hot Democrat because the Democrats are in power all over the South."

There was about this time a rumor in Washington that the Kansas legislature intended to pass a resolution offering to place the statue of old John Brown in Statuary hall, and I said to Ingalls, "A good deal of your statement about Senator Brown is true, but he is not half so bad a man as old John

Brown, whose statue I understand is about to be offered by the Kansas Legislature to the collection of statues of distinguished men now in the capitol."

"Of that," said Senator Ingalls, "I know nothing, but presume the statue will be accepted by Congress."

"Not if I can help it," I said, "and I believe if you will read the life of old John Brown, which you can find in the Congressional library, written and published by a gentleman named Brown, now living in Freeport, Ill., who owned and edited the first free soil newspaper printed in Kansas, the *Herald of Freedom,* which was destroyed by a mob of pro-slavery Democrats during the troubles after the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska act and the repeal of the Missouri compromise, you will think my opposition is justifiable."

The movement to place Brown's statue in Statuary hall was for some reason dropped, and I have always suspected that the conversation between Ingalls and myself had something to do with that result.

A story was published soon after Senator Ingalls delivered his eulogy upon James N. Burnes in the Senate that a portion of his address had been plagiarized from the great sermon of Massillon on immortality. This report was untrue, as I have compared the speech of Ingalls with the sermon, and, though there is some similarity in thought and language, there is no evidence that Ingalls was guilty of plagiarism. Indeed it would be impossible for me to believe that any man with the marvelous talent of Ingalls, both as to thought and diction, could be guilty of copying from even so great an orator as Massillon.

I do not believe that Ingalls was malicious or bad-hearted. He was an expert in denunciation and could not resist the temptation of exhibiting his wonderful capability in that regard to the world. He loved poetry, music, painting, sculpture and the beautiful in nature. His prose poem on blue grass, published in a Kansas magazine before he came to the United States Senate, is a marvel in literature, and I am glad to know that a sentence from that essay is to be inscribed on the granite boulder which marks his grave. The sentence is one in which he eulogizes the blue grass sward, beneath which he sleeps, as a "carpet for the infant and a blanket for the dead."

THE ONENESS OF OUR PEOPLE

Speech delivered at Warrensburg, Mo., October 21, 1878, on an epidemic of cholera in the Southern States.

THE whole South is in mourning to-day; the whole North is in the deepest sympathy for those afflicted people. Death is in the palace as well as in the hovel. The old slave and the old master alike are called by the sad messenger to go hand in hand to that bourne from which no traveler has ever returned. Evidences of tears and death are seen from every door, from every window, Rachel, weeping for her children, as they are not.

It would be a crime for me to utter words of political criticism against the North at this time, when it is sending messages of love and cargoes of supplies to those devoted people. O, God, have not the terrors and horrors of war been heavy enough, recent enough, upon the heads of those brave people, from whose eyes the tears have scarcely been wiped away, over whose portals the darkened wing of death still hovers? How long, O how long, must it be before sunshine and flowers shall again gladden their hearts! In the midst of it all, when the wail of the mourner is heard on every wind, there is, my countrymen, this consolation, war is forgotten, the rush of traffic is forgotten, the money changers have ceased in their calling for the time being, and but one voice is heard from Maine to California—*what can we do for those afflicted people?* God be praised for such a generous people, for such a sympathetic government.

Thank God that the war is not only over but that the wounds left by it are at last healed and obliterated by the great scourge and by the administrators of such reliefs. Providence has put on the South an affliction that has made the heart of the people, of the whole nation, beat with one pulsation, and caused the North to send, with liberal hand, not only its wealth, but with more liberal heart, its best blood to assist and succor the stricken people. O, the broken homes and broken hearts, God only knows how many there are in our beautiful South, and God only knows how many more there will be before the Angel of Death is called to stay his merciless

hand. In the midst of it all, under the overhanging clouds, a noble hand was stretched forth from a distant section, filled with the plenteousness of that beneficent country. In the midst of it all, the government sent one of its noblest young officers to command the steamer as it plowed through the very waves of death in its descent of the Mississippi river. In the noble sacrifice of Lieutenant Benner of the Federal army, who voluntarily took his life in his hand, and set out on the path of duty, to command the relief boat John Chambers, there was the type of a true, noble manhood, that abolished all sectional lines and made the whole country feel that we are indeed one blood, one kith and one people.

The glorious young hero was seized by this insatiable disease, at his place of duty, when distributing the bounty of the North at Vicksburg, to those helpless people. He lived but a few hours after he was smitten with the disease. He was buried under the Stars and Stripes in his Federal uniform, in the beautiful cemetery at Vicksburg. His remains were given a sweet resting place beneath those cypress and oaks, and the verdant ivy. When the citizens of Vicksburg, old and young, the brave Confederate leader and the no less brave Confederate soldier, despite their own great griefs, gathered around his grave, with bowed heads, tearful eyes and sore hearts, they heaped high love's perishable monument of clusters and wreaths of Southern roses, weaving at the same time with those blooming garlands, a bond of union, more solid, more enduring than the tramp of armed hosts or the shaft of monumental marble. The horrors and bitterness of war were forgotten, over the grave of this young hero, and that grave consecrated by love and duty will do more to heal the wounds between the North and South than all the speeches, sermons and songs that can be uttered from pulpit or hustings. Such people as ours, of one common stock, cannot long be divided, cannot long be separated by unpleasant memories. The South will love the grave of young Benner, and will bedeck it lovingly, affectionately and sacredly, year after year, as long as it remains the resting place of the glorious young man, with its choicest flowers and most fervent prayers. The place for man to die is to die for man. This is a time when all can feel that as a people, they are one in sympathy, one in heart

and can thank God they live in one country and under one flag.

Should war ever come again, against our loved flag, from a foreign foe, the brave men of the South will forget Appomattox and defeat by rallying under the standard of our united country with all the love and chivalry that made historic the armies of Lee, Jackson and Johnson."

God bless the people of the North, God bless the people of the West, God bless the people of the East, and God bless the whole South, bowed as it is in the very depths of sorrow and tears. The recollections of the kindness of the people of the North will ever be treasured as a sacred heirloom by the people of the South. Love of kind conquers more than the sword.

"'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarian juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours."

A TRIBUTE TO HILL

A memorial address delivered in the United States Senate, January 25, 1883.

Mr. President, in November, 1861, I first met Mr. Hill in the provisional congress of the Confederate States.

The Confederacy was just entering upon its brief and stormy existence. Its capital had recently been removed from Montgomery to Richmond, and Jefferson Davis, by a majority of only one vote in the provisional congress, had been elected president over Robert Toombs.

Surrounded by unexampled difficulties, moral and physical, isolated and alone, with the prejudices of the entire civilized world against them, and confronted in battle with overwhelming odds, the Confederate Congress was called upon to meet, not only the ordinary questions and emergencies attending the formation of a new government, but to grapple also with the exigencies and demands of a great war, a war not for conquest or policy, but for existence.

Mr. Hill had earnestly opposed secession up to the last moment, but finding that the people of Georgia were de-

termined to separate from the Union, he surrendered his personal opinion, and pledged himself fully and unreservedly to the cause of the Confederacy.

Opposed to secession, with habits of thought and education utterly averse to revolution, the strange vicissitudes of this stormy period soon found him the leader of the administration party in the Confederate Congress.

Within the limits of an address like this, it would neither be possible nor proper for me to attempt an analysis of the causes which placed Mr. Hill in this position; but chief among them was the fact that, having once pledged himself to the Confederacy, he could see no hope of success except in supporting the president chosen by the people; and having so declared himself, his great ability naturally made him the exponent and defender of the policy of the administration.

Although surrounded by difficulties and dangers almost without parallel, and confronted by a common peril, it was very soon evident that personal rivalry, the attrition of diverse opinion, and the fierce passions of a revolutionary era had built up most determined opposition to Mr. Davis among the leaders of the South.

That the president of the Confederate States was loyal to the people he led, in every fiber of his nature, cannot be doubted, save by the blindest prejudice; and this being granted, whether he was mistaken in the conduct of the war or in the policy of his administration should be a sealed book to all those who sympathized and suffered with him. It is enough to say now that there never was any public man assailed by opponents so formidable as those who attacked the president of the Confederate States.

Toombs, the Mirabeau of the revolution; Yancey, whose lips were touched with fire, now the honey of persuasion, and then the venom of invective; Wigfall, brilliant, aggressive, and relentless—this was the great triumvirate which assailed Mr. Davis's administration. No power of description can do justice to the ability, eloquence or bitterness of the debates in which Mr. Hill, single-handed but undaunted, met his great opponents. As the war progressed and the fortunes of the Confederacy became each year more desperate, the bitterness and violence of this parliamentary conflict increased, until

scenes of actual personal collision occurred on the floor of the Confederate Senate.

The participants have passed beyond this world's judgment, and the issues which stirred those fierce passions are dead with the government they affected, but the few who heard these debates can never forget the matchless eloquence and logic that mingled with the roar of hostile guns around the beleaguered capital of the Confederacy.

Reluctant to embrace the Confederate cause, Mr. Hill was the last to leave it, and I well remember that on my way from Richmond, after preparations had been made to abandon the capital, and it was well known that the cause was lost, I met him in Columbus, Georgia, engaged in the task of rallying the people of his State in what was then a hopeless struggle. When I told him of recent events, of which he had not heard, he said, "All, then, is over, and it only remains for me to share the fate of the people of Georgia."

How well he redeemed this pledge the hearts of his people will answer. Thrown into prison, stripped of all except life, his courage never failed, and in the darkest hour, when the wolves were tearing the victims of the war as the coyote the wounded deer, his eloquent voice was never for one instant silent until Georgia, torn and bleeding, but yet splendid and beautiful, once more stood erect in the sisterhood of sovereign states. Nor did he ever under any temptation so far forget his manhood and honor as to

> Crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
> Where thrift may follow fawning.

Accepting fully and without reservation all the legitimate consequences of defeat, and resolutely turning to the future with its duties and obligations, he still retained his self-respect, and never did he

> Bend low, and in a bondsman's key,
> With 'bated breath and whispering humbleness,
> Say this—
> Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
> You spurn'd me such a day; another time
> You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
> I'll lend you thus much monies.

I knew Mr. Hill well, and under circumstances which enabled me to judge accurately his attributes and qualities. Like all men of great intellect, he was often accused of inconsistency because he absolutely refused to be governed by the routine thought of others, and had always the courage to change an opinion if he believed it erroneous. His courage, indeed, both of conviction and expression, was not excelled by that of any man, and his fortitude under the greatest misfortunes extorted the admiration even of his enemies.

In an age when calumny and slander are the ordinary weapons of political warfare, and personal scandal the most delicate morsel for the public appetite, Mr. Hill was not exempt from the attacks of the foul and loathsome creatures who crawl about the footsteps of every public man, but he bore himself always with a dignity which commanded the respect of all.

And what can be said of the heroism, the uncomplaining and unfaltering courage with which he met the irony of fate that brought him the torture of a lingering death in the destruction of that tongue and voice which had so often awakened with their eloquence the echoes of this Hall!

In all public and private history there is no sadder page than this, and from it we turn away in silent awe and reverence.

In his political opinions Mr. Hill was governed by the teaching of Madison, and no one who heard his speech in the Senate on May 10, 1879, the greatest speech, in my judgment, delivered here within the last quarter of a century, will ever forget his tribute to the statesman who can be justly termed the father of the Constitution. "Sir," said Mr. Hill, "I want to say here now—and I feel it a privilege that I can say it—I believe all the angry discussion, all the troubles that have come upon this country, have sprung from the failure of the people to comprehend the one great fact that the Government under which we live has no model; it is partly National and partly Federal; an idea which was to the Greeks a stumbling block, and to the Romans foolishness, and to the Republican party an insurmountable paradox, but to the patriots of this country it is the power of liberty unto the salvation of the people. And if the people of this country would realize that fact, all these crazy wranglings as to whether we live under a

Federal or a National Government would cease; they would understand that we live under both; that it is a composite Government; that it was intended by the framers that the Union shall be faithful in defense of the states; that the states shall be harmonious in support of the Union, and that the Union and the States shall be faithful and harmonious in the support and the maintenance of the rights and the liberty of the people."

Mr. Hill was not only an orator, but a lawyer in the front of his profession. His mind was broad, yet analytical; and he was averse to all radical and revolutionary methods. In my conception of his intellect and eloquence, I always associate him with Virgniaud, the leader of the French Girondists. While neither will stand in history with the greatest party leaders, yet as orators and parliamentary debaters they are entitled to places in the first rank.

Ended are his conflicts, his triumphs and defeats. The strong, aggressive intellect is at rest. The clarion voice which could "wield at will the fierce democracy" is hushed forever.

Out upon the shoreless ocean his bark has drifted; but it has not carried away all of the life that has ended. Never to mortal hands was given a legacy more precious than that left to the people of Georgia in the memory of her great son who gave his life to her service and his latest prayer to her honor and welfare.

Orator, statesman, patriot, farewell! Let Georgia guard well thy grave; for in her soil rest not the ashes of one whose life has done more to illustrate her manhood, whose genius has added such glory to her name.

EULOGY OF THE DOG

Excerpt from a noted speech in a jury trial.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY: The best human friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps, when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that a man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deceives him, the one that never proves ungrateful and treacherous, is his dog.

"A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground where the wintry wind blows and the snow drifts fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer. He will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journeys through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies, and when the last scene of all comes and when death takes the master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside may the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death."

SEVERN TEACKLE WALLIS

[1816—1894]

JOHN HASLUP ADAMS

IN discussing the literary work of Severn Teackle Wallis it is proper to say at the outset that there is nothing in his writings, creditable or more than creditable as they are, to indicate fully the measure of the man. For Wallis chose—deliberately chose, one fancies who ponders his teachings—to widen the scope of his activities at the expense of absolute preëminence in any single line of endeavor. It resulted from this that nothing that he did is at all comparable with what he was. Yet so great were his talents that, despite his versatility, despite the fact that he labored in many fields, he achieved abundant success in all of them. In the shadowed days of the Civil War he was one of the most brilliant champions of the South in the State of Maryland. For a long period he was the undoubted leader of the Maryland Bar. He was for a score of years the supreme commander of a loyal band that fought the fight of good government and high political ideas in his community. When he died there were few to deny him the proud title of his State's foremost citizen. And his literary production, though too slight to raise him to a place with the immortals, is within its limits of so excellent a quality as to be spoken of in terms of high praise.

Mr. Wallis was born in Baltimore in 1816, and died there seventy-eight years later. His ancestors, paternal and maternal, were of prominent Maryland and Virginia families, his father being a man of culture and refinement, who fostered the natural inclinations of his son toward literature. The latter's education was obtained chiefly at St. Mary's College, Baltimore, from which he was graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts at the age of sixteen, and where two years later he obtained the degree of Master of Arts. He studied law in the office of William Wirt, Attorney-general of the United States under three administrations, and later, upon the death of Mr. Wirt, in the office of John Glenn, a distinguished Baltimore lawyer and judge. He was admitted to the Bar in September, 1837, at the age of twenty-one. At St. Mary's, Mr. Wallis formed an enduring friendship, which was to have a marked effect upon his life, with Don Jose Antonio Pizarro, Spanish Vice-consul at Baltimore, and

a professor at the College. Through him the young student obtained not only a perfect command of the Spanish language but also such knowledge as resulted in his election, in 1844, to a corresponding membership in the Royal Academy of History at Madrid. It was the interests awakened through his contact with Señor Pizarro, doubtless, that led his footsteps to Spain when, in 1844, he took a trip abroad for his health. From this trip resulted 'Glimpses of Spain,' an entertaining book of travel published in 1849. Following this publication came his appointment, in the last-named year, as a special commissioner of the United States to Spain to examine into the title to certain public lands in Florida. Through this official recommendation to the Spanish authorities, Mr. Wallis obtained an acquaintance with the politicians and statesmen, the governmental measures and policies, that resulted in a second and more serious work entitled 'Spain: Her Institutions, Politics and Public Men.' This was published in 1853.

The outbreak of the Civil War placed Mr. Wallis, like many other citizens of the border state of Maryland, in a position of peculiar difficulty and danger. Southern in his sympathies, he was yet ardently devoted to the Federal Union as contemplated by its founders, and with others of like mind he struggled to prevent the irrepressible conflict, even after hope was gone. He was a member of the special session of the Legislature of Maryland called by the Governor to meet in the city of Fredericktown, April 26, 1861, and was made chairman of the House Committee on Federal Relations. The reports of that committee were largely written by Mr. Wallis. In them he upheld the right of secession and protested against the coercion of the Confederate States by the Federal Government. Nevertheless, he opposed the calling of a Constitutional Convention to consider the question of secession, being impelled to that course, probably, by the occupation of Maryland soil by Northern troops at the time. Theoretically, then, at least, he was in no attitude of hostility toward the Federal Government. In spite of that fact, however, on the night of September twelfth he was arrested, and after short confinements elsewhere was taken to Fort Warren in Boston harbor and detained there until November of the following year. No official charges were made against him at any time. His health, always delicate, was greatly and injuriously affected by his long confinement.

After his release from Fort Warren Mr. Wallis returned to Baltimore and took up the practise of his profession. His greatest legal triumphs were won during the next decade or so; but he never permitted his legal duties to absorb his whole attention or to wean him from those pursuits which make for culture and the elevation of taste as well as for the highest rational enjoyment. "There are

in all professions," he says in his fine essay on "Leisure," "men fortunately constituted who can find leisure in the midst of absorbing employment, and expansion in the very pressure of the most contracting influences—to whom literature blooms, a spontaneous wayside flower, along every path; and art, and taste, and fancy, and graceful and refining thought and occupation, come smiling and ministering, like a reaper's joyous children who troop around him in the harvest field." He drew a very accurate picture of himself when he wrote that. During this busy period of his life some of his best essays and addresses and critical articles were written. He took an active part in the intellectual life of his native city, and interested himself in public questions, in philanthrophy and art. Baltimore's great educational institutions—the Johns Hopkins University, the Peabody Institute, the University of Maryland, the Maryland Institute—all found in him a "guardian, champion, friend, and guide," and he served them in capacity of trustee or provost or otherwise. He became president of the Maryland Historical Society, and in the early days of the Civil Service Reform movement he was one of its stanchest supporters. One of the things in which he took great satisfaction in after years was the part he played in discovering and encouraging the young journeyman stone-cutter who was to become Maryland's greatest sculptor, William H. Rinehart.

He was often urged to enter political life, for which he was admirably fitted, but until the year of 1875 he steadfastly refused all the enticing offers made to him. Then, in becoming the candidate for Attorney-general of his State, on a ticket composed of Republicans and independent Democrats, he took the first active step in a course of action in which he persisted to the day of his death and which resulted in a movement of tremendous influence for good government in the State. Immediately following the war Mr. Wallis had, of course, united with the Democratic party. For his political views he had suffered disfranchisement, imprisonment, and loss of health, and if ever a man had cause to hate, Wallis had. Nevertheless, when he found the control of the Democratic party vested in hands that cared less for political principles than for personal gain, and that maintained their rule by fraud and violence, he did not hesitate to join hands with the Republican party in an effort to restore righteous government. He announced his intentions in a sentence that has become historic in Maryland: "Democrat as I am, partisan as I am, when I see, as I have long seen, the party of my choice dragged down and debased by the traitors who corrupt while they destroy it, I feel as if the hoof of an unclean beast were upon my breast and I must cast it off, though I die."

Wallis and the ticket he ran on were defeated in the election of

1875, defeated by fraud, it was widely averred, but for a score of years he kept up the battle. He surrounded himself with a group of able young men to whom he was an idol, an example, and an ever chivalrous knight. By speech and pen and personal contact he kept alive in their hearts a passion for reform and for unselfish political action. He did not live to see the victory which finally came, but when it did come, a year after his death, his was the name to which all men turned as the inspiring influence of the reform movement. Mr. Wallis was criticized by many for his action in leaving the Democratic party, but these facts cannot be questioned: that the political conditions of Baltimore and Maryland have vastly improved in recent years, and that to Mr. Wallis and the splendid influence for clean government which he exerted more than to any other man, the credit is due. He died April 11, 1894.

The published writings of Mr. Wallis consist of a few miscellaneous essays and occasional addresses, a few poems, a number of political speeches and papers, and two volumes on Spain, the one a book of travel, purely, the other a keen survey of Spanish institutions and public men of the period of which he wrote, the second quarter of the Nineteenth Century. The political papers referred to relate chiefly to events of the Civil War and the causes leading up to it. As has been suggested above, Maryland, by reason of its situation as a border State, occupied a peculiar position during the great struggle between the States. In the first days of the war, and the few months preceding its outbreak, the great object of the National Government with reference thereto was to prevent, first of all, a declaration of secession, and secondly, to maintain an appearance of Union sentiment in the State irrespective of the actual views of the people. This course of conduct naturally produced many measures excusable, if at all, only on the plea of military necessity. The State, according to the plan of the Federal authorities, had to occupy a position of fidelity to the National Government, whereas a great proportion of its people, including public officials, both State and Federal, were in open sympathy with the South. To subserve the purpose of the government officials it was necessary to enter upon a course of systematic repression both of the laws of the State and the activities of many of its most prominent citizens. Federal troops were brought from the North to carry out this design; the police authorities of Baltimore were arbitrarily removed, and "perniciously active" citizens were placed under arrest.

As stated above, these actions could be justified only as war measures, and there was theoretically no war between the State of Maryland and the Government of the United States. Wallis, with his keen sense of logic and his thorough knowledge of Constitutional

law, saw at once the argumentative weakness of the position of the Federal authorities. The series of reports which he wrote as chairman of the House Committee on Federal Relations of the Extra Legislative Session of 1861, in point of broad knowledge of Constitutional principles, of sharpness of logic, and, also, fervor of faithfulness to the Constitutional government to which his allegiance went, no less than in their admirable literary expression, will bear comparison with the best State papers of any country or any crisis. With his State in the grip of the Federal Army, it was not to be supposed that these various resolutions and memorials, breathing a spirit of sympathy with the South, and the right of secession, and of opposition to the measures of the National Government, could have any effect upon the course of the latter. They were intended as protests, as the South-sympathizing Marylander's *apologia pro vita sua,* and as such they form splendid human documents. To his personal copy of one of the most thorough and able of them, the "Report and Resolutions of the Joint Committee of the Senate and House of Delegates of Maryland upon the Reports and Memorials of the Police Commissioners and the Mayor and City Council of Baltimore, August 5, 1861," Mr. Wallis, two years later, after his fourteen months' imprisonment in Fort Warren, appended this note: "If my participation in the events of these times should be the subject hereafter of remembrance or consideration, I am willing that my reputation for personal and political rectitude, and for fidelity to the institutions of my State and the Union shall depend upon the judgment which may be passed upon this report."

To be classed with these political writings are several alleged book reviews originally printed in the *Southern Review* and other magazines. They are to be so classed because Wallis's concern was less with the books as such than with the burning questions to which they had reference. In his comments on the book entitled 'Prison Life of Jefferson Davis,' for instance, he magnificently disregards everything that the author has written, and goes on to argue in splendid passion his favorite thesis that a government founded on consent and consecrated to freedom had substituted a "scheme of arbitrary violence for a system based on written constitutions, and ruling and punishing only through its laws." His review of the ninth volume of Bancroft's 'History of the United States' was obviously written less to appraise that work generally than to call attention to some egregious errors of the author concerning the South and its people. His wholly interesting and poignant article upon 'The Life of P. T. Barnum' and Mrs. Harriett Beecher Stowe's 'Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands,' published in the *Metropolitan Magazine* of 1855 under the simple significant title of "Barnum and

Mrs. Stowe," was less the work of the critic than the partisan. In fact, Wallis could no more help being partisan than he could help being piquant of speech. Yet his wide knowledge, his keen-edged opinions, and the graces of his rhetoric, coupled with the bigness of his themes, make these random articles almost as readable to-day as when they were flung off in the white heat of passion a half century ago.

Wallis's 'Glimpses of Spain,' published in 1849, is yet listed among the authorities to which the infallible Baedeker directs his patrons. It is a pleasant and informing book of travel of the days when railroads were still exceedingly scarce in the Sunny Kingdom, and the post-coach was the chief method of passenger transportation. It is full of felicitous description, a charming humor, and not unworthy art criticisms. 'Spain, Her Institutions, Politics and Public Men,' the later volume, is still considered "the best account of Spanish politics at that time, and of then existing conditions of the monarchy within the reach of English readers." In his appraisement of the public men of that country, Mr. Wallis shows his admirable critical ability, his powers of analysis and classification; his carefulness and tolerance in dealing with human nature in a different setting from that of his own people, and shows how just were his judgments when unswayed by partisanship.

The few poems of Mr. Wallis's which found their way into print are polished and scholarly, though perhaps some of them are a little too didactic and conventional to suit present tastes. They must be considered, however, in the light of the time in which they were written. His essays and occasional addresses are altogether charming, and give us better than anything else from his pen a true insight into the spirit of the man. The essay on "Leisure" was read before the Mercantile Library Association of Baltimore in 1859, and was first printed eight years later. In it he urged upon men who have acquired a competence the duty of abandoning the pursuit of wealth in order to cultivate the arts and the graces of life. It is full of a broad, generous philosophy based on a profound knowledge of the art of *savoir vivre* and expressed with fascinating grace and elegance. In his addresses to graduating students which have been preserved—and which are models of their kind—Mr. Wallis preached to young men beginning life a similar high doctrine of devotion and industry and *noblesse oblige*. The same splendid spirit animates his address on George Peabody, a subtle and striking analysis of the character of the great philanthropist, which by reason of its sincerity and eloquence must needs be repeated before the Maryland Legislature at Annapolis, after being delivered in Baltimore. Wallis added oratory of high rank to his other accomplishments, and the written

accounts of these addresses carry with them still that musical quality inherent in composition of high merit intended to be addressed to the ear.

Severn Teackle Wallis was a man of widest information. He was on intimate terms with such varying authors as Carlyle and George Herbert, Shakspeare and Ecclesiasticus, Sir Thomas Browne and Emile Souvestre, Dickens and Jean Charles Simonde de Sismondi. He had a thorough acquaintance with the ancient classics, and he was especially versed in Spanish literature. The history of his own country and his own State he knew exceeding well. His legal equipment was not confined to the working knowledge of the ordinary successful lawyer, but included a broad grasp of the history and theory of the law of all ages. He was a lover of the beautiful and a student of the arts of form and color; this broad, general culture made him a man of sure taste and just critical judgment. His literary talent was one of no mean order; he was a stylist and eloquent in the written as well as the spoken word. He had a wit that was kindly or caustic as the occasion required, a grace and charm of language that were the outward reflection of his innate loftiness of spirit. He was a hater of shams and intolerance, of lowness and meanness, a lover of whatsoever is true and beautiful. The South is indebted to him for many a brave and chivalric deed done in its behalf, the whole English-reading world for many a noble and uplifting word. For those who came ever so indirectly within the sphere of his influence, it is difficult to speak of him in words that will not seem over-warm in praise to those who did not. He was one of those "high natures, amorous of the good," that are yet touched with no ascetic gloom, and his influence will outlive the bronze statues of himself which the people of his native city have erected to his honor in Baltimore's court-house and her most beautiful public square.

John Thomas Scharf

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LEISURE

We have all read, many times, and there are few of us who have not dropped a tear, now and then, over that wonderful and painfully suggestive poem, "The Song of the Shirt." A brother-humorist of Hood's, whose praise is almost fame, has said of it, with truthful sympathy, that, "it may surely rank as a great act of charity to the world." You remember, of course, its wild, and touching burden—

> Work, work, work!
> From weary chime to chime;
> Work, work, work!
> As prisoners work for crime.

And yet how few there are who pause to fathom all the depths of the story which it tells! Our hearts are wrung, and our eyes fill, as we gaze upon the single picture which it paints, of toil and hopeless and forsaken wretchedness; and we forget that the woman who

> Sits in unwomanly rags,
> Plying her needle and thread—

is only the melancholy extreme, and unhappy but legitimate consummation, of a social and political philosophy which throws its universal shadow over the most prosperous developments of modern civilization. We lose sight, in our pity, of the fact that "work, work, work!" is the great moral and maxim of the age in which we live—going home, it is true, with cruelest severity, to the comfortless dwellings of humble and ill-paid toil, but laying its iron hand, nevertheless, upon the lives and the destinies of almost all classes of society. . . .

One of the most popular and striking writers of the day, Mr. Carlyle—certainly a man of genius, though he has written a great deal which might not seem so novel or profound, I think, if it were done out of German into English—seems to have established, as the basis of his moral and philosophical system, that our purpose in this world is to do something; and that provided we are always doing, and in earnest, it makes no great matter what we do. The somewhat incongruous deductions which he draws from this fundamental idea, he calls

the "Evangel," and sometimes the "Gospel of Labor;" and it is the blessed message to humanity which, for the most part, he goes about proclaiming. I wonder it should never have occurred to so clever and acute a man, that such a "Gospel"—if it means anything but words—is but a message to our race of the primeval curse of the Old Dispensation, unrelieved and unredeemed by any of the charities or covenants of the New. I know no parallel to it, in point of consolation, except the discourse of the ranting preacher to the gipsy, in one of Hood's novels:—"Woman," cried he, "behold, I bring you glad tidings! You are an accursed race!" I do not marvel that in pursuing such a system to its legitimate conclusions, Mr. Carlyle should have blended in one picture, as heroes, the Founder of Christianity and the Prophet of Mecca.

While moralists and political economists thus combine to teach, and poets to sing, the sanctity of work, it would be quite unreasonable to expect that those who are called the "practical men" of the day would lag behind. I dare say you have all heard and read many discourses, in your time, concerning the dignity and nobility of labor. I myself have had the benefit of a great many; but I confess that the feeling which they have generally awakened, has been that of very profound disgust. The most of us understand, I am sure, from our experience, the very unpleasant though indispensable relation between the sweat of our brows and our daily bread. Upon that point, we certainly need no prompting; but to go beyond that—to collect a crowd of weary and toil-worn men together, and talk to them about the elevation and grandeur of the burden which weighs them daily to the ground—"no blessed leisure for love or hope"—is to pass, in my poor judgment, into the region of unmitigated cant and twaddle. No man, I believe, who is chained by necessity, along with the rest of the galley-slaves of this earth, to his toiling oar, can acquire from his own experience, unless he be strangely constituted, or from his observation of other people, any very lofty idea of the dignity of labor in itself. Respecting, for one, as far as respect can go, the manhood which treads the path of toil, however humble, to honorable independence—admiring, with heartiest admiration, the vigor and the constancy which hold men, through difficulty, sacrifice and pain,

unswervingly close to the duties and responsibilities of social and domestic life—I still can but regard the absorbing labor which makes the sum total of most men's existence, as one vast pool of Lethe, into which high faculties and generous feelings, joyous susceptibilities and graceful tastes, noble and gentle aspirations and priceless hours, go down, and are drowned out of hope and memory forever! I make no exclusion of any calling whatever, in this respect. I mean none. One may be more intellectual than another. One may give play to higher faculties than another. One may develop more of the purer and better nature than another. But I mean to say, that the tendency of any exclusive calling or profession which a man pursues for his bread, or for money, after he has bread enough—an occupation in which he merges himself and his thoughts—which dawns on him with the morrow's daylight, as it folded its raven wings above him, when he sank to his needful rest—is a plague and a scourge to him—his descended share of the hereditary blight to his race—bear it with what resignation and cheerfulness he may. And when I hear men peddling rhetoric about its dignity and its nobility, I am lost in surprise that the patience of the world should abide such infinite imposition. . . .

Can this be life? the life of men and nations? the intended orbit of a world which rolled into existence amid the songs of the morning stars, and arched over whose advancing pathway is the beauty of the bow of promise? It cannot be. We are living under a false philosophy, and are beguiled by a false science and by specious but empty words. The theory of our social progress, in its relation to individuals, is a mere delusion. We have taken fever for high health, and intoxication for happiness. We are sacrificing ourselves to our work. We are bartering life for the appliances of living. "We are pulling down our houses," as has been said, "to build our monuments." We have begun, socially and nationally, to feel the consequences. Can we not tear ourselves awhile, from this unresting idolatry of labor, and stand still to consider its effect upon ourselves, the human creatures who are the laborers?

A wise and true philosopher—one of the most able and enlightened thinkers and writers of the century, M. De

Sismondi, has left, among his various and admirable works, some most attractive essays upon Political Economy. When I say they are attractive, it will be readily understood that they do not belong to the Adam Smith School, which, perhaps, accounts for their not having been translated, except partially, into our language. This is to be regretted, certainly, as there are none who need the lessons which they teach, one-half so much as those who speak the English tongue. I know no writings which develop, with anything like the simplicity, wisdom and beauty of these essays, the rational philosophy of what Political Economy should be, if it aspires to rise above the level of a merely abstract science. The fundamental principle upon which they rest is this—that the human creatures who are assembled in society are, all alike, the objects, and the true and only objects, of any economical science which deserves the name; that Political Economy, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, is but the science of accumulating wealth; while Political Economy, as it should be, is the science of so accumulating and distributing it, as best to promote the happiness and comfort of the men and women who produce it. The one is a system as abstract as mathematics—the other is the philosophy of individual and social happiness. The one deals with the producer as a machine, or as a unit in a calculation. The other regards him as a creature of flesh and blood—of hopes, desires and capabilities—to whom there is a future as well as a present—for whose enjoyment and development society was instituted. The object of the one is to cheapen the market—the object of the other is to economize human suffering and toil. . . .

How many men do we know, each of us, who are willing, with moderate fortunes, to rest on them—to give up or turn aside from their trades or their professions—in order to cultivate their minds, to improve and elevate their tastes, to form themselves for the duties of that essential, but almost non-existent class among us—the men of intelligence and cultivated leisure? We have high authority for saying that "Wisdom . . . cometh by opportunity of leisure, and he that hath little business shall become wise." How many do we know, any of us, who, in the maturity of their faculties, are willing—we will not say to desert their career, but to pause

in it merely, nay, even to slacken their pace, so that they may gather the fruit from the trees under which they pass—that they may have the opportunity of wisdom, of which the good man speaks? How many will say—cheerfully, or at all—"the labor of half the day suffices, I will devote the other half to myself?" Few, sadly few! . . .

In the Columbian Library, at Seville, I saw an old book on Cosmography, which had belonged to Christopher Columbus. It seemed to have been the text-book of his meditations, so full the margins were of notes in his handwriting. I noticed that he had not failed to mark, with most especial care, each passage in the ancient author, which told of spices, or of precious stones or metals, to be found upon the hills or through the valleys of the Indies. Indeed he had condensed such observations on some pages, and mountains all of gold, and islands strewn with pearls, were what he had prefigured as before him in his journey towards the setting sun. And yet, who dims the glory of that pure and lofty soul with one suspicion of a sordid thought? The wealth that made the Indies precious, was but the embroidered raiment of his dreams, and moved him none the more to grovelling appetite, than did the golden fringes of the clouds, beneath which, evening after evening, he sailed into the darkness—Manhood and Hope, like the angels in the legend, standing through its watches by his helm.

So, in the good old times, when merchants were princes, and deserved to be, the increase of wealth seemed of itself to work an enlargement of men's ideas. There was a perpetually expanding purpose in its pursuit a "large discourse, looking before and after." It had a past, on which it built, and a future, for which it labored grandly. Commerce was not, then, the speculation of to-day, or the hasty adventure of to-morrow—the short turn—the sharp bargain—the keen-scented thrift, snuffing news in advance of the mail. Glorious breezes filled its sails. The "lovesick winds" that wafted Cleopatra's barge, did not hover round more gorgeous canvas. Its freight was art, and literature, and civilization. The sea-weed, clinging now, like mourning drapery, along the marble walls of Venice, does but assert a rightful fellowship with splendor to whose triumphs the whole known seas were tribu-

tary. The pictures and the statues—the temples, the libraries, the palaces and gardens of Genoa and Pisa—of Florence, Bologna and Siena—all tell the story of great thoughts and noble tastes, which gold and trade may nurture, when nobleness and greatness deal with them. Judged by such standards—making all allowances for change of time and circumstances—conceding on the one side all that it has done for freedom and intelligence—requiring from it, on the other, fulfilment of the obligations since imposed on it by all the grand discoveries which science and genius have given it for handmaids—trade, as we find it now, is surely, in its spirit, far below the level of the high and intellectual calling which made itself so bright a name in history. I speak of its spirit and not of its material progress—of its influence on the men who pursue it, and not of its statistics. I am looking at the hand of the dyer, and not at the garish colors which flaunt from his door. The Son of Sirach has said, and I hope I may venture to say it after him, without offence, that "a merchant shall hardly keep himself from doing wrong, and a huckster shall not be free from sin." I waive the question as to whether the Hebrews, in the days when Ecclesiasticus was written, furnished the most advantageous models of mercantile deportment; for I am quite persuaded that the great moralist told a truth in this, which was intended for all time. And if it be so difficult for men, in the legitimate paths of commerce, to avoid its corrupting tendencies, I fear they hardly can improve their chances by entering the still narrower walks of what commonly is known as mercantile retirement. Does a man widen the scope of his faculties, think you, or improve the opportunities of competence or leisure, because he withdraws himself from actual trade, to look after letting his money out on interest? Does he enlarge the domain of his heart, or open new sources of human sympathy, by watching the fluctuations of the stock exchange or the loan-market? Does the old age of mercantile industry grow in dignity or reverence under such influences? Does it thus heighten its claim to sway the opinions, and rule the counsels, and fashion the tastes and habits—nay, form the very destiny—of this magnificent Republic? Has it not rather let itself out on usury, with its capital, and made a sordid trade of its

faculties and opportunities? There may be—undoubtedly there are—some characters so privileged, that they can walk through the daily temptations of any calling, without a stain on their raiment. There are, in all professions, men fortunately constituted, who can find leisure in the midst of absorbing employment, and expansion in the very pressure of the most contracting influences—to whom literature blossoms, a spontaneous wayside flower, along every path; and art, and taste, and fancy, and graceful and refining thought and occupation, come smiling and ministering, like a reaper's joyous children who troop around him in the harvest field. So, too, in the least liberal pursuits of trade, are men, who gather and are generous—who grasp and yet give—whose hearts grow with their fortunes, and whose intellects expand with their experience—men with whom labor seems compatible with leisure, and whose manly nature has the ring of a metal purer than their gold. But such is not the common experience of the world, and it were not wise to write philosophy altogether for the Happy Valley, whose soil is the salt of the earth. We must deal with the rule—though we be thankful for the exception. . . .

It is of course impossible that all the baneful influences to which we have alluded, can operate upon the individuals who compose a nation, and yet fail to affect the national community itself. You cannot have the ocean at rest, when every separate wave in it is tossed as by a tempest. Thus there is, in the Republic of which we are citizens, the same feverish unrest which makes the citizens themselves build their houses of life upon quicksands—the same unwillingness, perhaps incapacity, to appreciate and quietly enjoy the blessings that are round about it. Of our actual greatness and future glory—of our expanding wealth, and territory and resources—the whole air is vocal with the tidings; but not a man, of those whom we call statesmen, lifts his voice to bid us pause and be happy in what we have; if we are free, to enjoy our freedom; if we are wise, to profit by our wisdom; if we are wealthy and powerful, to sit down in the sunshine of our wealth and power. With millions upon millions of acres, which we can neither cultivate nor enjoy, we are told that it is our policy to go searching after more. With peace

and plenty laughing at our doors, we are made to believe that we should welcome war, rather than not have the things we cannot need, which are far away from us. Has the age of political philosophers—of practical and honest public thinkers—died out altogether with us? Is there no one to tell us—with the voice of an authority which we will respect—that the true grandeur of nations is to be found in the development and happiness of the human creatures who live under their institutions; their true power in the virtue, independence and cultivation of their citizens; their own genuine and lofty mission, in their own example? For one, I had rather see the nation under whose flag I was born, compacted, for all time, within the limits where our fathers left it—with friendly and admiring nations growing up around it, enlightened by its example and blessed by its vicinity—its wealth brought home to be enjoyed, instead of being wasted in new conquests or the search after something more—its intellect devoted to its own civilization, instead of being maddened by crusading enterprise and its discord of ambitions—I had rather see this, than witness, as its destiny, the most magnificent march of empire that ever trod human hearts beneath its feet. I had rather see what already is our own, made to blossom with the arts of peace and beauty, than to hear of a province conquered, daily, for pensions, pre-emption rights, and land warrants! I should hold one fruitful, joyous, civilizing and refining hour of national repose, more precious than the most prodigal decade of national aggrandizement. . . .

Is there a nation, think you, save ours, on the face of the civilized earth, that has no national amusement except politics and steamboat excursions?—no manly, simple, common sports, which win crowds on holidays to robust and honest exercise and joy?—no links between boyhood and manhood, in the remembrance of common and innocent pleasure? We have, of course, the exotic enjoyments of music and the drama—though in but a modified degree, since a large part of the community are too good, and a very large part too busy, or too bad, to take genuine and healthy interest in them. But these have come to us—such as they are. They are not our own. We have, in fact, no national holidays, save of a political complexion; and the sports of those days are fierce

excitements rather of which the less that is said the better. I do not mention Thanksgiving, because its principal secular occupation is dinner, and that is too much of an unprofitable pleasure, we all know, to be permitted to occupy much of our valuable time. . . .

But after, and in embarrassing connection with this enumeration of the evils to be modified or cured—comes always the perplexing question—what is the cure? . . .

If those to whom Providence has vouchsafed education and liberal studies, and refining and intellectual occupation, will cast them all into the furnace (to vary Macaulay's admirable illustration), so that out of their gold may be made a calf, which they are content to adore—how can those with humbler opportunities and lower cultivation be expected to lift themselves into a loftier and purer worship? Upon those who have won the victories of life—to much or little purpose—are the responsibilities which belong to their position. Men are not worthy to be leaders of society, if they are not willing to undertake its guidance, and enlighten it by their example. One single private life, made noticeable by honorable effort and elevated tone—dignified, in its labors, by fidelity, and moderation, and in its leisure, by cultivation and true refinement—is, in itself and its attendant courtesies and charities, a noble republican institution. It is among the noblest, and worth a Senateful of demagogues and wranglers. When I see a man like George Peabody—a man of plain intellect and moderate education—who is willing to take away from the acquisition of successful trade, what would make the fortunes of a hundred men of reasonable desires, and dedicate it to the advancement of knowledge and the cultivation of refining and liberal pursuits and tastes, among a people with whom he has ceased to dwell, except in the recollections of early industry and struggle—I recognize a spirit which tends to make men satisfied with the inequalities of fortune—which is alive to the true ends and purpose of labor—which gives as well as takes—which sees, and in the very trophies of success, the high incumbent duties and the noble pleasures of a stewardship for others. And yet, one such man—in himself—in his life and the example which it gives—is worth tenfold more to a community, than all the beneficence of which

his heart may make him prodigal. And in that sense, the humblest of us may be benefactors to society. We have all one gift, at least, we can bestow on it—one Institute we can found—ourselves—cultivated, refined, developed, to the extent of our susceptibilities and faculties. And to this we come back at last that the only political or moral economy, whose lessons are other than a snare, is that which makes the vast workings of trade, and business, and profession—and struggles, inequalities and toils of life—subservient to individual development and happiness.

Let us then endeavor, practically, to divest ourselves of the unworthy idea, that we were made to be the slaves of our callings and not their masters. Let us strive—each in his allotted sphere, and with his influences, much or little—to live down the false philosophy which makes unrest and labor the only attributes of human duty, and spurns, as ignoble, tranquillity and contemplation. If ever a country needed the existence and services of a class whose habits and influences should counteract the feverish tendency of the whole race to excitement and the frenzy of gain and competition, ours is that one. We must cease worshipping men who are merely rich, as heroes. We must cease to regard all life as stagnant, except that whose waters are a whirlpool. We must learn to consider the season of toil as but the seed-time of rest. We must quench something of our thirst for public life and its excitements. We must recreate private life as a social institution, hedged around by the sanctities that belong to it and make it reverend. Men must teach their children that the private station, if honorably filled, is indeed the post of honor. Public men must be taught, by public opinion—in the shape, if need be, of public scorn—that to elevate the people, and not to flatter or corrupt them, is the road of successful ambition. Our moralists must cease their crusades against innocent amusements, and allow cakes and ale to other people, though they insist on being virtuous themselves. Our economists must spike the guns which they keep always levelled at the leisure that ventures to dwell or show itself where there is not a sign over the door. Those who work, in their turn, must forego their jealousy of those who rest. Those who have not enough, or who believe that they have not, or intend to

get more whether they have enough or not, must learn that it is bad sense, as well as bad taste and bad manners, to sneer at the refining occupations and modest desires of those who are willing to go upon the retired list, though with but half-pay. The social manifestations of wealth, too, must be something more than fine mansions, equipages and upholstery. Its pride, its pleasures, and its distinguishing characteristics must lie less in these. It must set itself to work to acquire or develop tastes, as well as to buy the products of taste. It must honor, and strive to appreciate art, as well as encourage artists —which though an excellent, is a very different thing. It must read books, as well as collect them in Gothic or Elizabethan book-cases. It must live in its houses, and open its doors, in sympathy and not in ostentation, to all who deserve to enter, and must make them welcome to the elevating influences which should dwell within. It must widen the social platform, so that all who are worthy may have room to stand on it. Men must be taught, by its encouragements, that their social position depends upon what they are—not upon what they have—that they can be poor and yet be prized. There must be an end of the humiliating and degrading doctrine—practically the maxim of the land—that all things worthy of struggle and ambition are like the mistletoe of the Druid, to be gathered only with a golden sickle. Thus, and not otherwise, can men be induced to turn aside, from their business and its gains, to themselves. Thus, alone, can they be tempted to cultivate the leisure which makes them men, instead of sacrificing what is best in them to the toil which makes them only rich.

Is this Utopia? It may be—yet, if it be, republicanism is Utopia likewise—for this, in its essence and its details, is neither more nor less than practical republicanism, rescued from the manipulations of the theorist and the unclean hands of the demagogue, and brought back to its legitimate and simple purpose—the advancement of human happiness. If it is not capable of condescending to so commonplace a destiny—if it is

> too bright and good
> For human nature's daily food—

if all its paraphernalia of principles and institutions can bring us nothing better, as their consummation, than a national life of turmoil and excitement, to grow powerful and an individual life of toil and sacrifice, to grow rich—it has fooled the world, and us especially, with a pretended mission, and should be listened to no more. Better bid it—with Bardolph's cozeners—"set spurs and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses," in search of "the solidarity of the peoples," or some similar Will-of-the-Wisp! I confess that I have a better opinion of it; and it is because I have, that I have ventured on so earnest an appeal, in its behalf—as I understand it.

THE EXILES OF PRAYER

He speaks! The lingering locks, that cold
  And few and gray, fall o'er his brow,
Were bright, with childhood's clustered gold,
  When last that voice was heard as now.
He speaks! and as with flickering blaze
  Life's last dim embers, waning, burn,
Fresh from the unsealed fount of praise,
  His childhood's gushing words return.

Ah! who can tell what visions roll
  Before those wet and clouded eyes,
As, o'er the old man's parting soul,
  His childhood's wakened memories rise!
The fields are green and gladsome still,
  That smiled around his sinless home,
And back, from ancient vale and hill,
  Exultant echoes bounding come!

He treads that soil, the first he pressed,
  He shouts with all his boyish glee,
He rushes to his mother's breast,
  He clasps and climbs his father's knee;
And then—the prayer that nightly rose,
  Warm from his lisping lips, of yore,
Bursts forth, to bless that evening's close
  Whose slumbers earth shall break no more!

Dark though our brightest lot may be,
From toil to sin and sorrow driven,
Sweet childhood! we have still, in thee,
A link that holds us near to heaven!
When Mercy's errand angels bear,
'Tis in thy raiment that they shine,
And if one voice reach Mercy's ear,
That blessed voice is surely thine!

God of his fathers! may the breath
That upward wafts the exile's sigh,
Rise, fragrant, from the lips of death,
As the first prayer of infancy!
Frown not, if through his childhood, back,
The old man heavenward seeks his way—
Thy light was on that morning track,
It can but lead to Thee and day!

BEAUTY AND FAITH

The Painter turned him to the sky,
And, as he gazed, a cloud went by,
Whose purple seemed to fold
A vision, round some golden hair
The morning stars a glory were,
And worshipped as they rolled.

Beneath his flashing pencil then
Grew forms of light, unknown to men,
And lo! the canvas gleams
As if the Painter's hand had caught
The vesture of a seraph's thought
To robe immortal dreams!

Time hath not dimm'd them! Pilgrims bow
Before that dazzling beauty now
As when, from opened heaven,
Rapt genius snatched its kindling ray,
And revelled in that glorious day
To inspiration given!

But he, the Painter, did he kneel
And in his own high phrensy feel
The awful, present God?
Not so! The shrine was poor and dim
Where faith, not beauty, lit for him
The path that angels trod!

Ah! for ourselves indeed 'twere well,
If Love were part of Fancy's spell,
And all things bright were dear;
If we could bless as well as build,
And Deity and worship filled
What temples we might rear!

In vain our hands shall altars raise,
Though meet they be for proudest praise,
And genius grave the stone;
For howsoe'er the gods be shrined
That lure the incense of the mind,
The heart adores its own!

TRUTH AND REASON

How beautiful the fantasy
That warmed the brain of him of old—
The watcher of the midnight sky—
Who, as the stars above him rolled,
Untaught of dim Primeval Cause
And crowned will and sceptered laws,
Had glimpses of a spirit-band,
Careering through the trackless air,
Each shaping, with a giant's hand,
The orbit of a blazing sphere!

A holier thought and not less bright
It is, that o'er the sands of time,
We walk not in the mystic light
Of Providence, far off, sublime—
Nor Fate, nor Chance, with baleful ray,
Kindles the lode-star of our way;

But that, where'er our tents are cast,
  Each hath an angel by his side,
From the first life-sigh to the last,
  His guardian, champion, friend and guide.

Such faith seems half idolatry
  To speculation's earth-turned eyes,
But woe befall us, if we see
  No truth save that in reason's guise!
    The simplest child, in sun and storm,
    Hath visions of God's awful form,
That dazzled science could not paint;
  And he who bends to laws alone
May mock the worship of a saint,
  Yet kneel unto a graven stone.

The Heathen, when his fancy gave
  Their deities to all things fair—
Set Neptune's trident o'er the wave,
  And temples made of earth and air—
    Had more of worship in his heart,
    More of religion's better part,
Than he who dives in reason's well
  For all the truths to mortals given,
And from its depths alone, will tell
  The starry mysteries of Heaven!

I would not that the dreams of old
  Should veil again the darkened mind,
Nor mine their faith who idly hold
  That to be wise we need be blind;
    But, when I see how darkly lie
    The plainest things before mine eye,
That with each turn of reason's wheel,
  Falsehood and truth, both, upward go,
I can but think that what I feel
  Is best and most of what I know!

CHRISTMAS

On the Swiss mountains, when I wandered there,
In the wild, awful passes, all alone,
A little cross of iron, cold and bare,
Rose, oft, before me, from some wayside stone.
Strange, uncouth names they bore—a holy sign
Traced by rude hands upon a rustic scroll,
And, blotted by the snows, a piteous line,
Begging our prayers for the poor sleeper's soul.

Some traveller it was, perchance, whose doom
The torrent of the avalanche had sped;
Mayhap was buried there some peasant, whom
The hunted chamois o'er the cliff had led.
His simple thoughts had never crossed the sea,
From whose far borders to his grave I came,
Yet, as a brother, called he unto me,
And my heart's echo gave him back the name!

Peace to thy spirit, Brother! I had felt
The quick'ning of the blood that wanderers feel,
At thought of home and country. I had knelt
At altars where the nations came to kneel—
But knew I never, in its depth, till when
Thy lonely shrine besought me for my prayer,
The sense of kindred with all sons of men—
One love, one hope, God's pity everywhere!

And so thy scroll, thou gentle Christmas-tide,
Reared on the cross, high o'er the wastes of time,
Speaks to earth's pilgrims, in His name who died,
Good will and peace and brotherhood sublime!
And, unto them that hail thee, chiefly worth
Are the glad wreaths thou twinest round the year,
For that thou bidd'st our kindled hearts go forth,
Wherever love can warm or kindness cheer.

Up the bleak heights of daily toil we press,
  Too busy, with our journey and our load,
To heed the hurried grasp, the brief caress,
  The brother fainting on that weary road.
Then, welcome be the hours and thoughts and things,
  That win us from ourselves, a little while,
To that sweet human fellowship, which brings
  The only human joy unstained of guile!

TO —

I've been a dreamer all my days,
  Yet ne'er a dream came true—
And 'twould be strange if I could raise
  A dreamland sprite for you;
You—through whose common, daylight air,
  More gladsome visions sweep,
Than other, luckiest mortals, dare
  To hope for—e'en in sleep!

Dream as you will then—brighter far
  Your own pure thoughts, than all
The forms that round the midnight's car
  A wizard's wand could call!
I only beg that, not too glad
  Nor bright, your dreams may be;
For then—the chance were very bad,
  That you should dream of me!

CATHARINE ANNE WARFIELD

[1816—1877]

CHARLES W. KENT

A SINGLE chapter at least in the romantic history of the Lower South should be devoted to the story of England's brief tenure of the Natchez country, and her use of it to reward by land grants some of her worthy sons. Among them was Captain Charles Percy, who, retiring from the British Navy on a pension, introduced into a life of pioneer simplicity the grand air of an English gentleman with large landed possessions. Just after his death, by which his children succeeded to ample property, his daughter, Mrs. Ellis, married Major Nathaniel A. Ware, of Natchez. He, too, had served his country, but in a civil position, for he had occupied the important office of Secretary of State of the Mississippi Territory.

To Major and Mrs. Ware two daughters were born; the elder, Catharine Anne, in 1816, and then, Eleanor Percy, whose birth was at the expense of her mother's life. The widowed father did not transfer his responsibility for his children to alien hands, but devoted himself, with assiduous devotion, to their rearing and education. In this he was controlled by two theories that got their chief value from his own intelligent application of them, namely, that home and not schools should furnish training for girls, and that travel was the most valuable complement to education through books.

These theories proved of very high value in the educational scheme improvised and executed by a man of such unusual scientific attainments as Major Ware, particularly when his own intellectuality was chastened and warmed by his grief for his wife's loss and his sympathy for his daughters, reduced to dependence upon awkward masculine guidance. Seeking their advantage, he moved to Philadelphia where he could summon skilled masters to his aid in giving them all the needed accomplishments. With all the advantages, however, of such an education under the tutelage of this old-fashioned Southern gentleman of wise leisure, there was the distinct loss of congenial companionship with other girls. But even this loss was more than offset, for the daughters were, of necessity, thrown on their own resources, and forced into intellectual association with their father and his friends.

Their talents, due, no doubt, in part to inheritance, but certainly

cultivated by study and travel, found outlet in literary expression, and, not unnaturally, in poetic form. When their shyness and reserve were subdued by friendly counsel and paternal request, they published, in 1843, 'The Wife of Leon and other Poems by Two Sisters of the West,' and encouraged by the reception accorded this first volume, ventured, in 1846, on another, entitled 'The Indian Chamber and Other Poems.' Both of these volumes must be reckoned among the books of promise rather than of performance, though the improvement of the second over the first suggests that fulfilment was fast following upon prophecy.

But our story of their work has outrun the course of their lives. At an early age Catharine married Elisha Warfield, a gentleman of Lexington, Kentucky. Here they lived among his distinguished connections until 1857, when a change in their circumstances induced them to move to a farm in Peewee Valley, near Louisville, Kentucky. In the meantime, Eleanor Percy had married Henry Lee, a Virginian resident in Mississippi. Their happy married life, spent in part on his estate in Hinds County, and later on Deer Creek, was terminated by the appalling epidemic of 1849. Her domestic life had, of course, seriously interrupted her literary productivity.

It was a similar devotion to household occupations and domestic happiness that restricted Mrs. Warfield's literary activities for a time to high conversation with her sister and father and to occasional contributions to newspapers. This could not satisfy for long a nature so well aware of its own unusual powers and so impelled by instinct and training to larger utterance. It was for this reason, presumably, that after the death of her sister, with whom, in affectionate collaboration, she had produced poetry, her mind struck out for itself a path through the expansive and inviting realm of fiction.

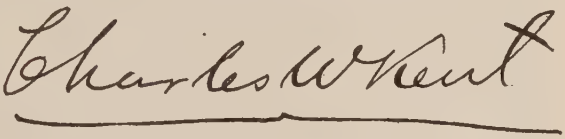
It was her first novel, 'The House of Bouverie' that made her fame, and her other books did no more than maintain it. This novel appeared in 1860, and was at once acclaimed as a virile and tragic novel of great dramatic power. Mary Forrest, in her very valuable book,* says: "We doubt if any such book was ever written before by an American woman—a work so great in conception and so masterly in execution."

Mrs. Warfield continued to reside near Louisville the remainder of her life, and died there in 1877. During this sojourn of about twenty years in this favoured Peewee Valley, she wrote, besides 'The House of Bouverie,' the following novels: 'The Romance of the Great Seal,' 'Miriam Montfort,' 'Hester Howard's Temptation,'

* 'Women of the South, Distinguished in Literature,' by Mary Forrest. Published by Derby and Jackson, New York, 1861.

'A Double Wedding,' 'Sea and Shore,' 'The Romance of Beauseincourt,' 'Feral Fleming,' and 'The Cardinal's Daughter.'

Mrs. Warfield's place in literature has been assailed by the popularity of modern novelists more facile and prolific than herself, but her position as a contributing factor to the development of Southern fiction is secure, and her work deserves the careful attention of the student though it may never again appeal to the general reader.



THE BUILDING

From 'The House of Bouverie.'

My grandmother's spacious bedroom, ending in a half octagon, formed a central projection from the rear of the building. Three doors opened into this apartment from the sides that joined the house, and presented a stiff array, separated as they were by wide panels lined with mirrors. The central door opened with leaves into a square, or rather oblong, dining hall; the others, narrower and of simpler construction, gave into small rooms, evidently partitioned from the hall for convenience rather than symmetry, since the effect to the eye must have been far more liberal when the passage swept across the house, as I knew afterwards it had originally done. One of these chambers, some twelve feet square only, yet lofty and well ventilated, had been fitted for me with a care and taste that left me nothing to regret, even when I compared it with the comfort and luxury of my former home. That which I supposed to correspond with it on the other side (which indeed the form and size of the mansion made evidently the case), was kept strictly locked; and at first I conceived it to be my grandmother's oratory—recalling that of the mistress of Taunton Tower—or study, perhaps, where books and paintings, sacred to her eye alone, were cautiously concealed, as I had heard was the custom among the authors and artists of the world.

But my grandmother, I soon discovered, was neither the one nor the other; and when I found how simple, and even homely, were the details of her every-day life, I descended from my pedestal of fancy, and determined that this "Blue Beard Chamber," so mysterious and inaccessible to me, was nothing more nor less than a shy woman's dressing-room. A deep reticence of nature did indeed underlie, in a very remarkable degree, the sparkling cordiality of my grandmother's manner. You stumbled on this constitutional or habitual reserve, accidentally sometimes, as you might do on a stone hid in a bed of flowers, and with something of the same sharp, sudden anguish; but I am digressing to speak of this now. I wish to give at once, for reasons that will be plainer hereafter, as correct an idea as I know how to convey by words, of the construction of the house of Bouverie.

The central building, as seen from without, built as it was of the dun-colored sandstone common to that region, consisted of two stories surmounted by a circular dome or cupola. A glitter on the roof of this superstructure, which was observable at some distance from the mansion, pointed to the idea of a skylight or glass framework, which might, in the beginning, have lit the lower as well as the upper hall, if such, indeed, existed. No evidence that an upper floor formed any portion of the house was afforded by its internal construction; it contained no stairway, and the circular hall of entrance was ceiled over, so as to shut out any connection with that which might have been supposed to lie above it.

The house was built in the outline of a disproportioned cross, in which the small square vestibule in front, my grandmother's projecting chamber in the rear, and the two long wings, containing severally the gentlemen's apartments and accommodations and offices for servants, represented the four limbs. The main building contained only, as far as the eye could see within, the central circular hall, to which I have already referred, and one large room on either hand opening from this rotunda, and made square, or rather oblong, by means of triangular closets. The lateral hall, with its divided chambers, completed the quadrangles.

I understood later how it was that after her husband's death—one of violence and horror it was whispered—my

grandmother had cut off all communication with those upper rooms which he had chiefly inhabited, associated in her mind, as they were, with bloodshed and self-slaughter; and now,—as the dark legend crept stealthily around that night after night he might still be heard walking their floors, and had even been seen descending the spiral stairs that linked one circular hall with the other, while the moon shone down through the great skylight revealing to the startled watchers his ghastly lineaments and spectral form—she had, in the desperation of her fear and agony, sealed up forever those haunted and accursed chambers. For this purpose the stairway had been removed, and the space between the two halls floored and ceiled. This was done with an expedition that made food for conjecture in the neighborhood, having its origin, doubtless, in the almost frenzied terror of her own sensations, that caused her to spare neither expense nor urgency to have her alterations executed with despatch. The workmen who performed this task were summoned from a distant town and spoke in a foreign tongue. They came and went like shadows; and in this manner, she evaded, as much as possible, the neighborhood gossip and espionage which must otherwise have so annoyed her in her crushed condition. For, at the time all this was done, my grandfather's fearful death was recent; and the same artisans who removed the stairs and sealed away from sight and access those abhorred upper apartments, placed the simple marble obelisk, which bore his name, above his grave in the cedar grove.

A great lamp swung in the centre of that circular hall now, where the sunlight and moonlight had once streamed freely down from the transparent roof; and the restless ghost might walk forever in those large dim chambers, with their nailed-up windows, and disused and moldering furniture, and disquiet no one.

THE SECRET CHAMBER AND ITS OCCUPANT

From 'The House of Bouverie.'

In the centre of the room stood a ponderous rosewood bedstead, very dark from age, and shaped like a lengthened throne, and so placed as to give the inmate whatever advantage of light and air existed in that dusky atmosphere.

He lay on his snow-white bed propped with pillows scarce paler than himself, that remarkable man, whose face seemed to have become familiar to me in one brief gaze of terror and mystery. He was sleeping when my grandmother led me to his couch, and with noiseless step and lifted finger impressed on me the necessity of silence—sleeping the tranquil sleep of illness merged into debility.

"Dr. Quintil pronounces this a saving slumber," she whispered, "if not interrupted; yet if any observable change occurs during its continuance you must not hesitate to call him. He lies at present on the sofa in the opposite room, having watched all night; observe our patient closely, Lilian; I confide all to you!"

She withdrew, and I sat close by his side, watching a sleep that closely simulated that of death itself—so profound, so tranquil was it—and poring on his face, as though it were a book opened before me. An expression of tender repose, (if I may so express it), lingered over the thin, straight features, almost transparent from disease.

The gray hair, singularly indicative of strength and vitality, and bearing unmistakable traces of its original color, lay loose and wavy on the pillow. Long as it had seemed before, it had probably grown to an unusual length during his sickness, and now imparted an almost womanly character to his face and head.

His slender and elegantly formed hands were closed lightly on his breast, as those of the dead are often placed. A white napkin lay at his side, folded and glossy; but streaked and dappled with blood fresh from his bleeding lungs; a few Strombio roses were thrown carelessly by it, as if dropped from nerveless fingers.

Beside him, on a small table, was a flask of ice-water, a goblet of antique form, some grapes on a plateau of fine china, and a vial of pyramidal shape, filled with a liquid of such brilliant amber color that it seemed almost to diffuse rays of light around it.

During that long watch, my eyes became frequently riveted on this vial, and attracted by its lambent lustre, I raised it between them and the light so as to scrutinize the contents, I saw with an almost fascinated interest what appeared to be a hair of gold, waving to and fro in the liquid like a miniature serpent. Now rising to the top in spiral lines, as if trying to escape from its confinement; then collapsing in a ring to the bottom of the wide-based vial.

On the bottle a label was pasted, on which was inscribed, in small, clear Italian characters, the "elixir of gold." This, then, was that marvellous remedy, of which I had recently heard, for the first time, with more of interest than faith, I must confess! Here, then, was the realization of what had appeared to me to be but a mere fable!

A gentleman with whom we had met in travelling, a peculiar and striking person, whose name and mien indicated a foreign origin, had told Dr. Quintil a story in my presence, illustrative of the immediate efficacy of this medicine.

A child lay dying in a peasant's house, in which a horseman sought temporary refuge from the storm which raged without. Hope was over, and the death-struggle approached, the eyes were glazed and half-rolled back in their orbits—cold dew stood on the clammy face, the power of speech, of deglutition itself, was gone, when the stranger asked permission to pour a few drops from a small vial he drew from his bosom into the parted lips of the child. The request was granted, and at short intervals, he was allowed to repeat the experiment.

The subtle drug seemed to insinuate itself into the system without the assistance of the epiglottis; but, for a time, exerted little opposing influence against the power of the conqueror. He described the marvellous and sudden change that at last occurred—the returning hues of life, the renewed intelligence of the eye, the strength restored as if by magic. In an hour later the child sat up in bed, and called for food, and the next day rose to its feet convalescent! Such was the tale.

Something in the graphic manner of the narrator left the impression on my mind that he himself was the benefactor thus referred to, and I smiled at the faith the empiric lent to the work of his own hands—doubting not for a moment that the recovery he described had taken place from natural causes.

And now my incredulity seemed reasonably confirmed. Here was a dying man (he certainly seemed so to me) with this wondrous yet unavailing remedy in reach!

Yet what a radiantly beautiful fluid it was!

Had it been called "essence of sunshine," it would not have surprised me, for inherent radiance it certainly seemed to contain. I had just time to set the vial down, which I had raised between my vision and the line of light that came through the slightly opened door, when he awoke, coughing violently, and fixed his glittering eyes full on my face.

Aroused by the shrill summons, or perhaps already watching for such a signal, Dr. Quintil came almost instantly to his assistance, and sustained him in his arms; at the same time whispering to me to withdraw from the chamber, and remain without while the paroxysm lasted.

Fabius had arranged my breakfast in the hall on that great round table, from which books and papers were now cleared away, that stood beneath the skylight, and it was truly acceptable, for the day was on the tide, and I had not tasted food since the previous evening; I was half famished; yet I had hardly time to swallow a few mouthfuls and drink my coffee when Dr. Quintil called me from within.

I returned, greatly agitated. He was awake; he would speak to me. He, my mother's father! It was like the recognition of spirits in another world—ineffable, overpowering.

I advanced to the foot of the bed, and stood thrilled yet mutely before him.

"Come nearer, my love," he said, extending one long, thin hand to me, that fell in the next instant, almost lifeless, beside him. "Nearer that I may discern your features distinctly. Lilian, the child of Morna," he murmured, "the daughter of my child."

"Even so, grandfather," I said, as solemnly as ever a devotee gave back "Amen" to prayer and kneeling I bowed

my head on his nerveless hand, and my nature took on her new allegiance.

The very sound of his voice—clear, sweet, slightly tremulous at times, infinitely pathetic in its quality—vibrated through my whole being, as no sound, whether of speech or music, had ever done before. I felt, within me, then, the power won from the electric shock of the clashing chains of kindred in our veins; perchance to serve him faithfully from that hour with any sacrifice that he might see fit to demand, or that I might find it possible to make.

Yet, why was this? Others as nearly related to me had awakened no parallel enthusiasm in my soul. I have done wrong perhaps in thinking that it was the power of blood that stirred me thus. Was it not rather some fine magnetic influence totally independent of mere relationship, that rendered every faculty of my being as responsive to his will as the keys of the lute to the touch of the master player?

I know not how long I continued kneeling and praying silently beside him—if prayer might be called that almost unformed communing of my soul with God—more a mood than an utterance. He was now forbidden to speak; yet when I arose and stood beside him again, his beaming eye and smile were more eloquent than words. They seemed to say:

"Welcome, my love, to this solitary life of mine art thou as morning to the sleepless, or showers to the sear grass. Henceforth, thy being shall be blended with mine own, and the shadow that envelops me fall over thee also, even as from thy young existence, some light and joy shall gild the clouds of mine. For of this nature is the mighty and inscrutable bond of blood."

Such to my excited imagination seemed the meaning his mute but quivering features sought to convey; such the impression my mind received from their expression—never to leave it more.

Yet again I question, why was this?

ELIXIR OF GOLD AND BLOOD

From 'The House of Bouverie.'

He held my wrists in his grasp, silently for a time. I felt that he was counting my pulses.

"There is health enough in these young veins," he said, "to justify me in making the request I have sent for you to prefer. The rich life-blood abounds here even to superfluity. Lilian, you have blood, and to spare."

"Blood, grandfather!" I repeated, struggling slightly to withdraw my arm. "You do not want my blood, I hope. Is he insane, after all?" was the rapid thought that swept through me, "and is this a part of the past, so long esteemed a crime, mere madness at last?"

He relinquished his hold immediately, and said, with evident mortification: "You do not think I mean to harm you, Lilian?"

I stood before him with my head cast down, as the guilty stand before their accusers.

"No, no, indeed," I murmured, "I know you would not harm me, unless—unless—"

"Unless I were mad, Lilian, is that what you would say?" he asked, still surveying me with his piercing, reproachful eyes; then, waiting a moment for a reply which never came, he added, "you are right there; but I am not mad—have absolutely no capacity for madness, child. Listen, I only ask you for one cup of that generous blood, that flowed from my veins in the beginning."

"This is a strange fancy of yours, grandfather—a horrible fancy. Do you drink blood? Are you a vampire?" I tried to smile, but shuddered in the attempt. "I must not seem afraid," I thought, "for if this be mania, such evidence would increase it; and yet how can Fabius seem so unconcerned if he meditates any horrible thing? Perhaps they are going to unite and sacrifice me."

In spite of my better resolution, I felt myself trembling at the thought of playing the part of an unwilling Iphigenia. Fortunately, this passed unobserved.

"Hear me dispassionately," he said, "then decide as you

will. I ask your assistance in the preparation of a remedy on which my feeble life depends. I have been in the habit of drawing from my own veins, or those of Fabius, the required amount of fluid to complete my preparation; but since my long illness my strength has failed. His, too, declines, and unless the properties of perfect health be found in the blood thus used, it is of little or no avail. To-day I threw three hundred sovereigns, the last of my treasure, in the crucibles. All this will be wasted, unless I obtain the necessary ingredient wherewith to divide the smoldering mass from the ethereal spirit that makes the elixir."

"Why not use the blood of a lamb, or of a goat, grandfather; or beef's blood, as I have heard they do in sugar refineries? These can be easily procured, and human nature spared the horror of such an experiment."

"Because the chemical affinities are all wanting in these, that success depends on; but, Lilian, I will not urge you further; I will not ask again, even to save my own life, for a gill of the blood I gave you."

I was nerved to sudden determination by these words.

"Be sure you take no other, grandfather," I said, hazarding a feeble jest to raise my own courage. "Spare my De Courcy blood, I implore you;" and baring my arm, I stretched it forth, and turned away.

A small porcelain urn was brought forward, and Fabius breathed a vein with a dexterity that manifested practice. I had just begun to feel slightly faint and giddy, when my grandfather staunched the orifice, and bound my arm himself with bandages, in readiness for the occasion; first touching the wounded vein with a liquid that removed soreness from the arm and prevented all subsequent inconvenience.

"Aye, Lilian, this will do," he said, "this young and ruddy blood is what I needed. Do you know, child, that the time is not far distant when he who can afford to purchase such relays for his veins weekly, or even monthly, may put off death indefinitely? The surgeon will let young blood into the old man's veins, as easily as the barber trims his beard now, and it will be a part of the received hygeian system to do this, indispensable even to the toilet of every sexagenarian." He held the all but transparent cup between his eyes and the brilliant

lamps. "It is perfect," continued he, "every globule round as a drop of rain. I fear I have not spared your DeCourcy blood, as you requested, however. I think I discern a mixture; but come, you shall see the charm work. Medea was a bungler compared with Erastus Bouverie."

He led me to the crucible, red hot over its charcoal furnace, and, lifting the lid, showed me the dull, yellow molten mass within.

"Now look, Lilian."

He took from the marble slab, or counter, as I have elsewhere called it, a vial of white liquid, which, when opened, emitted the odoriferous and to me grateful and reviving smell of almonds, and bending over the crucible, poured in carefully about half the contents of the bottle, quickly replacing the close-fitting glass stopper.

Instantly, the seething mass stood still, a few large bubbles rose, flashed, dispersed, and a dull violet flame seemed to flit and flicker over the surface.

"Now, Lilian, all is ready. Look attentively, and behold the crisis!" His face was rigid as steel as he dashed in the blood.

The flame died out, the whole mass seemed to shudder and recoil; then separate as instantaneously as I have seen the curd and whey of milk divide under the action of an acid, or, to use a grandiose comparison, as earth and sea might have divided in the beginning of time. A mass of substance was precipitated to the bottom of the crucible, and oh, wondrous vision! in the clear, amber-colored fluid above, myriads of tiny serpents of flashing light seemed gliding, quivering, coiling in ring after ring, and springing in spiral movements to the surface!

"It is the vital principle at work," he said in suppressed tones, "electrifying the duller agent. The combination will be more than usually perfect. The blood of genius works well! Fabius, extinguish the fires." His voice was low and husky.

He spoke no more until this was done; then, steadily and slowly, and with every nerve strained to the fullest tension in the anxiety of the movement—for much depended on the accuracy of this movement—he poured into a silver bowl the wonderful elixir, preparatory to sealing it in crystal vials.

I HAVE SEEN THIS PLACE BEFORE

I have seen this place before—
'Tis a strange, mysterious truth;
Yet my foot hath never pressed this shore,
In childhood or in youth;
I know these ruins grey,
I know these cloisters dim—
My soul hath been in these walls away,
When slumber chains each limb.

In a dream, a midnight dream,
I have stood upon this heath,
With this blue and winding stream,
And the lowly vale beneath;
The same dark sky was there,
With its bleak shade on my brow,
The same deep feeling of despair,
That clings about me now.

Friend, 'tis a fearful spell,
That binds these ruins grey;
Why came my spirit here to dwell,
When my frame was far away?
Can the wild and soaring soul
Go out on its eagle sweep,
And traverse earth without control,
While the frame is wrapped in sleep?

Hath memory caught a gleam,
From a life whose term is o'er,
And borne it back in that mystic dream—
Say, have I lived before?
Or was prophetic power
To that midnight vision lent?
Is my fate bound up in this ruined tower?
Speak! thou art eloquent.

MADELINE

All day that name has haunted me—
That sweet and gentle name—
Like some deep olden melody,
Forgotten long by fame,
Which in one unforgetting heart
Is loved and prized alone;
Beautiful from the thoughts that start
To life with every tone.

Oh, Madeline!—dear Madeline!
Thy name hath still a spell,
To lead me from this passing scene,
Back with the past to dwell.
And when I hear that gentle word,
So beautiful to me,
Wild tears within my heart are stirred,
I yearn to be with thee.

Thou hast a foreign grave, my friend,
A lone Italian bed;—
Oh! do green trees above thee bend?
Are blossoms o'er thee shed?
Or do the wild rank weeds alone,
In all their Southern bloom,
Clamber around the simple stone
They placed to mark thy tomb?

It is not there that thou shouldst sleep,
Nor yet in vault or aisle,
Where the sweet rain may never weep,
The glad sun never smile.
In that lone dell where clings the moss,
Hid from the burning noon,
Where evermore a fountain voice
Singeth the same low tune;

Where the wild flowers grow tall and fair
In the sun-chequered shade,
And the song of birds is in the air,
Should thy low grave be made.

I would that I could share thy sleep,
I sicken to depart:
I'm weary of the thoughts that keep
Their vigils in my heart.

I'm weary of the daily care,
The hourly dread and strife,
The joys that pall, the dreams that wear,
The energies of life;
I'm weary of the light and vain
That still to me are dear;
The hearts too weak to give again
The love I lavish here.

I meet on earth no sympathies;
My spirit stands alone;
I see with deeper, sadder eyes,
Than those around me thrown.
My smiles are sadder than my tears;
My sky is overcast;
I live with dreams of other years,
And memories of the past.

Even as I sit and dream alone
Within this antique hall,
With its dim echoing floor of stone,
Its dark empannelled wall,
With its neglected glimmering hearth,
Its twilight grey and drear,
Amid my lone and voiceless dearth,
I dream that thou art here.

I think I still can see thee stand
Amid the dying light;
Still hear thy voice, still touch thy hand,
As on that parting night;
For whereso'er thy step hath been,
Where'er thy voice was free,
To me—to me—dear Madeline,
Thou seemest still to be.

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